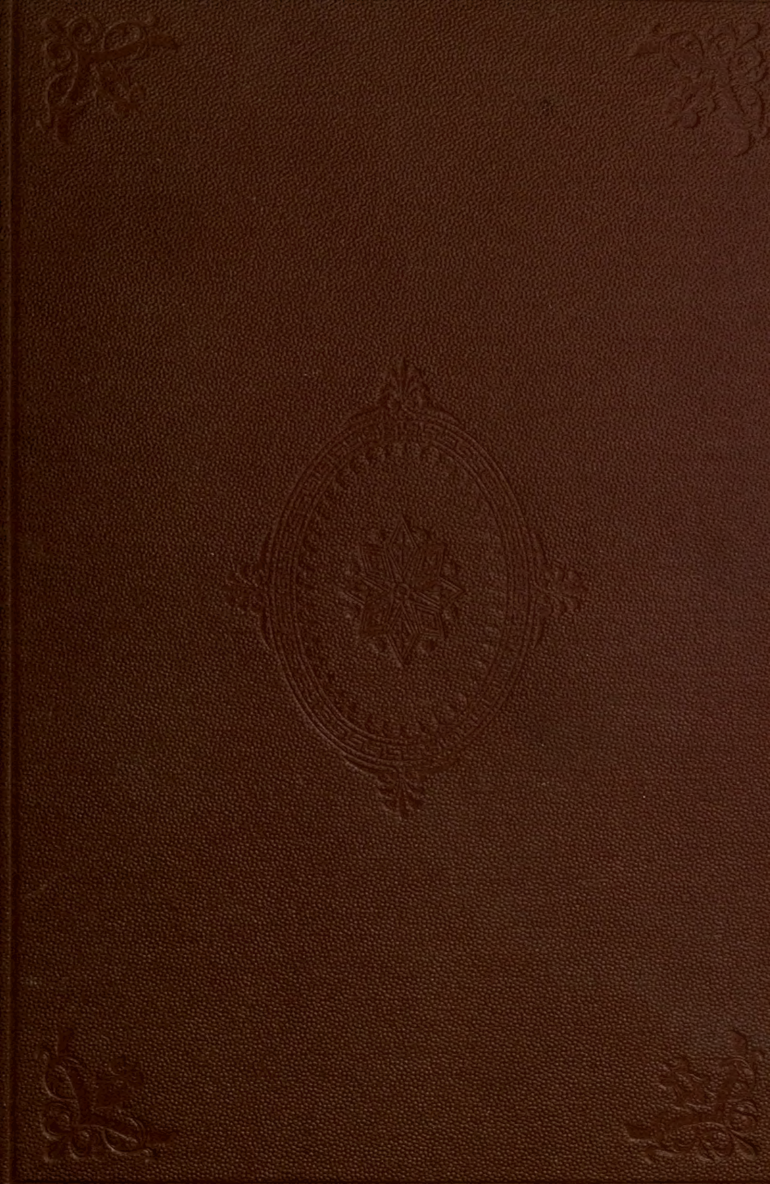

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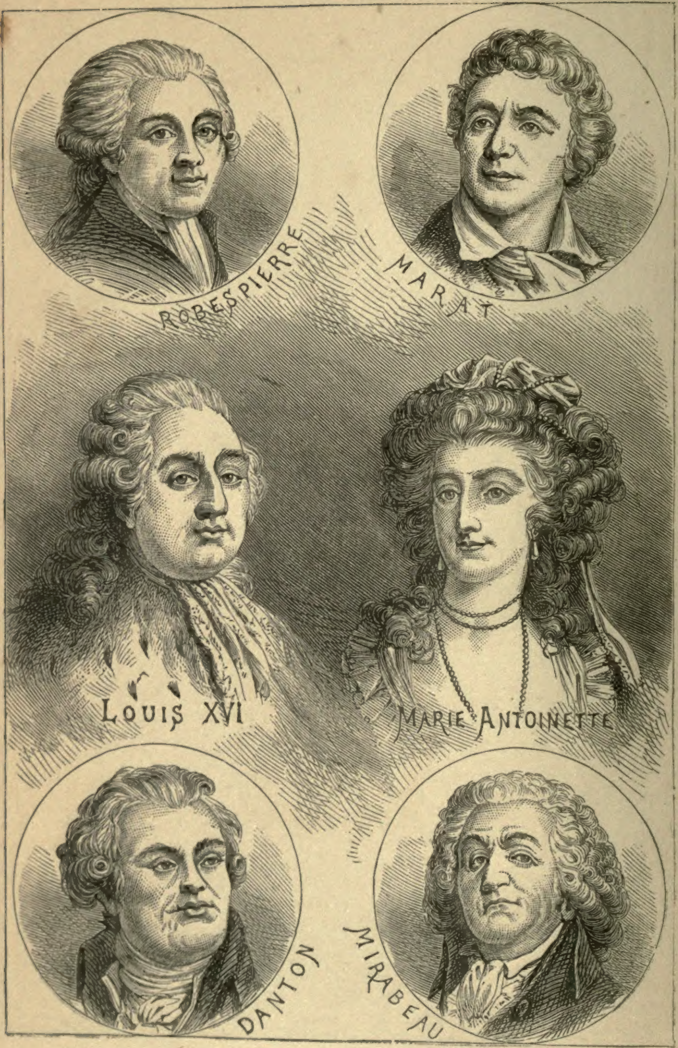
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HENRI IIII ROI DE FRANCE

HENRY IV., a monarch whose memory is cherished by the French with greater affection and enthusiasm than that of any other of their kings, and the history of whose reign connects itself in an intimate manner with that of Europe, was born at Pau, in the province of Béarn, in the south of France (now the department of the Lower Pyrenees), December 13, 1553. With regard to his parentage, and the prospects with which he was born, it is necessary to be somewhat particular.

In the year 1512, the ancient little kingdom of Navarre, situated on the south-eastern corner of the Bay of Biscay, between France and Spain, was divided into two parts by the fraud and violence of the Spanish king, Ferdinand. The largest portion of it, that lying south of the Pyrenees, and which alone at the present day retains the name of Navarre, he annexed to Spain, leaving the smaller portion lying north of the Pyrenees to the legitimate sovereign, Catharine de Foix, the wife of Jean d'Albret, a French noble. The kingdom of Navarre thus reduced, was inherited by her son, Henry d'Albret, who formed a matrimonial alliance with Margaret, the favourite sister of Francis I. king of France. The only issue of this marriage was a daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, a lady of great beauty, and possessed of extraordinary spirit and strength of character. When of age, the heiress of Navarre married Antony de Bourbon, a relation of the royal family of France, a frank and courageous soldier, but not distinguished by any uncommon abilities. The old king of Navarre, Henry d'Albret, looked anxiously for the fruit of this union, praying that God would send him a grandson to inherit his honours, and to avenge the family wrongs upon Spain. It appeared as if he would be disappointed, for two sons, to whom his daughter gave birth successively, died in infancy. At length, however, the long-desired grandson came into the world in our hero, Henry IV.

Some curious particulars are related respecting Henry's birth, The old king being desirous that the heir of Navarre should be born within the dominions to which he was to succeed, his daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, in compliance with his wishes, traversed the whole of France, and arrived at Pau only a few days before her son was born. As the time approached, her father made her promise that, in the hour of trial, she would sing him a song, in order, as he said, that the child she was to bring him might neither weep nor make wry faces. The princess had fortitude enough, in the midst of her pains, to keep her word, and sang a song in Bearnois, her own country language. As soon as Henry entered the chamber, the child came into the world without crying; and his grandfather immediately carried him to his own apartment, and there rubbed his little lips with a clove of garlic, and made him suck some wine out of a gold cup, with the notion that it would make his constitution strong and vigorous.

By his grandfather's directions, the young prince was removed to the castle of Coarraze, situated among rocks and mountains, that he might be brought up in the same hardy manner as the children of the peasants of Béarn. He was accustomed to run bare-headed and bare-footed among the hills, to climb up and down the rocks, to wrestle and run with the boys of his own age, and to live on the common fare of the peasants—brown bread, beef, cheese, and garlic—such being his grandfather's notion of the proper physical education for a prince who had to reconquer the kingdom of his ancestors. Before Henry was two years old, however, his grandfather died, and Antony de Bourbon, in the right of his wife, Jeanne d'Albret, succeeded to the title of king of Navarre.

While Henry was still a boy, acquiring a robust constitution among the mountains of Béarn, some important movements took place in France, which greatly affected his future life. At this period—the latter part of the sixteenth century—almost every country in Europe was less or more agitated by religious distractions. The doctrines of the Reformation propagated by Luther, Calvin, and others, between the years 1520 and 1530, had already overthrown the ancient religious institutions of England and Scotland, and things seemed to have a similar tendency in France. In this latter country, the Protestants, locally known by the name of Huguenots, were very numerous; they had at their head many noble families, including the Prince of Condé, Admiral de Coligny, and the House of Navarre; and aspired to effect changes in the religion of the state similar to those which had been successfully achieved in the British Islands. Against this reforming party, the influence of the church, the royal family, and the most powerful nobles, among whom the House of Guise stood conspicuous, was brought to bear. It is exceedingly difficult for us, in the present age of mutual forbearance and toleration, to estimate the precise temper and tendencies of the parties to which we refer. On the one side, there seems to have been a disposition to maintain and enforce the continuance of the ancient form of faith, to the extent of a universal uniformity, at whatever sacrifice of life. On the other, there appears to have been an equally resolute determination not only to hold by the modes of faith newly adopted, but to propagate them unreservedly, although perishing in the struggle. As calm reason was not a feature of the age, and as mutual concessions would have been considered temporising and sinful, the whole question resolved itself into one of *force*—the law of the strongest over the weakest—a curious and melancholy instance of the manner in which the religion of peace and good-will may be perverted to purposes of aggression and bloodshed.

The mutual animosity of the contending parties was precipitated into an open war by the death of Francis II. (husband of Mary Queen of Scots) in December 1560. The crown was now assumed by Charles IX., the brother of Francis; but as Charles was only a boy of twelve years of age, the government was in reality conducted by his mother, Catharine de' Medici, a crafty and unscrupulous bigot. Aided and counselled by the Duke of Guise, Marshal Saint André, and, strange to say, the king of Navarre, who deserted his cause on the occasion, Catharine now commenced a war of extermination of the Protestants. Battles were fought, towns besieged, and scenes of cruelty and bloodshed occurred such as are never heard of except in those wars in which religious bigotry plays a principal part. One of the towns possessed by the Huguenots was Rouen, in Normandy. It was besieged by a Catholic army commanded by the king of Navarre: the town was taken, but at the expense of the king of Navarre's life. Having received a musket-ball in the shoulder, he desired to be removed to St Maur, near Paris; but died on the way, on the 17th of November 1562. His death was speedily followed by that of Marshal Saint André, who was killed at the battle of Dreux, on the 19th of December 1562; and the Duke of Guise, who was shot by an assassin while commanding at the siege of Orleans in February 1563. The loss of these three leaders, the last in particular, was a heavy blow to the Catholic party; and the queen-regent was glad to come to terms with the Huguenots. The result was the edict of Amboise, dated 19th March 1563, by which, with certain restrictions, which gave great dissatisfaction to Calvin, Beza, and other eminent Reformed ministers, the free exercise of their religion was secured to the Protestants. Thus, for a time at least, peace was restored to the country.

Meanwhile, the young Prince of Navarre and his mother, Jeanne d'Albret, were residing in Béarn, where the latter fully carried out the intentions of her deceased father with regard to the education of his grandson. Delighting to see him excel the young Basque peasants in their exercises of strength and agility, she employed herself in adding to those bodily accomplishments such mental training as his years fitted him to receive. Professing her attachment to Protestantism even more openly now in her widowhood, than when her husband was alive, she endeavoured to fill the mind of the young prince with her own religious ideas and feelings. She had secured as his preceptor La Gaucherie, a learned man, and a strict Protestant. This judicious person made it his aim to instruct his pupil not so much by the ordinary methods of grammar, as by hints and conversations. It was his practice also to make the boy commit to memory any fine passage which inculcated a noble or kingly sentiment; such, for instance, as the following:

Over their subjects princes bear the rule;
But God, more mighty, governs kings themselves.

After a few years' attendance on the young prince, La Gaucherie died, and was succeeded as tutor by Florent Chretien, a man of distinguished abilities, and as zealous a Protestant as his predecessor. Henry's studies under this master were of a kind suitable to his years and prospects. He wrote a translation, we are told, of the *Commentaries* of Cæsar, and read with avidity the *Lives* of Plutarch, a book which is celebrated as having kindled the enthusiasm of many heroic minds.

As was foreseen, the war between the Catholics and the Huguenots again broke out. It began in September 1567, and continued till March 1568, when a treaty was agreed to, somewhat favourable to the Protestants. Again cause for dissension was unhappily found, and a still more fierce war broke out in the winter of 1568–69. The town of Rochelle, on the west coast of France, was chosen as the head-quarters of the Protestants. Hither most of the leading Huguenots came, bringing supplies of men and money; among others the queen of Navarre, who offered her son, now arrived at an age when he was capable of bearing arms, as a gift to the Protestant cause. Condé and Coligny immediately acknowledged the prince as the natural chief of the Huguenots; but as he was too young to assume the command, they continued to act as generals-in-chief.

In this horrible civil war, the Prince of Condé was killed in a desperate battle, in which the Protestants were defeated. Coligny, with the remains of the army, retreated to Cognac. In order to prevent the murmurs which might arise among the Huguenot chiefs if he assumed the place of commander-in-chief, he resolved that the Prince of Navarre should be formally proclaimed leader of the Protestants. By his desire, the queen of Navarre left Rochelle, and appearing before the assembled army, accompanied by her son, then in his sixteenth year, and his cousin Henry, son of the deceased Condé, she delivered a touching address to the soldiers, and concluded by asking them to accept as their future leaders the two young princes. Amid the acclamations of the whole army, the officers, with Coligny at their head, swore to be faithful to the Prince of Béarn, who, on the other hand, took an oath of fidelity to the Protestant cause. In the meantime, however, the real direction of affairs remained in the hands of the great Coligny, whose responsibilities were increased by the death of his brother and adviser, D'Andelot.

A second battle which Coligny hazarded at Moncontour, in Poitou, was as unfortunate for the Protestants as that already fought. During this battle, Henry of Navarre and his cousin, the young Prince of Condé, were stationed on an eminence, under the protection of Louis of Nassau, with four thousand men, the admiral being fearful of exposing them to the enemy. At one point of the battle, when the Protestants were giving way, the prince, whose impetuosity could hardly be restrained, was eager that they should leave their post, and advance to assist their friends. The movement would probably have saved the day; but Louis of Nassau would not disobey the orders which he had received from the admiral. 'We lose our advantage, then,' said the prince, 'and the battle in consequence.'

The fortunes of the Protestants were now at their lowest ebb; and had the Catholic generals vigorously pursued their advantage, their triumph might have been complete. As it was, nothing effectual was done on either side, and on the 15th of August 1570, a peace was concluded at St Germain-en-Laye, the terms of which were, amnesty to the Protestants for past offences, liberty of worship in two towns of every province in France, the restoration of all confiscated property, and admissibility to the principal offices of state.

The long-harassed Huguenots were now, to all appearance, in a position which promised undisturbed tranquillity. Appearances, however, were deceitful; and from the dreadful event which ensued, there is every reason to believe that the peace of St Germain-en-Laye was concluded with the treacherous purpose of throwing the Protestants off their guard, in order to procure their extermination by a way much shorter and more effectual than that of open battle. At all events, it was not long after the peace was concluded, before the diabolical scheme of exterminating the Protestants of France by a general massacre was agreed upon between the king, the queen-mother, the Duke of Anjou, and a few of the more bigoted Catholics about the court. With whom this horrible plot originated, cannot now be ascertained, but it appears probable that it was with Catharine de' Medici.

The confederates in this dreadful scheme kept it a profound secret, doing their best to ripen matters for its full execution. For this purpose, the king and queen-mother behaved with the utmost appearance of cordiality to the Protestant leaders, as if differences of religion were completely forgotten; and in order, as it were, to betoken the friendly union of the two parties, a matrimonial alliance was proposed between Henry of Navarre and the king's sister Margaret. Deceived by the duplicity of the queen-mother, the Protestant leaders consented to the marriage, and flocked to Paris from all parts of the country to witness its celebration. The marriage was delayed by the death of Jeanne d'Albret, the bridegroom's mother, but took place on the 18th of August 1572—the ceremony being performed publicly in front of the cathedral of Notre-Dame.

For four days after the marriage, all Paris was occupied with festivities and amusements; and it appears to have been during these that the precise method of putting the long-projected massacre in execution was resolved upon. The plan was as follows: The Admiral de Coligny was to be first assassinated—the assassination being so conducted that the Guises should appear to be the guilty parties; in this case, the Huguenots would seek to take revenge, the city would be in an uproar, the Parisians would take part with the Guises, and, with the help of troops, it would be easy to manage the turmoil so as to secure the deaths of all such persons as it was desirable should not survive. 'I consent,' said the king, 'to the admiral's death; but let there not remain one Huguenot to reproach me with it afterwards.'

On Friday the 22d of August 1572, the Admiral de Coligny, returning from the Louvre, was attacked and wounded, but not mortally. No time was now to be lost, as the alarmed Protestants were beginning to quit Paris. Accordingly, while pretending the utmost horror at the crime which had been committed, and their resolution to punish it, the king and the queen-mother were consulting what ought to be done. The following was the plan resolved upon on Saturday evening: To-morrow, Sunday, the 24th of August, was the feast of

St Bartholomew, and with the earliest dawn of that day was to be commenced a general massacre of the Protestants, with the exception of the king of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and one or two others; the first victim to be Admiral de Coligny. The signal was to be the ringing of the great bell of St Germain l'Auxerrois. No sooner was the massacre resolved upon, than all the necessary arrangements were made for carrying it into effect.

On Sunday morning, as early as two o'clock, the appointed signal was made, and the massacre commenced. As had been agreed on, Admiral de Coligny, already wounded, was the first person attacked. The Duke of Guise, with a number of attendants, rushed to his house; the doors were broken open, and two men entering the chamber of the admiral, who had been awakened by the noise, despatched him with many wounds. His body was thrown out at the window, that Guise and his companions might be convinced that the work was done. The duke wiped the blood from the dead man's face, the better to recognise him, and then ordered his head to be cut off. Meanwhile, in all parts of the city the work of blood was proceeding. The bells of all the churches were ringing in answer to that of St Germain l'Auxerrois, and the whole population was aroused. Musket and pistol shots were heard in every direction; sometimes in continuous discharges, as if companies of soldiers were firing upon a crowd. Lights were placed in the windows of the houses in which Catholics resided; and these so illumined the streets, that the fugitive Huguenots had no chance of escaping. Bands of murderers paraded the streets, with their right sleeves tucked up, and white crosses in their hats, butchering such Huguenots as they met, and breaking into every house in which a Huguenot was known or suspected to lodge. Priests carrying crucifixes were seen among the assassins, urging them on with fanatical exclamations, while Guise and other leaders rode along the streets, superintending the massacre, and ordering the mob not to spare their blows. The city resounded with howlings and cries, heard through the rattle of the firearms and the yellings of the populace, now drunk with blood. When daylight came, awful sights presented themselves—streets strewed with corpses, which men were busy dragging away to the river, walls and doors all besprent with blood, headless bodies hanging out at windows, and crowds of wretches swaggering along the streets on the hunt for Huguenots.

For a whole week the massacre was continued, slackening, however, after the first three days—partly because most of the Huguenots had by that time been killed, partly because an order was then issued to desist. By the most moderate computation, upwards of sixty thousand persons were butchered, including those who were put to death in the provinces to which the massacre extended; and among those sixty thousand were upwards of seven hundred of rank and distinction among the Huguenots. Some remarkable escapes were made during the massacre; and one of these we must relate, for the purpose of introducing to our readers a man whose name it is impossible to separate from that of Henry IV. One of the Protestant lords who had looked with most suspicion on the pretended reconciliation of the king and his mother with the Huguenot party, after the peace of St Germain-en-Laye, was Francis de Bethune, Baron de Rosny, a man of sagacity and influence. When the queen of Navarre, the admiral, and the rest of the Huguenots went to court at the solicitations of the king, the Baron de Rosny, although disapproving of the step, accompanied them, and took with him his second son, Maximilian, for the purpose of presenting him to Henry of Navarre, in whose service, as the chief of the Reformed party, he wished him to spend his life. The boy was about eleven years of age, having been born on the 13th of December 1560, exactly seven years after the prince whose friend and counsellor he was to be. While the preparations for Henry's marriage were in progress, young Maximilian de Bethune was employed in prosecuting his studies under the best masters in Paris, occasionally mingling in the society of the court, where, as an intelligent boy, he was taken favourable notice of by the warm-hearted prince. His father, in the meantime, was becoming more and more dissatisfied with the aspect of affairs; he frequently said, that if the nuptials of the prince were celebrated in Paris, 'the bridal favours would be crimson.' His warnings were disregarded; and, unwilling to seem more timid than the rest, he remained in Paris until the attempt was made to assassinate the admiral, when, with several others, he retired to the country. His son Maximilian was left in town, lodging with his tutor and a *valet-de-chambre* in a quarter remote from the court, and near the colleges. He thus describes what happened to him on the night of St Bartholomew: 'I was in bed, and awakened from sleep three hours after midnight by the sound of all the bells, and the confused cries of the populace. My tutor, St Julian, with my valet-de-chambre, went hastily out to know the cause; and I never afterwards heard of these two men, who without doubt were amongst the first that were sacrificed to the public fury. I continued alone in my chamber, dressing myself, when in a few moments I saw my landlord enter pale, and in the utmost agitation: he was of the Reformed religion, and having learned what the matter was, had consented to go to mass, to save his life, and preserve his house from being pillaged. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not think proper to follow him, but resolved to try if I could gain the college of Burgundy, where I had studied, though the great distance between the house where I then was and the college made the attempt very dangerous. Having disguised myself in a scholar's gown, I put a large prayer-book under my arm, and went into the street. I was seized with horror inexpressible at the sight of the furious murderers, who, running from all parts, forced open the houses, and cried aloud : " Kill, kill ; massacre the Huguenots ! " The blood which I saw shed before my eyes doubled my terror. I fell into the midst of a body of guards ; they stopped me, interrogated me, and were beginning to use me ill, when, happily for me, the book which I carried was perceived, and served me for a passport. Twice after this I fell into the same danger, from which I extricated myself with the same good-fortune. At length I arrived at the college of Burgundy, where a still greater danger awaited me. The porter twice refused me admission, and I continued standing in the middle of the street, at the mercy of the furious murderers, whose numbers increased every moment, when it came into my head to ask for La Faye, the principal of the college, a good man, by whom I was tenderly beloved. The porter, prevailed upon by some small pieces of money which I put into his hand, admitted me ; and my friend carried me to his apartment, where two inhuman priests, whom I heard talk of the Sicilian vespers, wanted to force me from him, that they might cut me in pieces, saying the order was not to spare even infants at the breast. All the good man could do was to conduct me privately to a distant chamber, where he locked me up. Here I was confined three days, uncertain of my destiny, and saw no one but a servant of my friend's, who came from time to time and brought me food.' At the end of three days, the poor boy, known afterwards as the famous Duke of Sully, minister and bosom-friend of Henry IV., was released.

Henry of Navarre and his cousin, the Prince of Condé, were sleeping at the Louvre on the night of the massacre. They were awakened by a number of soldiers about two hours before day, and conveyed into the king's presence, passing over the dead bodies of many of their friends. 'The king,' says Sully, 'received them with a countenance and eyes in which fury was visibly painted ; he ordered them with oaths and blasphemies, which were familiar to him, to quit a religion which had been only taken up, he said, to serve as a cloak to their rebellion. He told them, in a fierce and angry tone, " that he would no longer be contradicted in his opinions by his subjects ; that they, by their example, should teach others to revere him as the image of God, and cease to be enemies to the image of his mother." He ended by declaring that if they did not go to mass, he would treat them as criminals guilty of treason against divine and human majesty. The manner in which these words were pronounced not suffering the princes to doubt their sincerity, they yielded to necessity, and performed what was required of them. Henry was even obliged to send an edict into his dominions, by which the exercise of any religion except that of Rome was forbidden.'

Such was the massacre of St Bartholomew, a deed which has been execrated, we believe, by every historian, whether Catholic or

Protestant, and which men of all religious persuasions cannot fail to look back upon with loathing and detestation.

REIGN OF HENRY III.—CIVIL WARS IN FRANCE—ACCESSION OF HENRY IV.

After the massacre of St Bartholomew, our hero was detained a prisoner at the court of France, along with his cousin, the Prince of Condé. The French court was at this period the most profligate in Europe ; all kinds of criminality were openly practised, under the name of pleasure ; and it was part of the horrible policy of the queen-mother to maintain her power by surrounding those whose rivalry she feared by temptations likely to enervate and demoralise them. From this ordeal our hero did not escape altogether uninjured ; many of the blemishes and calamities of his after-life are to be traced to faults contracted at this period ; but, upon the whole, he passed the trial with honour, for his mind was too noble and masculine to be affected otherwise than with disgust by the fetid atmosphere which it breathed.

In the meantime, the court was following up the massacre of St Bartholomew by laying siege to such towns as were still in the hands of the Huguenots, and repressing every Huguenot symptom in the rest of the kingdom. These measures were interrupted by the death of Charles IX. on the 30th of May 1574, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He was succeeded by his brother Henry, Duke of Anjou, who had gone to Poland several months before to assume the crown of that country, which had been voted him by the Diet ; but on receiving the news of his brother's death, he hastened to France, and was proclaimed king, with the title of Henry III. One of his first acts was to set the king of Navarre and the Prince of Condé at liberty. The latter immediately placed himself at the head of an army raised in Germany for the Huguenots, and which acted in co-operation with a force under Marshal Damville, second son of the late Constable, who had assumed arms not on account of religion, for he was a Catholic, but for political purposes. The king of Navarre still remained at court, but watching for a fit opportunity to make his escape, and begin the career to which duty called him.

The court of Henry III. was a scene of perpetual strife and discord. In the king himself, now become a luxurious and effeminate weakling, no one could recognise the once promising Duke of Anjou, the leader of the Catholic armies, and the conqueror of the Huguenots. Between him and his brother, the Duke of Alençon, now known by the title of *Monsieur*, there existed a profound antipathy, fostered by their mother Catharine for reasons of her own. This antipathy afforded to our hero an opportunity of shewing the generosity of his character. The king falling ill, and conceiving that he was poisoned by his brother, gave orders to the king of Navarre to procure his assassination; but although the death of *Monsieur* would have made him next heir to the crown, Henry exhibited the utmost horror at the proposal, and prevailed on the king to abandon it. The mutual jealousy of the two brothers, however, still continued, and, afraid of the king's vengeance, the Duke of Alençon made his escape from court, and joined the mixed party of the Huguenots and Catholics, who had taken arms against the government. Extraordinary precautions were now used by the court for securing the king of Navarre; but at length, early in the year 1576, he contrived to elude the vigilance of the spies who surrounded him, and proceeding to Tours, he publicly renounced the Catholic religion, declared his adherence to it during the last four years to have been compulsory, and announced himself once more the lawful chief of the Huguenots. The opposition to the court having now become formidable, and the king finding himself unable to carry on the war, a treaty was concluded in May 1576, containing numerous concessions to the Reformed party.

Thus ended the fifth of the civil wars in which religious differences had involved France. Every one foresaw that the peace would be transient; the spirit of contention was too bitter to allow its long continuance. Scarcely was the treaty concluded, when the Protestants had reason to complain of the violation of its provisions. The Catholics, on their side, were eager for a renewal of the war; and it was about this time that the famous Catholic association, known in history by the name of *the League*, took its rise. The idea of a general association among the Catholic nobles for the thorough extirpation of the Protestants, had been several times entertained already; but the present seemed a more fit occasion than any that had yet occurred. The king, dividing his time between devotion and sensuality, half-priest and half-coquette in his manners, sleeping, as we are told, with gloves made of a peculiar kind of skin on his hands, to keep them white, and wearing cosmetic paste on his face, was not a man to put down such an association, although, with the instinct of a monarch, he might dislike it. Accordingly, the League was formed; its original members being the Duke of Guise; his brothers, the Duke of Mayenne and the Cardinal of Guise; and his cousins, the Duc d'Aumale and the Marquis d'Elbœuf. They were soon joined by other Catholics of influence, and the party became powerful. The objects they had in view, and the manner in which they hoped to accomplish them, are thus stated in a paper which was to be submitted to the pope for his approbation. 'The Protestants having demanded the assembling of the states, let them be convoked at Blois, a town quite open. The chief of our party will take care to effect the election of deputies inviolably attached to the ancient religion and to the sovereign pontiff. Should any one oppose the resolutions which we shall cause to be taken in the states, if a prince of the blood, he shall be declared incapable of succeeding to the crown; if of any other quality, he shall be punished with death; or, if he cannot be laid hold of, a price shall be set on his head. The states will make a general profession of faith; order the publication of the decrees of the Council of Trent; place France under the immediate authority of the pope; confirm the ordinances made for the destruction of heresy; and revoke all contrary edicts. A time will be allowed for the Calvinists to return to the church, and during that interval, preparations can be made for destroying the more obstinate.' Such were the purposes of the League; and accordingly, in the assembly of states held at Blois in December 1576, they carried all before them. It was resolved to renew the war against the Huguenots; and the king, to preserve the appearance of being such, was forced to declare himself chief of the League. An unsuccessful attempt was also made to detach the king of Navarre from the Protestant party, and bring him back to the bosom of the Catholic Church.

We must hurry over the following eight years, the events of which it would be tiresome to narrate; nor are they of much consequence in the history of our hero. The war against the Huguenots resolved upon by the League was continued, with occasional intervals of tranquillity, to the year 1580, when a circumstance occurred which brought it to a conclusion. This was the offer of the sovereignty of the Netherlands to *Monsieur*, the French king's brother, who had been selected by the Dutch as a prince of powerful connections, and likely, therefore, to assist them in their struggle against Philip II. of Spain, whose authority they had thrown off. The proposal being agreeable to the French court, was accepted; the war in Flanders became the engrossing topic of interest; and as it was desirable to enlist Protestants as well as Catholics in the expedition of Monsieur to the Netherlands, a peace, which promised to be more lasting than former ones, was agreed to between the court and the Huguenots. 'This peace,' says Péréfixe, 'caused almost as much mischief to the state as all the preceding wars. The two courts of the two kings, and the two kings themselves, rioted in pleasures; with this difference always, that our Henry slept not so soundly in his pleasures, but that he paid some attention to business, being roused by the rebukes of the ministers of religion, and the reproaches of the old Huguenot captains, who used great liberties with him; while, on the other hand, Henry III. sank more and more in indolence and effeminacy, so that his subjects only knew of his being still in the world by the perpetual imposition of new taxes to replenish the purses of his favourites.'

The expedition of Monsieur to the Netherlands was a failure. Returning in disgrace to France, after having betrayed the trust reposed in him by the Dutch, he died at the Château-Thierry on the 10th of June 1584. This was an event of considerable importance to France and to our hero. The king was childless; and, by Monsieur's death, the king of Navarre became next heir in blood to the French throne. He had a formidable competitor, however, in the person of the Duke of Guise, a man of bold and enterprising views. Urged by some of his friends to begin a movement in France during the absence of Monsieur in the Netherlands, 'No, no,' replied the duke; 'I will do nothing openly so long as the king has a brother; but if ever I see the last of the Valois on the throne, I intend to go to work so vigorously, that if I do not get all the cake, I shall at least get a good piece of it.' Now that the last of the Valois was upon the throne, he redeemed his promise, and began to plot and intrigue for the succession. The claims of the king of Navarre occasioned him little fear. It was not likely, he thought, that a man whose title in blood was so remote, whose means were so insignificant, and who professed the Protestant religion, would be able to obtain the throne when opposed by the head of the Guises, the champion of the League, and the hope of all the Catholics of France. The king of Navarre, on his part, was not idle; residing at Guienne himself, he had trusty friends in Paris, from whom he received intelligence of what was passing there. His wife Margaret, for whom he had never entertained any affection, treating her always, as one of his biographers says, rather as the king's sister than as his own wife, and whom he permitted to live where and how she chose, was so far his friend, that it is probable she would have acquainted him with any movement hostile to his interests which might come to her knowledge. But the friend on whose services he especially relied was young Bethune—now, by the death of his father, Baron de Rosny—who, at the prince's request, had gone to reside in Paris, to watch and report the motions of the court-party—a duty which his marriage with a young wife did not prevent him from discharging with success and punctuality.

In the year 1585 the League burst forth, if we may use that expression, with a more threatening aspect than it had yet been able to assume. The Duke of Guise, concealing his own ambitious views, had gained round the king of Navarre's uncle, the Cardinal de Bourbon, a man of sixty years of age, by holding out hopes of the succession to *him;* and the cardinal had in consequence become the head of the League. Henry III., whose own inclinations were in favour of the succession of the king of Navarre, had made an attempt to persuade him to abandon the Protestant faith, and so remove the principal obstacle in the way; and as a report of the conference held with the king of Navarre for this purpose had been published by the Protestants, exhibiting the prince's firmness, the result had been to strengthen the influence of the League still more. Priests went about the country, inflaming the people with descriptions of the awful consequences which would arise if the king of Navarre were to occupy the throne of France. An immense increase of force was also given to the League by a treaty which was concluded between Philip II. of Spain and the Cardinal de Bourbon; the Spanish monarch agreeing to supply the League with money; and the cardinal, on the other hand, promising, when he should be king, the enforcement of the decrees of the Council of Trent in France, and the expulsion of all heretics from the kingdom. And, as if nothing were to be wanting to complete the triumph of the League, Pope Gregory XIII., who had all along refused to give his sanction to the association, died on the 10th of April 1585; and his successor, Sixtus V., fully made up for his indifference. Besides ratifying the League, and giving it his papal blessing, the new pontiff assisted it by fulminating terrible bulls of excommunication against the king of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, declaring them heretics and apostates, and absolving their subjects from all obedience to them.

Entangled in the meshes of so many parties and intrigues, the poor king of France knew not what to do. Although personally inclined to the king of Navarre, in preference to the Duke of Guise, he had felt himself compelled by his mother and the Guises, in whose hands he was a mere puppet, to consent to an edict by which all the Huguenots were required either to go to mass, or to leave the kingdom within six months. When the news of this famous edict, known by the name of the Edict of July, was brought to the king of Navarre, it is said that he fell into a profound reverie, with his chin leaning on his hand, and that, when he removed his hand, his moustaches and beard on that side had grown white. Shortly after the passing of this edict, however, Henry III., ashamed of his weakness, made an attempt to throw off the influence of the Guises, and act for himself; but in this he signally failed.

Never had our hero greater need of that strength of mind with which he was gifted than at the present conjuncture. To the delight of his friends, he rose with the crisis, as if every new difficulty in his circumstances called forth a corresponding faculty in his nature. He brought into play those higher forces of genius which so frequently upset the calculations of what appears to be common sense. Two proceedings of his at this period were the astonishment of Europe. The first was the publication of an apology or declaration, drawn up at his instance by a gentleman named Plessis-Mornay, wherein he replied to the calumnies of the League, explained those points of his conduct which had been the subjects of attack, and challenged the Duke of Guise, as chief of the League, to decide their quarrel by private combat, one to one, two to two, ten to ten, or as the king might appoint. This challenge, appealing as it did to the chivalrous spirit of the age, produced a wonderful effect, although, as might have been anticipated, it was not accepted. The other proceeding referred to was of an equally uncommon character. Through certain friends in Rome, bold enough to incur risks in his behalf, he caused placards to be posted up in the streets of this papal city, and at the very gates of the papal palace, in which he and the Prince of Condé appealed the pope's sentence of excommunication to the Court of Peers of France; gave the lie to all who charged them with heresy, and offered to prove the contrary in a general council; and finally threatened the pope with bad consequences to himself and his successors, should he persist in meddling with their affairs. This action, which to some might have appeared a mere piece of theatrical daring, had an evident effect on Sixtus V.—himself a man of ability and resolute purpose—and he was heard to declare, that of all the monarchs in Christendom, there were only two to whom he would communicate the grand schemes he was revolving in his mind—Henry, king of Navarre, and Elizabeth, queen of England; but that, unfortunately, they were heretics.

The war between the Huguenots on the one side, and the League, in alliance with the French king, on the other, was carried on, with several intermissions, to the conclusion of the year 1587. It was with extreme reluctance, however, that Henry III. engaged in it; every day he saw the power of the League increasing, and his own authority diminishing. There had sprung up in Paris a faction called the *Sixteen*, because its affairs were managed by sixteen members, one for each division of Paris—a faction which pushed the doctrines of the League to an extreme length, and was ready to have recourse to the most desperate measures for preserving the supremacy of the Catholic religion. This formidable society had long wrought in secret, but it had become now incorporated with the League, whose counsels it directed. Gladly would the French monarch have formed an alliance with his cousin of Navarre, for the purpose of crushing these enemies to his person and government; but the refusal of the king of Navarre to change his religion, was an insuperable obstacle. In the winter of 1586—87, the queen-mother held many conferences with Henry, in which every means was tried to detach him from his party, and induce him to turn Catholic; but all without success. Henry mingled in the fêtes and balls which accompanied the queen-mother wherever she went, and seemed to enjoy the pleasures of her court as much as she desired; but whenever she attempted to extort a compromise from him, he was on his guard. Once, when she complained of his obstinacy, and said she sighed for nothing so much as peace—'Madame,' he replied, 'I am not the cause of it; it is not I who hinder you from sleeping in your bed, it is you that prevent me from resting in mine. The trouble you give yourself pleases and nourishes you: quiet is the greatest enemy of your life.' To the Duke de Nevers, who taunted him with the small authority he possessed over his party, saying that he could not even lay a tax on Rochelle if he wanted money—'Monsieur,' he said, 'I can do what I please at Rochelle, because I never please to do but what I ought.'

All negotiations having failed, hostilities recommenced; and after some months occupied in various military enterprises on both sides, the king's army, under Joyeuse, met that of the Huguenots at Coutras, in Perigord, on the 20th of October 1587, when our hero obtained a great victory, and earned golden opinions by his skill, his generosity, and his personal courage. In this battle, the loss of the Catholics amounted to 3000 men, including many persons of distinction, among whom was Joyeuse himself; the loss of the Huguenots, on the other hand, was trifling, and their booty great. This advantage, however, was counterbalanced by the total defeat of a German army of 40,000 men, which had entered France to assist the Protestants. Thus, at the beginning of the year 1588, the prospects of our hero were, if brighter than they had been two years before, still far from encouraging. Dim and vague forebodings attended the opening of this year in France. Astrologers had already named it the 'year of marvels;' foreseeing, they said, that such a number of astonishing events would happen in it, such confusion both in the elements of nature and in human society, that, if not the end of the world, it would certainly be its climacteric. These predictions were so far verified; indeed, it did not require astrology to make them. The first event of note, in connection with our history, was the death of the Prince of Condé on the 5th of March, under strong suspicion of having been poisoned by his wife. The death of this prince was deeply bewailed by the Protestants: when the event was announced to Henry, he gave expression to his grief in loud cries, and exclaimed that he had lost his right arm. The loss, however, which the Protestants sustained by the death of the Prince of Condé, was to be more than compensated by what befell their opponents.

The king had become a mere cipher in Paris: the League, the Guises, and the Sixteen were all-powerful. The Duke of Guise was the idol of the populace; wherever he appeared, he was received with cheers and acclamations; while the poor monarch was the subject of lampoons and jests. It was privately debated, among the most ardent members of the League, whether he ought not to be dethroned; and a scheme was formed by the Guises for seizing his person. Henry, being informed of his danger, resolved to be beforehand with his enemies; and ordering about six thousand troops, for the most part Swiss mercenaries, to enter Paris, he distributed them through the various quarters of the city, so as to overawe the League. The consequence was a terrible riot. The Parisians, instigated by the leaders of the Sixteen, rose in a mass, barricaded the streets, attacked and defeated the soldiers, murdered a number of the Swiss, and prepared to storm the Louvre. Henry, thus besieged in his own palace, fled to Chartres, leaving the

League masters of Paris. A negotiation ensued between the monarch and his subjects, which terminated in an accommodation; Henry agreeing to overlook the past, to convene the States-general, in order to secure the succession of a Catholic prince to the throne, and to adopt measures for the extermination of the Protestants. The appearance of reconciliation, however, was hollow; the insults which he had suffered at the hands of the Guises and the League rankled in the heart of the king; and enraged beyond endurance by the haughty conduct of the Duke of Guise and his brother the cardinal at the States-general, which, in conformity with his promise, he had convened at Blois in the month of October, he caused them both to be assassinated, being unable, he said, to deal with such powerful criminals by the ordinary modes of justice. This event, which happened in the end of December 1588, produced a terrible sensation among the Catholics of France, who adored the Guises, and regarded them as the champions of the true faith. When the Duke of Parma heard of it, he said: 'Guise made a show of doing too much, while in reality he did too little; he ought to have remembered, that whoever draws his sword against his prince, ought that instant to throw away the scabbard.' Even the Huguenots, who benefited by the event, were shocked by it, saying that it too much resembled a St Bartholomew. The king of Navarre expressed his admiration of the great talents of his deceased rivals, and his horror at the mode of their punishment; though at the same time he could not but confess that their deaths had removed a formidable obstacle from his path.

The assassination of the Guises might have proved a death-blow to the League, had the king been possessed of sufficient audacity to follow it up by a course of vengeance against his other enemies. But Henry was overwhelmed by the consequences of his own act, and occupied himself not in following it up, but in defending it. The difficulty of his position was increased by the death of his mother, Catharine de' Medici, which happened on the 5th of January 1589, not many days after the assassination of the Guises. Had she survived, her spirit might have carried her son through the crisis; but, left to his own resources, he was helpless as a child. The League, awestruck at first by the loss of their leaders, began now to display their fury in the most violent manner. The name of Henry III. was publicly execrated in the streets—his arms were pulled down from the faces of buildings, and broken in pieces, his statues shattered, his portraits spit upon and torn. Young women and children marched in processions through the streets, carrying lighted tapers, which they suddenly extinguished, to denote that the race of the Valois should in like manner become extinct. Confessors would not grant absolution, unless the penitent renounced Henry as their sovereign; and the duty of assassinating bad kings was inculcated from almost every pulpit. The Duke of Mayenne, brother of the murdered Guises, was called to Paris, and formally invested with the dignity of 'Lieutenant-general of the state and crown of France'—a title the conferring of which on a subject was equivalent to declaring the throne vacant. It was left to be determined afterwards whether the Duke of Mayenne should assume the title of king. And, as if all these insults and misfortunes were not enough, the unhappy monarch learned that he had been excommunicated by Pope Sixtus V. for the murder of the Guises.

Rejected by the great majority of his subjects, without strength, without wisdom, without hope, Henry III. had no alternative but to throw himself into the arms of the king of Navarre, and implore his protection and assistance. A treaty was accordingly agreed to between the two princes, in which it was arranged that the Huguenots should act in concert with the king against the League, in return for which the king of Navarre was to be acknowledged the lawful heir to the crown. Shortly after the conclusion of this treaty, the king of Navarre set out for the town of Plessis-les-Tours, to have an interview with his royal ally. 'Still assailed,' says Sully, 'by some remains of distrust, which he could not repress, he stopped near a mill about two leagues from the castle, and would know the opinion of each of the gentlemen that composed his train upon the step he was going to take. Turning to me, the king said: "What are your thoughts of the matter?" I answered, in few words, that it was true the step he was taking was not without danger, because the troops of the king of France were superior to his, but that I looked upon the present as one of those conjunctures in which something ought to be left to chance. "Let us go on," said the prince, after pausing a few moments: "my resolution is fixed."'

The alliance with the king against the League proved fortunate for our hero. After many interviews, during which the king of Navarre's frankness and confidence gained the affection of the French monarch, as much as his courage and wisdom elevated his hopes, it was resolved that the allied Huguenot and royalist armies should lay siege to Paris, and, by gaining possession of it, crush, as a historian expresses it, the principal head of the hydra. Operations had already commenced; the king of France was in quarters at St Cloud, the king of Navarre at Meudon, and the League was beginning to tremble for the result of so powerful a conjunction of forces, when an event occurred which completely altered the state of affairs. This was the death of Henry III. by the hand of James Clement, a fanatical Dominican monk, who had been stirred up, by means of pretended revelations from Heaven, to commit the crime. After communicating his design to the Duke of Mayenne, the Duke d'Aumale, the Duchess de Montpensier, and others of the Sixteen, he procured access to his victim at St Cloud, and stabbed him with a knife in the belly. The assassin was immediately cut down by the gentlemen present, and the king conveyed to bed, where he died on the following morning, the 2d of August 1589, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. The king of Navarre had hurried to St Cloud on receiving the information of Clement's attempt; and the dying monarch had embraced him, declared him his successor, and urged him to become a Catholic, without which, he said, he would never be able to reign over the kingdom of France.

The present was a critical moment in the life of our hero, and much depended on how he should improve it. 'It was not,' says Sully, 'the event of a paltry negotiation, the success of a battle, or the possession of a small kingdom such as Navarre, that employed his thoughts, but the greatest monarchy in Europe. But how many obstacles had he to surmount, how many labours to endure, ere he could hope to obtain it? All that he had hitherto done, was nothing in comparison to what remained to do. How crush a party so powerful, and in such high credit, that it had given fears to a prince established on the throne, and almost obliged him to descend from it? The king of Navarre was convinced that this was one of those moments on the good or bad use of which his destiny depended. Without suffering himself to be dazzled with the view of a throne, or oppressed by difficulties and useless grief, he calmly began to give orders for keeping every one at his duty, and preventing mutinies. After adopting precautions, so as to secure the troops in his favour, he applied himself to gain all the foreign powers on whose assistance he thought he might depend, and wrote or sent deputies to Germany, England, Flanders, Switzerland, and the republic of Venice, to inform them of the new event, and the claim which it gave him to the crown of France.'

These efforts were so far successful. Of the support of the Huguenots, Henry was of course secure; he had long been the hope of their party, and the prospect of his being king was to them peculiarly gratifying. Being, however, a minority of the nation, they would have been too weak alone to plant him on the throne; it was therefore with particular pleasure that Henry learned that the late king's army, consisting almost entirely of Catholics, was willing to acknowledge him as their sovereign. There remained, however, the Catholic nobility and the mass of the French people. Of the former, there were a number in the camp, who, being determined enemies to the League, were willing to accept Henry as their king, if he would abandon his Protestant opinions, and become Catholic. They represented to him that if he were to take this step, it was absolutely certain that all the Catholics of France, except a few attached to the League by personal considerations, would declare themselves on his side; while the Huguenots, though they might complain, would be obliged to submit. In short, let him but proclaim himself a Catholic, and the crown of France would be his, with hardly a struggle to obtain it. Henry saw the force of this reasoning; indeed, many of the Huguenots themselves were persuaded that it was impossible for any but a Catholic to be king of France under the existing circumstances, and contented themselves with the hope that, even under such a prince, supposing him not to be a bigot, Protestantism would be tolerated. It was contrary, however, to Henry's disposition to purchase an advantage by such a meanness as that which was proposed to him. All that he could promise was, that he would respect to the utmost the established rights of the Catholic faith in France, and that he would take the subject of his own change of creed into his earnest consideration. Some of the Catholic nobles, not satisfied with these concessions, withdrew; the majority, however, influenced probably by hatred to the League, and by the example of the Catholic soldiers, took the oath of allegiance to him on the 4th of August 1589. From that period he is known in history by the name of *Henri Quatre*—Henry the Fourth—of France.

We have thus traced the history of our hero from his birth, till, at the age of thirty-six years, he found himself, by an extraordinary series of events, called to a throne to which, according to the natural course of things, he could hardly have hoped to succeed. His life subsequently to this period divides itself into two parts. The first, extending from 1589 to 1598, is a period of struggle, during which all his energies were occupied in maintaining himself on the throne, and resisting and crushing those who sought to hurl him from it. The narrative of these eight or nine years consists of a series of battles and sieges undertaken against the League, interspersed with negotiations with foreign powers, and declarations of war against them. The second, extending from 1598 to Henry's death in 1610, is the period of his reign over France, properly so called—the period during which, all his enemies being conquered, and peace restored, he employed himself in the true work of government, and developed his great ideas for the glory of France, and the good of Europe in general.

THE WAR OF THE SUCCESSION—HENRY ABJURES PROTESTANTISM.

The death of Henry III. had caused the most lively demonstrations of joy in Paris. It was proposed by some of the chiefs of the League to proclaim the Duke of Mayenne his successor; but as public opinion seemed to be scarcely ripe for such a proposition, the old Cardinal de Bourbon, then a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, was declared king of France, under the designation of Charles X.—an appointment which, while it left all the real authority in the hands of the Duke of Mayenne, would not prevent him from assuming the royal title also, when the proper time for doing so arrived. The two parties, therefore, who were now contending for the mastery of France, were the League, consisting of all the most resolute Catholics of France, whether nobles or commons, with the Duke of Mayenne at their head; and a mixed party of Huguenots, and what may be termed moderate Catholics, with the king of Navarre, now Henry IV., at their head. There could not be a greater contrast between any two men than there was between the leaders of these two parties. Not to speak of the inherent powers of their minds, the appearance and personal habits of the two men were strikingly different. The Duke of Mayenne was a large, corpulent, and clumsy man, of dignified demeanour, but slow in all his movements, and requiring an immense quantity both of food and sleep. The king of Navarre, again, was all vivacity and activity: during a campaign, or when pressed by business, he allowed himself no more than a quarter of an hour at table, and two or three hours of sleep were sufficient to re-invigorate him after the greatest fatigues. It was a prognostication of the shrewd and candid Pope Sixtus V., that the Béarnese, as he called Henry, was sure to win, seeing that the time he lay in bed was not longer than that occupied by the Duke of Mayenne in taking his dinner.

As Paris was the stronghold of the League, Henry resolved to attack it; and after several months spent in preparations and military operations in other parts of the kingdom, especially in Normandy, he commenced his march to the capital. The Duke of Mayenne had gone out to oppose him; and after several preliminary engagements, the two armies met and fought a great battle on the plain of Ivry, on the 14th of March 1590. Writers have vied with each other in the description of this celebrated battle, and the bravery and generosity which our hero displayed in it; but no description equals that given by Lord Macaulay, in those spirit-stirring verses in which he supposes a Huguenot soldier to pour out his feelings:

The king is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout: 'God save our lord the king!'
'And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre.'

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
'Remember St Bartholomew!' was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry: 'No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner; but let your brethren go.'
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

The battle of Ivry was followed up by the siege of Paris, which was commanded by the Duke de Nemours, Mayenne having gone to join his forces with those of the Duke of Parma, who had orders from his sovereign, the king of Spain, to co-operate with the League against Henry. The siege was conducted in the most horrible of all forms, that of blockade. Commenced in May, it lasted four months, during which the citizens endured the most dreadful sufferings from famine. Horses, dogs, asses, cats, birds, and even rats, were ravenously eaten. The Duchess of Montpensier refused gold and jewellery to the value of 2000 crowns for a favourite dog, saying she would reserve it for herself when her stores were exhausted. Upwards of 13,000 persons are calculated to have died of hunger during the blockade; and the numbers would have been greater but for the generosity of Henry, who, with a tenderness of heart unusual in great military heroes, and even hostile to his own interests at the time, permitted provisions to be smuggled into the city, and opened a free passage for such of the starving inhabitants as chose to depart. 'I am their father and their king,' he said, 'and I cannot bear the thought of their sufferings.' At length, just as the garrison was on the point of surrendering, Henry was compelled to raise the siege by a clever manœuvre of the Duke of Parma, who, hearing of the distress of the Parisians, had come to their assistance. This took place in September 1590.

For three years the war continued, and France was desolated by the sword of civil and religious strife. In vain was battle after battle fought, town after town besieged, truce after truce concluded. The radical impediment to a lasting peace still remained—the king of France professed a form of faith differing from that of the great majority of his subjects. So long as this was the case, there was no hope of a reconciliation; Henry must either become a Catholic, or relinquish his struggle for the crown. Ever since the death of Henry III., he had been meditating on this subject; he had listened to theological arguments and controversies, permitted himself to be instructed by Catholic priests, and weighed all that was said on both sides; but he had shewn a decided reluctance to come to a final declaration. At length, however, in July 1593, he announced his intention of making a public profession of the Catholic faith. Accordingly, on the 25th of that month, he entered the church of St Denis, where Renauld de Jamblançai, Archbishop of Bourges, and a number of the Catholic clergy, were assembled.

'Who are you?' asked the archbishop.

'I am the king,' was the reply.

'What is your request?'

'To be received into the pale of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church.'

'Do you desire this?' said the prelate.

'I do,' replied the king. Then kneeling down, he pronounced these words: 'I protest and swear, in the presence of Almighty God, to live and die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion; to protect and defend it against all its enemies at the hazard of my blood and life, renouncing all heresies contrary to it.' He then placed a copy of the same confession in writing into the archbishop's hands, who gave him absolution, while a *Te Deum* was sung.

This act of Henry's life has naturally become the subject of much discussion among historians, some giving it their approval, and others their condemnation. The following are Sully's remarks on the king's abjuration: 'I should betray the cause of truth, if I suffered it even to be suspected that policy, the threats of the Catholics, the fatigue of labour, the desire of rest, and of freeing himself from the tyranny of foreigners, or even the good of the people, had entirely influenced the king's resolution. As far as I am able to judge of the heart of this prince, which I believe I know better than any other person, it was indeed these considerations which first hinted to him the necessity of his conversion; but in the end, he became convinced in his own mind that the Catholic religion was the safest.' By whatever casuistry Henry attained this conviction, we can have no hesitation in saying that his abjuration of Protestantism has all the appearance of having been done for the sake of being made undisputed king of France. Now, as there was no absolute necessity for his attaining this honour, as he might have enjoyed all reasonable happiness as sovereign of his small kingdom of Navarre, we can by no means approve of what was so clearly a sacrifice of conscience to worldly distinction.

The only vestige of excuse for his abjuration was the hope which he perhaps entertained of securing the Protestants generally from oppression; and if this were the case, it must be allowed his aim was accomplished. The announcement of his change of religion almost immediately put an end to the civil war; all parties seemed less or more pleased; and his coronation was formally celebrated at Chartres on the 27th of February 1594. By this event, Navarre became attached to the French monarchy, from which it has never since been dissevered. The House of Valois had also terminated, and been succeeded by that of Bourbon. Before the end of 1595, Henry was acknowledged by the pope and every other power as the lawful sovereign of France.

Still, Henry's anxieties were not yet over. Since his profession of the Catholic faith, two unsuccessful attempts had been made upon his life, one by a waterman named Barriere, the other by John Chatel, a student in the college of the Jesuits; both of whom had paid the penalty of their crime. In consequence of these attempts, it was judged expedient to expel the Jesuits from the kingdom, their hostility to Henry's government being so well known that it was deemed unsafe to have them for subjects, and their number not yet being so great as to render their expulsion impossible. All that remained to be done was to inflict such chastisement upon Spain as would put a stop to her interference. Before the end of the year 1597, this also was effectually accomplished; and the beginning of the following year witnessed the ratification of two treaties memorable in the history of France. The one was the famous Edict of Nantes, dated the 30th of April 1598, by which ample liberty of conscience, the privilege, with certain restrictions, of worship after their own forms, and perfect freedom from civil disabilities, were secured to the Protestants; the other the Peace of Vervins, dated the 2d of May 1598, by which the war with Spain was very advantageously concluded.

FRANCE UNDER HENRY IV.—HIS GREAT POLITICAL DESIGNS.

Enjoying now a profound peace both internally and externally, France called upon her sovereign to display his genius, not for war, but for the grander occupation of government. Trained from his boyhood in the camp, the hero of more than a hundred fights and two hundred sieges, how would he act in the cabinet, how would he fulfil the duties of a statesman? As we have already said, Henry, in this new capacity, more than answered the highest expectations that could have been formed of him; and the history of the last twelve years of his life, during which he was employed almost exclusively in the affairs of government, entitles him to be regarded as one of the greatest sovereigns that ever sat upon a throne.

In the first place, Henry was possessed of that indispensable qualification of a great statesman, a generous heart—an earnest and yearning desire for the good of his species. His philanthropy was almost chivalrous; and, like his temperament, it was hopeful and sanguine. His love of France was no mere pretence or delusion; it was an intense glowing passion. Witness his memorable prayer before beginning a great battle: 'O Lord! if this day thou meanest to punish me for my sins, I bow my head to the stroke of thy justice; spare not the guilty; but, Lord, by thy holy mercy, have pity on this poor realm, and strike not the flock for the faults of the shepherd.' Every one has heard of his famous saying, that if God granted him the ordinary term of human life, he hoped to see France in such a condition that 'every peasant in it should be able to have a fowl in the pot upon Sundays.'

These philanthropic aspirations were resolutely followed up by a course of laborious efforts to realise them. Immediately after the Peace of Vervins, Henry disbanded a great part of his forces, and strove, by introducing a strict system of economy into the administration of the revenues, as well as by setting an example of frugality to his subjects, especially the proprietors of land, to remedy the evils which war had produced, alleviate the distress of the people, and give an impulse to commerce and manufactures. Surrounding himself with the ablest men in the kingdom, both Catholics and Protestants, he was continually occupied with some scheme or other for the advantage of the country. Eventually, however, the Baron de Rosny, better known by the title of Duke of Sully, which he conferred on him, became his sole confidant; and with him all his designs were discussed and matured. Without Sully for a minister, Henry would have been a grand but visionary genius; without Henry for a master, Sully's sagacity would have never been employed on such high objects. Henry inspired Sully, and Sully instructed Henry.

The great object of Sully and Henry's joint efforts was a thorough reform in the revenue. Henry on his accession to the throne found the finances in a deplorable state—the people groaning under a load of taxes, and yet the royal exchequer almost empty. How was he to proceed? The state debts were so large (amounting to 330 millions of livres), and there were so many demands for outlay, that it seemed necessary to impose new taxes, while at the same time the country had been so impoverished by the war, that the people were unable to pay the taxes already imposed. Sully devoted his best energies to the settlement of this question. In the first place, with a noble pity for the wretchedness of the people, he remitted above twenty millions of livres which they still owed the king: the loss was serious; but, by submitting to it, the king gave his subjects time to breathe again. After this he made a laborious and searching investigation, in order to discover where the cause of the national misery lay. The amount of revenue annually paid into the royal treasury was thirty millions; but 'I was strongly persuaded,' he says, that 'it could not be the raising of this sum from so rich and large a kingdom as France which reduced it to the condition I saw it in; and that the sums made up of extortions and false expenses must certainly infinitely exceed those which were brought into his majesty's coffers. I took the pen, and resolved to make this immense calculation. I found with horror, that for these thirty millions that were given to his majesty, there were drawn from the purses of the subjects—I almost blush to say it—150 millions. After this I was no longer ignorant whence the misery of the people proceeded. I then applied my cares to the authors of this oppression, who were the governors and other officers of the army, as well as the civil magistrates and officers of the revenue; who all, even to the meanest, abused in an enormous manner the authority their employments gave them over the people; and I caused an *arrêt* of council to be drawn up, by which they were forbidden, under great penalties, to exact anything from the people, under any title whatever, without a warrant in form, beyond what they were obliged to on account of their share of the tallies and other subsidies settled by the king.'

This vigorous measure drew down upon Sully a storm of abuse from all those who were engaged in the collection of the revenues; but perseverance, and the co-operation of the king in his views, accomplished his object. The hungry courtiers, cut out by this and other economical reforms of Sully from their usual sources of income, fell upon methods to make up for the loss. One of these was to prevail upon the king to grant them monopolies in particular departments of trade. 'When this trick was once found out,' says Sully, 'there was nothing that promised profit which did not get into the brain of one or other of those who thought they had a right to some favour from the king: interest gave every man invention, and the kingdom began to swarm with petty monopolies, which, though singly of little consequence, yet all together were very detrimental to the public.' Sully's earnest and frequent representations to the king put a stop to this vicious practice. The following is an account of what occurred in one instance in which the king had granted such a monopoly. The Count de Soissons petitioned the king for a grant of fifteenpence, as duty on every bale of goods exported—a toll which he assured the king would not amount to more than 30,000 livres a year. The king, in Sully's absence, granted it; but, entertaining doubts of the propriety of what he had done, wrote to ask Sully's advice. Sully, on calculating, found that the toll given to the count would amount to no less than 300,000 crowns; besides which he was convinced it would be the ruin of the hemp and linen trade in Brittany, Normandy, and Picardy. The difficulty now was, how to recall the grant; but Sully's ingenuity suggested a way to effect it without compromising the king. This gave mortal offence to De Soissons, who not only abused Sully himself, but sent the Marchioness de Verneuil, who had also petitioned for a similar monopoly, to abuse him too. 'Truly,' said the Marchioness to Sully, 'the king will be a fool to take your advice, and offend so many great people. On whom, pray, would you have the king to confer favours, if not on his cousins and his friends?' 'What you say,' replied Sully, 'would be reasonable enough if his majesty took the money all out of his own purse; but to make a new levy on the merchants, artisans, labourers, and country-people, will never do; it is by them that the king and all of us are supported, and it is enough that they provide for a master, without having to maintain his cousins and his friends.'

By methods like these, the efficacy of which did not suffer much from one or two more questionable measures which the false political economy of Sully's time did not permit him to see the folly of—by methods like these, persevered in for a number of years, prosperity was restored to France. 'Both foreign and domestic payments were regularly made,' says Sully, 'without any hardship to the people, though the king still continued to lay out very large sums in rebuilding, furnishing, and adorning his palaces; repairing the old fortifications, and raising new ones; and erecting many other public works.' The following account of the mode by which Henry digested and arranged the huge mass of miscellaneous business which occupied him, will give an idea of the extent and variety of his schemes for the improvement of France, as well as of the zeal with which he prosecuted them.

When Sully became his minister, he made him procure 'a great desk or cabinet, contrived full of drawers and holes, each with a lock and key, and all lined with crimson satin.' In this cabinet were to be deposited all kinds of views, memorials, charts, and papers having 'any relation, either near or distant, to the revenue, to war, to artillery, to the navy, to commerce, to diplomacy, to money, to mines, to the church;' in short, to any department of state affairs. A separate compartment in the great cabinet was to be allotted to each subject; and the arrangement was to be such, that all the contents of a compartment could be seen at a single glance. In the finance compartment 'was a collection of regulations, memorials of operations, accounts of changes made or to be made, of sums to be received or paid; a quantity almost incalculable of views, memoirs, abstracts, and summaries more or less compendious.' In the military compartment, 'besides the accounts, lists, and memoirs, which were to shew the present state of the forces, there were all the regulations and papers of state, books treating of the arrangement of armies, plans, charts, geographical and hydrographical, both of France and of different parts of the world.' (An extension of this military compartment, to contain articles too bulky to be placed in the cabinet, suggested the idea of a museum of 'models of whatever was most curious in machinery relating to war, arts, trades, and all sorts of occupations—a silent school, in which all who aspired to perfection in such occupations might improve themselves without trouble.') Among the papers in the ecclesiastical compartment, 'the most curious were a list of all the benefices in the kingdom, with the qualifications which they required; and a view of all the ecclesiastical orders, secular and regular, from the highest prelate to the lowest clergyman, with the distinction of natives and foreigners, of both religions. This work was to be imitated in another relating to the temporal order, in which the king was to see, to a single man, the number of gentlemen throughout the kingdom, divided into classes, and specified according to the differences of title and estate.' A large part of the cabinet was set aside expressly to contain projects and schemes of all sorts. In the schemes for the discipline of the army, methods were laid down suitable not only for times of war, but also for times of peace, and calculated to 'preserve the persons of the trader, manufacturer, shepherd, and husbandman from the violence of the soldiers. These four professions, by which the state may truly be said to be supported, were to be completely secured, by another regulation, from all the outrages of the nobility.' The general scope of the propositions with regard to the clergy, was to 'engage all of them to make such use as the canons require of revenues which, properly speaking, are not their own; to forbid them to hold joint livings of the yearly value of six hundred livres, or to hold any single one producing more than ten thousand livres; and, upon the whole, to acquit themselves worthily of their employments, and to consider it as their first duty to set a good example.'

We need not proceed further in the detail of Henry's plans of internal reform. Suffice it to say, that although the actual execution fell far short of the grandeur of the intentions, partly because they may have been too sanguine, partly because their author was cut off in the midst of his labours, yet the reforms which he effected in the condition of France were such as to entitle him to the fond veneration with which Frenchmen have ever regarded him.

The grandest of Henry's schemes was his proposal to unite all the states of Europe into one vast Christian republic. The following is an outline of this extraordinary scheme.

Struck with the deplorable condition of Europe, divided into a number of nations, all selfishly occupied with their own interests, and incessantly carrying on wars with each other for the slightest reasons and the meanest purposes, thus retarding the progress of general civilisation, Henry's design was to procure the erection of one immense European commonwealth, to consist of fifteen states, some of which, according to circumstances, were to be monarchical, and others republican. The size of the different states was to be rendered as uniform as possible, and each was to send representatives to a general congress. While the local affairs of each state were to be administered by its own government, all questions of intercommunication, commerce, and mutual wrong were to be referred to the central representative body. So far, Henry's plan was little else than a foreshadowing, on a grander scale, of the constitution which now binds the various free and independent states of North America in a harmonious union. What follows is interestingly characteristic of the barbarous policy of the period. To put down all quarrels about religion, Henry proposed that in every state where circumstances had conclusively established one form of faith as the national one, that form and no other should be tolerated. In Roman Catholic countries, there were to be none but Catholics; in Protestant countries, none but Protestants. The minority, however, were not to be exterminated, but only sent out of the country into a state where their form of religion was generally professed. Finally, all pagans and Mohammedans were to be driven out of Europe into Asia.

To carry this vast project into execution, Henry of course proposed to employ force. The force necessary was to be contributed by the various states, and to amount to 270,000 infantry, 50,000 cavalry, 200 cannon, and 120 ships of war, manned and equipped. It was about the year 1601 that the scheme assumed a distinct shape in Henry's mind; and the first person to whom he communicated it was Sully; and even from him he had concealed it long, from feelings of shame, lest it should seem ridiculous. Sully paid no attention to it at first, treating the idea of a 'system by which all Europe might be regulated and governed as one great family' as a mere conversational flourish. The king dropped the subject at that time; but, renewing it shortly after, Sully perceived that he was in earnest. Conceiving the scheme to be chimerical, he stated as strongly as possible the objections to it, but was surprised to hear them all discussed and answered by the king in a manner which shewed that he had anticipated them. The result was, that, after studying the subject in all its bearings, Sully became convinced that the scheme was no mere confused aspiration, but a solid and feasible project; for that, 'however disproportionate the means might appear to the effect, a course of years, during which everything should as much as possible be made subservient to the great object in view, would surmount many difficulties.' The first step was to secure the co-operation of one or two of the most powerful princes of Europe; the agreement of one or two such would be equivalent almost to success. The sovereigns whose co-operation Henry principally desired were those of England, Sweden, and Denmark; it does not appear, however, that he ever broached the subject distinctly, except to Elizabeth of England and her successor James. From the latter, to whom the scheme was expounded by Sully in a personal interview in 1603, he exacted an oath that he would not divulge it. After hearing the scheme described, James protested that he would not for any consideration have remained ignorant of it, and was eager to proceed immediately to put it into execution. It was proposed to break the matter by degrees to the rest of Europe, as opinion ripened, and the progress of affairs rendered the favourable reception of the scheme more likely; and as a specific course of action, leading directly to the point aimed at, the powers of Europe were in the meantime to be cunningly inveigled into a conjunct war upon Austria. The House of Austria once humbled, and its territories dismembered, the plan might be safely published to the world, and little would remain to be done. It is almost needless pronouncing any opinion on this design of Henry IV. It was the dream of a great, benevolently disposed, but ill-instructed mind. The mutual jealousies and respective selfishnesses of the existing states were far too uncompromising to admit of so easy a mode of union. Even in the present advanced age, the project would be hopeless ; certainly any proposal to render religious belief uniform by compulsion, would be as mad as it would be useless. And yet the idea of a European international confederacy to settle differences, is one of the things that we can venture to say is not altogether chimerical, and may at some future period of greater enlightenment be carried into effect. Perfect freedom in commercial and personal intercourse among nations seems to all appearance to be the means, under Providence, by which this great object is to be satisfactorily accomplished.

DEATH OF HENRY IV.—HIS CHARACTER.

The history of Henry IV. during the twelve years in which he was maturing the scheme which we have just described, contains few incidents deserving special notice. In the year 1600 he was divorced from his wife Margaret, and contracted a second marriage with Mary de' Medici, daughter of the late Grand-duke of Tuscany, by whom he had a son (Louis XIII.), who succeeded him on the throne.

In the year 1610, Henry was full of enthusiasm regarding his great political scheme, the time for developing which had now, he thought, almost arrived. Extensive military preparations were in progress, which Sully imagined had reference to it. In the midst of these, however, Henry was cut off by the hand of an assassin. The occasion selected for striking the blow was the coronation of the queen—a ceremony which had been long delayed, but which was at length fixed for the 13th of May 1610. The king, according to Sully, had a presentiment that the ceremony would be fatal to him, founded on an astrological prediction that he should die in a coach during some great festivity. He often exclaimed : 'O that detestable coronation ; it will be the cause of my death,' and even endeavoured to obtain the queen's consent to have it postponed. The queen, however, refused, saying it was very hard that she should be the only queen of France who had never been crowned. The ceremony was therefore performed on the day appointed : the festivities were to last for several days. Next day, the 14th of May 1610, the king set out from the Louvre about four o'clock in the afternoon, to visit Sully, who was lying at the arsenal indisposed. He was seated in the back part of the coach, and, as the day was fine, the curtains were drawn up, that he might see the preparations making in the city for the queen's public entry, which was to take place on the 16th. The Duke of Epernon sat on his right ; the Duke of Montbazon and the

Marquis de la Force on his left; and there were several other gentlemen in other parts of the coach. He was attended by a smaller body of guards than usual. When the coach was turning out of the Rue St Honoré into the Rue Ferronnerie, the entrance to which was very narrow, owing to a number of small shops being erected against the wall of the churchyard of St Innocent, it was stopped by two carts, one loaded with wine, the other with hay, which were blocking up the street. While the coach stopped, the attendants, with the exception of two, went on before; one of these two advanced to clear the way, the other stooped to fasten his garter. At that instant a wild-faced red-haired man in a cloak, who had followed the coach from the Louvre, approached the side where the king sat, as if endeavouring to push his way, like other passengers, between the coach and the shops. Suddenly putting one foot on a spoke of the wheel, he drew a knife, and struck the king, who was reading a letter, between the second and third rib, a little above the heart. 'I am wounded,' cried the king as the assassin, perceiving that the stroke had not been effectual, repeated it. The second blow went directly to the heart; the blood gushed from the wound and from his mouth, and death was almost instantaneous. A third blow which the assassin aimed at his victim was received by the Duke of Epernon in the sleeve.

The assassin's name was Francis Ravaillac, a native of Angoumois, who had been a solicitor in the courts of law. Whether the crime was prompted solely by his own imagination, or whether he was the instrument of any deep-laid conspiracy, was never clearly ascertained, though the latter was the general supposition. His punishment was that accorded by the savage spirit of the times to regicides. After undergoing the most horrible tortures, during which he confessed nothing of importance, he was taken in a tumbril to the Place de Grève on the 27th of May, and there, in the terms of his sentence, the flesh was torn with red-hot pincers from his breasts, arms, thighs, and the calves of his legs; his right hand, holding the knife with which he committed the crime, was scorched and burned with flaming brimstone; on the places where the flesh had been torn by the pincers, were poured melted lead, boiling oil, scalding pitch with wax and brimstone melted together; after which he was torn in pieces by four horses, and his limbs burned to ashes. The performance of that part of his sentence which consisted in his being torn by the horses occupied an hour, and was only ended by the mob rushing up and cutting the body with knives.

Henry IV. was of middling stature, well formed, and of a strong constitution. The surgeons who examined his body believed that he might have lived, in the natural course of things, for thirty years longer. His forehead was broad, his eyes quick and animated, his nose aquiline, his complexion ruddy, and his expression sweet and majestic. His hair, which was short, thick, and of a light-brown shade, had begun to grizzle when he was thirty-five years of age. 'It was,' he said, 'the wind of adversity constantly blowing in his face that had done it.' He was remarkable for the keenness of his sight and hearing. His character, with which our readers must be already somewhat familiar, we shall sum up in the words of Sully. 'He loved all his subjects as a father, and the whole state as the head of a family. There were no conditions, employments, or professions to which his reflections did not extend, and that with such clearness and penetration, that the changes he projected could not be overthrown by the death of their author. His was a mind in which the ideas of what is great, uncommon, and beautiful seemed to rise of themselves; hence it was that he looked upon adversity as a transitory evil, and prosperity as his natural state.' His great fault, says the same authority, was his propensity to all kinds of pleasure. One of the most remarkable peculiarities of his character was his Fatalism, his belief in Destiny—a peculiarity in which he resembles Napoleon. In conversation he had no rival; and of his *bons-mots*, his jests, and his profound sayings on all subjects, there is a sufficient number still extant to form a volume. Once, on being solicited to do something which he thought unjust—'I have,' he said, 'but two eyes and two feet; in what respect, then, should I be different from the rest of my subjects, if I wanted strength and justice in my disposition?' To a person asking him to pardon his nephew, who had committed an assassination—'I am sorry,' he replied, 'that I cannot grant your request; it becomes you well to act the uncle, and it becomes me well to act the king. I excuse your petition; do you excuse my refusal.' 'If faith,' he said, 'were lost in all the world besides, it should still be found in the mouths of kings.' When pressed by public affairs, and forced to absent himself from public worship, he excused his absence by saying: 'When I labour for the public good, it seems to me that it is only to forsake God for the sake of God.' An eminent physician having changed his religion, and become a Catholic, the king said jestingly to Sully, with whom he often argued on the subject, but without any effect on his calm and strong mind: 'Don't you see how ill your religion is; the doctors have given it over?' To ability of all sorts, military, civil, or literary, he was a zealous patron. In speaking of his enemies, he was candid and generous; and of libels against himself, he was sufficiently magnanimous never to take any notice.

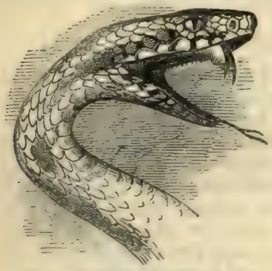
Such was *Henri Quatre*, a name which one never hears mentioned in France without respect, and whose remembrance is preserved by numerous pictures, dramas, and public monuments; and one can only lament that a man so universally beloved, and whose life promised so many benefits to his country, should have perished ingloriously by the mean blow of an assassin.

ANECDOTES OF SERPENTS.

ALMOST all persons regard serpents with a certain amount of dread, while the majority of mankind actually loath and fear them. Nor is this horror of the serpent confined to the peoples of civilised countries; it exists in equal strength amongst savages in every part of the world. The North and North-western American Red Indians look upon serpents with the utmost fear, and employ the skins of the rattle-snake as a most powerful 'medicine' or charm. A rattle-snake's skin is always affixed with a glue made from the skin of the white salmon to the backs of their bows, under the impression that it imparts to the arrow a more deadly power. The Egyptian 'fellah' seldom fails to kill a serpent whenever he may chance to meet with one; to him it is an object of actual abhorrence, and never, except it be by the professional 'serpent-charmer,' is a serpent touched by the hand. One result of the universal dread of the serpent tribes has been to prompt nearly everybody either to avoid, or to persecute and destroy them; hence, as a consequence, great ignorance, as a rule, prevails concerning the habits alike of the harmless and most deadly of this branch of the reptile family. It is therefore the object of the present Tract to give a popular account of their general structure, habits, and history, in order to assist in dispelling the absurd and unworthy prejudices entertained against nearly every species of the class.

We may broadly define *Reptiles* to be vertebrated animals, breathing by lungs, having red but cold blood (or, in other words, not generating sufficient caloric to raise their temperature above that of the atmosphere), destitute of hairs, feathers, and mammary glands, but, instead, having bodies, as a rule, covered with scales. These are divided into three orders: Ophidians, comprehending the snakes; Saurians, the lizards and crocodiles; Chelonians, the turtles and tortoises.

It is with the Ophidians or snakes that we have now exclusively to deal. Commencing at the head: snakes proper have the bones of the mouth loosely connected to one another, being joined by a tissue so beautifully elastic that it can be stretched like india-rubber, so that they can swallow their prey whole, although generally the prey is larger than the animal itself. Snakes are provided with most formidable teeth. In the boas and pythons, the teeth are slender, but somewhat hooked, and, bending backwards, are peculiarly well fitted for holding any animal they seize. In the greater part of the smaller non-venomous serpents, the teeth are arranged in two rows along the roof of the mouth. All venomous serpents, in addition to their ordinary holding-teeth, are provided with *poison teeth* or *fangs*, which present a most remarkable structure. These poison-fangs are considerably hooked or recurved, and contain a canal, opening at both ends on the front or convex aspect of the fang—the upper opening being close to the gum; the lower one, a short distance from the point of the tooth. The secretion, or venom, formed by the poison-glands, which are situated at the side of the head, is conveyed by small ducts into the upper openings in the fangs. Into these openings the poison is forced by a set of muscles, which tighten round the gland capsules, and in that way squeeze or compress the gland. The poison thus forced out of the glands finds its way first through the poison-ducts, next into the fangs, and from thence is injected into any wound made by them. The fangs are firmly united by osseous or bony union to the upper jawbones; but these bones are readily movable, so that the fangs, when not in use, can be laid flat upon the gums, or, at the will of the serpent, be brought into a vertical position. The fangs are as sharp as needles, and in many of the more deadly varieties quite as fine; no serpent has more than two of them in use at a time. The poison fangs are extremely liable to get broken off in the act of striking; hence, there is always a pair immediately behind the others, ready to supply the deficiency; these spare teeth, generally three or four on each side of the mouth, are partly hidden in the gums, the two nearest the fangs in

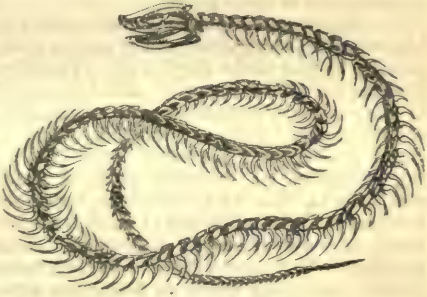


Serpent's Head, shewing poison fangs.

use being the more developed. Even should no accident occur to damage the fangs, they are shed at stated intervals, and replaced by a new pair. The keepers at the London Zoological Gardens frequently find the shed fangs in cleaning out the cages in which the venomous serpents are confined.

All the non-venomous serpents are entirely destitute of fangs or glands for the secretion of poison, but they have salivary glands, which are very largely developed, so that, in the process of swallowing an animal, they smear it over with a lubricating fluid, which renders deglutition much more easy. A curious instance occurred not very long ago in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens of London, as illustrating the power serpents have of holding on to their prey with their hook-like teeth. Two serpents in the same cage fixed at the same time upon a small guinea-pig, the one at its head, the other at its tail; the serpent having possession of the head gradually swallowed the little animal, the other serpent all the time resolutely keeping his hold, until he too was sucked in with the guinea-pig, killed, and finally ejected from the throat of his comrade.

The general structure of the serpent family is (like every part of nature's handiwork) admirably fitted to their modes of existence. They are true vertebrated or backboned animals; but the usual distinction of vertebræ of the neck, back, and loins does not hold in their case; all the bones being similar, and only diminishing in size towards the tail. The total want of feet implies the absence of a breastbone and pelvis; so that a snake, from head to tail, is a mere succession of rib and backbone.



Skeleton of a Serpent.

The vertebræ are strongly built and numerous—those of the trunk sometimes amounting to three hundred, and those of the tail to more than half that number. They play freely upon each other by an admirable arrangement of a cup-and-ball joint; hence the litheness and agility of body peculiar to the order. Each vertebra has its own pair of ribs; and the large scales of the belly, by which locomotion is performed, always correspond to the ribs, which are their levers. The ribs, acted on by the muscles, put in motion the abdominal plates, and these maintain the impulses which are successively communicated to them. The speed of these animals depends in a great degree on the nature of the body over which they move: they proceed with difficulty over a polished surface, but escape with celerity on sandy ground, or on a surface covered with dry vegetation. Their speed, however, is never so rapid that a man cannot easily escape from them. The other movements which this peculiar structure of body enables these reptiles to perform are also perfect in their kind. They can roll themselves into a spiral form, with the head slightly elevated in the centre; they can erect themselves almost perpendicularly, resting on the tail; can raise themselves about one-third of their length; suspend themselves from a tree; or stretch in easy undulations along the ground. In water serpents, the tail, which is slightly flattened in a vertical direction, acts as an oar in propelling the body; in tree-serpents, the same organ is capable of coiling itself around branches; in burrowing-snakes, it is short and conical, so as to secure and direct the movements of the trunk, and perhaps to dig into the earth; while in most of the land species, it is so formed as to support the weight of the body when the animal rears itself erect. Several species throw themselves on their prey with vigorous bounds, and seize it generally with the mouth; others secure it by twisting the tail around it; and the boas also embrace and crush it with the convolutions of their trunk.

To obey these various movements, the external covering is divided into numerous compartments or scales, which form so many jointings parallel to the parts they cover. The whole body is thus lithe and flexible, the naked space of skin between the scales being capable of extraordinary expansion and contraction. The scales are always symmetrically arranged; those covering the head and belly being larger than those of the other parts. This epidermis or outer covering is cast off or sloughed at fixed periods—the old integument, which is as thin as silver-paper, being replaced by one of greater brilliancy. With reference to the coloured markings of the respective races, they are extremely diversified. Some have the body striped longitudinally; others have it barred transversely; many are irregularly speckled; while as many are zigzagged and marbled. In general, there is a close analogy between the colours of snakes and the places which they inhabit—a circumstance wisely ordered by nature for their better protection from their numerous enemies.

The appendages of serpents, though few, are by no means uncommon. There are some species where the tail terminates in a simple conical scale, more or less pointed or hooked, while in others it is furnished with a *rattle*, often very large, although it is but a simple production of the epidermis. The male boas have a pair of hooks situated at the extremity of the abdomen, which are for sexual purposes; and in other species, the frontal scale is turned up in the form of a hook or spur. The horned Cerastes, or 'Cleopatra's Asp,' has a singular appendage, of extreme flexibility, placed over each eye. Beyond these simple appendages, snakes are entirely naked; the forked wings, tails, and barbs with which the ancients equipped them, being the invention of fable or imposture. Serpents have no external ear, and the internal organ is one of the simplest construction; which accounts for the fact, that they have the sense of hearing in a lower degree than any other class of reptiles. The same may be said of their sense of smell, which is by no means delicate. The eye of the serpent presents nothing remarkable, unless it be that it is covered by the exterior integument which envelops the whole body—the portion protecting the eye being of course transparent, but sloughing at intervals with the rest of the skin. The best informed naturalists reject altogether the stories told respecting the *fascination* of this organ; to which we shall return. Again, the tongue has none of those barbed and spear-like appendages with which fable has armed it. It is certainly divided into two slender filaments at its point, and is capable of being protruded with more or less velocity, but beyond this it is a mere organ of touch, and simply assists either in taste or in swallowing.

Serpents are oviparous (egg-producing) animals; the eggs of some being hatched internally (when they are said to be ovoviviparous), those of some almost immediately after they are dropped, and those of others requiring several weeks of incubation. They are of slow growth, and, like other reptiles, are said to be long-lived. Many travellers, and especially those of a remote age, speak of snakes of an enormous size, which they say they have encountered in their wanderings in intertropical countries; but naturalists discredit such statements, and affirm that the most gigantic rarely exceed thirty feet in length. In Europe, the largest known species attains, when full grown, a length of not more than six or eight feet.

Modern writers on serpents divide the Ophidians into five groups: *Burrowing-snakes.*—A subordinate group, which mainly live under ground. They are characterised by having stiff round bodies, short tails, narrow heads and mouths, feebly developed teeth, and extremely weak ventral scales; and in some species there are no ventral scales at all; and without an exception, the members of this group are non-venomous. *Ground-snakes.*—These pass their time upon the surface of the earth, and by far the greater number of snakes are included in this group. They have large well-developed ventral shields, fitting them for rapid progression. *Tree-snakes.*—Most tree-snakes pass their time almost exclusively on trees and in bushes, the trunks and branches of which they traverse with astonishing ease and rapidity. Many of the species have prehensile tails, and peculiarly arranged ventral shields. Most of them are beautifully coloured with different shades of green. *Fresh-water Snakes.*—The members of this group are distinguished by the peculiar position of the nostrils, which are placed on the upper part of the nose, the tail often tapering to a whip-like point. They swim and dive like eels, and are not as a rule poisonous. *Sea-snakes.*—The nostrils in

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this group are likewise placed on the upper part of the snout, but the tail is flattened. They live in the sea, and are mostly venomous.

As we have not space to point out in detail the peculiarities of the various species of serpents which together make up the five groups, it will better serve our purpose to consider them under three heads: Firstly, snakes that are not provided with poison-fangs, but which are nevertheless capable of inflicting very severe wounds, and are mostly spiteful and vicious; secondly, snakes which, although provided with poison-fangs, yet do not necessarily inflict a wound which is deadly; thirdly, those whose bite is of such a deadly nature that recovery under any form of treatment is hopeless.

NON-VENOMOUS, YET DANGEROUS, SNAKES.

We may select as types of what we include under the first head, the larger descriptions of snakes—such as the Guinea-snake; the West African Python, or Rock-snake; the South African Boa Constrictor, as well as the boas that are found in the southern parts of India and Ceylon; the Anaconda, from tropical America; and the Bull-snakes, which are common on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. All these snakes are by nature bold and vicious; and although they are unprovided with poison-fangs, nevertheless, the injury they are capable of inflicting with their sharp-pointed, recurved teeth is by no means of trifling moment. Wounds inflicted by these snakes are always difficult to heal, inasmuch as they are lacerated as well as punctured. Regarding the powers possessed by the formidable boa constrictors and anaconda, most exaggerated ideas are entertained; that they do occasionally destroy very large and powerful animals, there is no denying; but that tigers and buffaloes constitute their usual prey, is a statement not strictly true, although there exist several well-authenticated instances of men having been killed by these terrible reptiles. Happily, the appetite of these gigantic snakes bears no proportion to their means of gratifying it, as a full meal is succeeded by a state of torpor, which frequently lasts for a month or six weeks, or, during the cold season, even for a longer period. In killing its prey, the boa does not merely wreathe itself

Port Natal Python.

around the body, but places fold over fold, as if desirous of adding as much weight as possible to the muscular effort; these folds are then gradually tightened, with such immense force as to crush the ribs and smaller bones, and thus not only to destroy the animal's life, but to bring its carcass into a state the most easy for its being swallowed. So soon as the carcass has been sufficiently crushed, the boa proceeds slowly and gradually to swallow it entire. In the German *Ephemerides*, we have an account of a combat between an enormous serpent and a buffalo, related by a person who assures us that he was himself a spectator. The serpent had for some time been waiting near the brink of a pool, in expectation of its prey, when a buffalo was the first that offered. Having darted upon the affrighted animal, it instantly began to wrap it round with its voluminous twistings; and at every twist the bones of the buffalo were heard to crack. It was in vain that the poor animal struggled and bellowed; its enormous enemy entwined it too closely to get free; till at length, all its bones being mashed to pieces, like those of a malefactor on the wheel, and the whole body reduced to one uniform mass, the serpent untwined its folds to swallow its prey at leisure. To prepare for this, and in order to make the body slip down the throat more glibly, it was seen to lick the whole body over, and thus cover it with its mucus. It then began to swallow it at that end that offered least resistance, while its length of body was dilated to receive its prey, and thus took in at once a morsel three times its own thickness.

As the boas and other large serpents are generally on the outlook for prey in the most frequented places, it sometimes happens that man becomes their victim. In the *Bombay Courier* of August 31, 1799, we have the following: 'A Malay proa was making for the port of Amboyna; but the pilot, finding she could not enter it before dark, brought her to anchor for the night close under the island of Celebes. One of the crew went on shore in quest of betel-nuts in the woods, and on his return lay down, as it is supposed, to sleep on the beach. In the course of the night he was heard by his comrades to scream out for assistance. They immediately went on shore; but it was too late, for an immense snake of this species had crushed him to death. The attention of the monster being entirely occupied by his prey, the people went boldly up to it, cut off its head, and took both it and the body of the man on board their boat. The snake had seized the poor fellow by the right wrist, where the marks of the fangs were very distinct; and the mangled corpse bore signs of being crushed by the monster's twisting itself round the neck, head, breast, and thigh. The length of the snake was about thirty feet; its thickness equal to that of a moderate-sized man; and on extending its jaws, they were found wide enough to admit at once a body of the size of a man's head.'

The following anecdote, related of one kept in the Tower of London, shews that a man is scarcely match for a very ordinary boa constrictor: 'Some years ago, when the keeper was offering a fowl to one of these serpents, the animal being almost blind from the approaching change of its skin, missing the fowl, seized upon the keeper's thumb instead, around which and its own head it instantaneously threw two coils, and then, as if surprised at the unexpected resistance, cast an additional fold round the keeper's neck, and fixed itself by its tail to one of the posts of the cage in such a manner as nearly to throttle him. His own exertions, however, aided by those of the under-keepers, at length disengaged him from his perilous situation; but so determined was the attack of the snake, that it could not be compelled to relinquish its hold until two of its teeth had been broken off and left in the thumb.'

There are several other innocuous serpents which attack their prey in the same manner as the boas, but none of these exceed twelve or sixteen feet in length, and of course are barely a match for a sheep or a goat.

There is on record an instance of one of the boas in the London Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, abstaining from food for the space of twenty-two months, and yet it exhibited no appearance of ill-health or wasting of substance. One of the finest boas the Zoological Society ever possessed was a female, which was brought from Ceylon, having been captured whilst in a torpid condition after a heavy feed. It rapidly improved in health and condition after its arrival at the Gardens, and eventually attained the length of nearly thirty feet, the body being about fifteen or perhaps more inches in circumference at its largest part. The keepers named her 'Bess.' But the lady was never to be trusted: she once struck at her keeper as he was sweeping out her cage, and with such violence as to knock him away from the opening, and had he not been quick in slamming to the cage-door, would doubtless have followed him. Poor Bess died, as some of our readers will probably recollect, from the effects of devouring her own blanket. The event happened at the time when Bess was changing her skin, and as all snakes are, whilst the process is going on, she was to some extent blind. Several live rabbits were placed in her cage, one of which she caught, crushed, and swallowed. The other rabbits were not to be so easily captured; they dodged her most effectually, her defective eyesight preventing any precision of aim. At last the infuriated snake, in striking wildly at a rabbit, missed as usual the little animal, but instead fastened upon the blanket in which she was usually wrapped. Winding her ponderous body round and round the woolly rug, she crushed and twisted until she was satisfied, and then commenced to gorge it, a feat she most effectually accomplished. With her stomach filled with blanket, a dinner not easily digested, she soon became torpid, and so remained for about a week or ten days, when she disgorged, not alone the blanket, but the rabbit she had swallowed just before. No food after this was taken for more than a month, and, to the astonishment of everybody, she coiled herself round in a kind of heap, and deposited about seventy eggs. Ill as she evidently felt, Bess nevertheless tried her best to hatch the eggs, but without avail; they all turned bad, and were eventually removed from under her; and for a time this remarkable lady was certainly the most popular character in the metropolis, for in no previous instance had a boa ever been known to lay eggs in confinement. Repeated notices appeared in the papers as to how Bess and her incubation were progressing. She never rallied after the gastronomic performance of bolting a blanket, but refused the most tempting food, grew more and more irritable and vicious, and at last died.

A great many boas are captured alive, and brought to England for sale, but the greater part of them die from a very peculiar kind of fungoid disease that affects the gums and roof of the mouth; this, however, may be sometimes cured by applying nitrate of silver.

Although it is never wise or safe, as a rule, to trust any of the larger serpents, still there are exceptions to this as to other general rules. Not long ago we were in a small room, on the floor of which six large boas were at large, writhing over one another like as many earth-worms. Any one of them could have crushed the life out of a man; but we were assured there was no danger; they allowed their mouths, one after the other, to be pulled open and inspected for the disease called 'canker,' without shewing the smallest sign of displeasure, or making any attempt to strike. This unusual placidity may be in a great measure accounted for by the fact that the snakes were in a semi-torpid state, from being kept at a low temperature. The same thing may be witnessed in travelling-caravans, where the showman twists the boa round his neck and places its mouth against his cheek. There are also one or two of the boas in the Zoological Gardens that are perfectly docile, and will come at the keeper's call to the door of the cage.

We may not quit this part of our subject without referring to that most dangerous python, the Anaconda (*Eunectes murinus*), native of tropical America. This terrible serpent has been often made to figure prominently in sensational tales as having the power of *fascinating* its victim. This power, said to be possessed by serpents, of holding their prey spell-bound by fixing their eyes on it, is purely imaginary. What has been popularly believed to be some effect or power that, for want of a better name, has been styled 'mesmeric,' is nothing more or less than the influence of intense fear. The terror manifests itself in animals by a general trembling and convulsive spasms. The sudden appearance of a venomous snake may, and sometimes does, render its victim for the moment paralysed, a condition in which it permits the snake to seize it without offering any resistance. The anaconda is of a rich brownish tint, with a double series of colours extending from the head to the tail; the sides are covered with round dots, white in the centre, but with blackish rings round. When coiled up, it resembles a piece of beautifully painted oil-cloth. Although non-venomous, it is terribly dreaded by the natives, who never venture to bathe or even approach water near which it is known to lurk. Its usual haunt is in the midst of tropical jungles, or close to swamps, lakes, or rivers. Animals which come to drink constitute its usual prey, although fish are said to be sometimes devoured by it. The monster lurks stealthily under cover of the water, and whilst the poor unsuspecting beast is drinking, the serpent strikes at its nose, and burying its recurved teeth firmly like grappling-hooks in the flesh, holds on like a bull-dog. Then flinging and writhing its lissom body round its victim, it crushes out its life, and breaks its bones into fragments. The anaconda sometimes adopts another system of capturing its prey, by suspending itself by its tail from the limb of a tree over the path or trail made by animals in going to drink, and then seizing its victim as it walks along, crushes and swallows it. It is said of anacondas that they usually, if not invariably, hunt in pairs. Waterton says as much; and many persons we conversed with about the habits of these reptiles whilst we were in the tropical parts of America, concurred in stating that when the male anaconda was seen, the female was certain to be close at hand.

The following adventure is narrated by the late Mr Waterton, in his *Wanderings* in Demerara and the adjacent parts of South America. 'I was sitting,' says he, 'with a Horace in my hand, when a negro and his little dog came down the hill in haste, and I was soon informed that a snake had been discovered; but it was a young one, called the bushmaster, a rare and poisonous snake. I instantly rose, and laying hold of the eight-foot lance which was close by me—"Well, then, Daddy," said I, "we'll go and have a look at the snake." I was barefoot, with an old hat, check-shirt, and trousers on, and a pair of braces to keep them up. The negro had his cutlass; and we ascended the hill; another negro, armed with a cutlass, joined us, judging from our pace that there was something to do. The little dog came along with us; and when we had got about half a mile in the forest, the negro stopped, and pointed to a fallen tree: all was still and silent. I told the negroes not to stir from the spot where they were, and keep the little dog in, and I would go and reconnoitre. I advanced up to the place slowly and cautiously. The snake was well concealed, but at last I made him out. It was a coulacanara, not poisonous, but large enough to have crushed any of us to death. On measuring him afterwards, he was something more than fourteen feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker, in proportion to his length, than any other snake in the forest. A coulacanara of fourteen feet in length is as thick as a common boa of twenty-four. After skinning this animal, I could easily get my head into its mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful distention.

'On ascertaining the size of the game we had to encounter, I retired slowly the way I came, and promised four dollars to the negro who had shewn it to me, and one to the other who had joined us. Aware that the day was on the decline, and that the approach of night would be detrimental to the dissection, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined, if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes, they begged and entreated me to let them go for a gun, and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us; but I had been in search of a large serpent for years, and now having come up with one, it did not become me to turn soft. So, taking a cutlass from one of the negroes, and then ranging both the sable slaves behind me, I told them to follow me, and that I would cut them down if they offered to flee. I smiled as I said this; but they shook their heads in silence, and seemed to have but a bad heart of it. When we came to the place, the serpent had not stirred; but I could see nothing of his head, and I judged by the folds of his body that it must be at the farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed a complete mantle over the branches of the fallen tree, almost impervious to the rain or the rays of the sun. Probably he had resorted to this sequestered place for a length of time, as it bore the marks of an ancient settlement. I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One negro stood guard close behind me with the lance, and near him the other with a cutlass. The cutlass which I had taken from the first negro was on the ground close by me, in case of need. After working in dead silence for a quarter of an hour, with one knee all the time on the ground, I had cleared away enough to see his head. It appeared coming out between the first and second coil of his body, and was flat on the ground. This was the very position I wished it to be in. I rose in silence, and retreated very slowly, making a sign to the negroes to do the same. We were at this time about twenty yards from the snake's den. I now ranged them behind me, and told him who stood next to me to lay hold of the lance the moment I struck the snake, and that the other must attend my movements. It now only remained to take their cutlasses from them; for I was sure if I did not do this, they would be tempted to strike the snake in time of danger, and thus for ever spoil his skin. On disarming them, if I might judge from their physiognomy, they seemed to consider it as a most intolerable act of tyranny in me. Probably nothing kept them from bolting but the consolation that I was to be between them and the snake. Indeed, my own heart, in spite of all I could do, beat quicker than usual; and I felt those sensations which one has on board a merchant-vessel in war-time, when the captain orders all hands on deck to prepare for action, while a strange vessel is approaching under suspicious colours.

'We went slowly on in silence, without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off, or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved; and on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment, the negro next to me seized the weapon, and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief. On pinning him to the ground, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail; and after a violent struggle or two, he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth. The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work; but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head, and held it firm under my arm, one negro supporting the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times; for the snake was too heavy for us to support him without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onwards, he fought hard for freedom, but it was all in vain. The day was now too far spent to think of dissecting him; so, after securing afresh his mouth, that he could not open it, he was forced into a large bag, and left to his fate till morning.'

In the eastern parts of Minnesota, a very large snake is frequently met with—not venomous, as it is destitute of poison-fangs, but spiteful and vicious beyond almost any other non-venomous snake. To the trapper it is known as the 'bull-snake;' to the naturalist, as *Pituophis Sayi.* It frequently reaches from eleven to twelve feet in length; the ground colour is reddish yellow blotched with brown and black, the latter colour predominating near the head. A bull-snake has been known to fasten on the throat of a dog while hunting; and not before a cord with a noose was slipped round the snake's neck, and hauled upon until strangulation took place, would it relinquish its hold. The bull-snake is extremely fond of water, and may very frequently be observed swimming about with its head raised above the surface in a stream or pool. It feeds on mice, lizards, quails, and the young chicks of the prairie-hen. A similar habit is common to the bull-snake as we have alluded to when speaking of the anaconda, that of hunting in couples: there are almost invariably two of them together or very near each other. Once we carried a large bull-snake alive to our camp, and fastened it up in an empty flour-cask, in order to observe its mode of feeding. To our surprise, on the following morning, a second bull-snake lay coiled up close to the cask in which the first was imprisoned. Whether number two had followed upon the scent of its captured comrade—and if so, it must have travelled at least six miles—or whether some bull-snake that lived in the immediate neighbourhood of the camp had been attracted by the scent of the one in the cask, must ever remain a mystery. Our impression, however, is, that the other had followed along our trail in quest of its companion, probably guided by the scent.

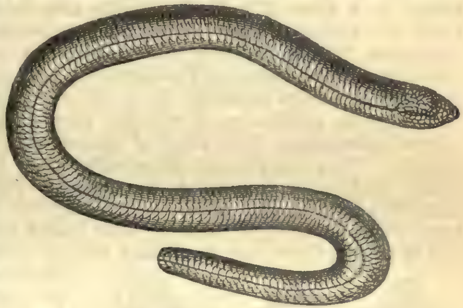
We could readily recite many such modern adventures, but our limits forbid, and we therefore finish our anecdotes of the non-venomous boas and pythons with the celebrated encounter which the Roman army, under Regulus, had with a gigantic serpent in North Africa. Valerius Maximus thus mentions it from Livy, in one of the lost books of whose History it was related more at large: 'And since we are on the subject of uncommon phenomena, we may here mention the serpent so eloquently and accurately recorded by Livy; who says, that near the river Bagradas, in Africa, a snake was seen of so enormous a magnitude as to prevent the army of Atilius Regulus from the use of the river; and after snatching up several soldiers with his enormous mouth, and devouring them, and killing several more by striking and squeezing them with the spires of its tail, was at length destroyed by assailing it with all the force of military engines and showers of stones, after it had withstood the attack of their spears and darts; that it was regarded by the whole army as a more formidable enemy than even Carthage itself; and that the whole adjacent region being tainted with the pestilential effluvia proceeding from its remains, and the waters with its blood, the Roman army was obliged to remove its station. He also adds, that the skin of the monster, measuring 120 feet in length, was sent to Rome as a trophy.' Pliny and other later writers mention the existence of this trophy; but our own opinion is that this was a bit of the sensational writing of the period.

BRITISH SNAKES.

In Great Britain, the non-venomous snakes are represented by three species. The most familiar is the common Ringed Snake (*Coluber natrix*). It is found in all parts of England, selecting as its favourite haunts damp woods, grassy meadows, and weedy hedgerows, particularly if in the vicinity of water; and its food consists of mice, frogs, young birds, or any small quadrupeds that may chance to come in its way. From oft-repeated experiments, we feel sure that it is impossible, by any amount of provocation, to induce the ringed snake to strike or make any attempt to bite. When the breeding-time arrives, the snake lays its eggs in dung-heaps, hot-beds, or heaps of leaves and decaying vegetable matter, where they are hatched by the heat produced during the fermentation of the mass, aided, perhaps, by the heat of the sun. When winter sets in, the snakes retire into holes in hedges, under the roots of trees, or any other sheltered place secure against the effects of frost, where they become torpid, and undergo a state of quasi-hibernation, until the genial warmth of spring restores them again to an active condition. Numbers of them often seek the same hiding-place, and coil up together into a very mass of snakes.

The *Coronella lævis*, second in the category of non-venomous British snakes, has only a few years been added to our fauna. The first specimens were taken in Hampshire, near Ringwood, although the species had for a pretty long time been well known in Germany and France, but under the name *Austriaca*. Its size is about that of the ordinary ring-snake. How it is distinguished from the ring-snake, as well as the marks of distinction between both and the viper, will be noticed afterwards. The coronella is extremely spiteful, and strikes readily and viciously at the hand if touched or meddled with; and when it has fastened on the hand, holds on firmly. Its favourite haunts are dry, hot, sandy situations; and its food consists almost entirely of lizards, although it occasionally devours grasshoppers. Its great peculiarity, as separating it from the harmless ring-snake, and approximating to the poisonous viper, is, that it is ovoviviparous, or, in other words, the eggs are hatched inside the mother, and the young are produced alive, generally five or six at a birth. Mr Frank Buckland thus quaintly describes the advent of a brood of young coronellas in the *Field* newspaper for 1862: 'On Tuesday morning last, in her glass-house in the *Field* window, Mrs Coronella Lævis of six children. The young coronellas are beautiful little things. They will not eat anything; meal, worms, bits of meat, gentles, and flies, I have tried; but they are very fond of water. Two or three have shed their skins, and their colours about the head especially are most beautiful. Folks may say what they please, but I am convinced they have some affection for their mother; they are never found far away from her, but always close to her somewhere about in the moss. I have more than once discovered mother and three babies coiled up snug together; and a very pretty family picture they make, basking in the bright morning sun.'

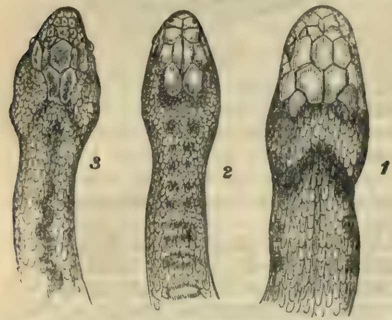
The third upon the list is the Blind or 'Slow' Worm (*Anguis fragilis*), the smallest of our British snakes, and quite as harmless as the ringed snake. Why this gentle and useful little reptile should be branded as a murderer, and, whenever met with, subjected to the most cruel torture, and ultimately death, is difficult to understand. In Wales it is called 'Neidr Ddefaid,' or sheep-snake, and is deemed extremely poisonous. There is also a stupid belief prevalent amongst the peasantry, that the 'deaf-adder' cannot die until the sun sets. It feeds principally upon earth-worms, slugs, and insects of any kind it can catch. The movements of this reptile are so slow that it cannot get out of the way of danger, and thus it has been rashly and ignorantly assumed that it is either deaf or blind, or both. Hence the popular names of 'blind-worm' and 'deaf-adder.' It has eyes, nevertheless, and sharp ones too, although they are somewhat small; and its organs of hearing are as good as those of the lizards. It is, in fact, the most gentle and harmless of all created reptiles.



Blind-worm (*Anguis fragilis*).

Although the Viper, or Adder, comes properly into our second section, under the head of poisonous snakes, yet we think it expedient to describe it here, inasmuch as it will the better enable our readers to understand the external differences or markings which distinguish the viper (the only indigenous reptile in England armed with poison-fangs) from the non-poisonous ring-snake and coronella. The viper seldom exceeds two and a half feet in length, is slender in make, with a bluntish tail. The illustration on page 2 shews how the fangs are erected when the viper is about to strike its victim. It is rather tardy in its movements, and man, unless taken unawares, has little to fear from it, as he can readily make his escape. The female brings forth her young alive; in other words, the eggs, which generally number from ten to eighteen, are hatched internally. Vipers are easily taken or destroyed; we ourselves have been instrumental in the capture of a dozen or two, with no other instrument than a forked stick, by which the head of the reptile was pinioned to the ground, till it was secured beyond means of doing harm. With respect to its dangerous properties, Mr Bell remarks: 'In this country, I have never seen a case which terminated in death, nor have I been able to trace to an authentic source any of the numerous reports of such a termination. At the same time, the symptoms are frequently so threatening, that I cannot but conclude that in very hot weather, and when not only the reptile is in full activity and power, but the constitution of the victim in a state of great irritability and diminished power, a bite from the common viper would very probably prove fatal. The poisonous fluid is perfectly innocuous when swallowed. Dr Mead and others have made this experiment, and never experienced the slightest ill effects from it. It is, however, clear that there would be danger in swallowing it were any part of the mouth, the throat, or the œsophagus in a state of ulceration, or having an abraded surface.' The viper feeds principally upon field-mice, frogs, and young birds. It is most to be dreaded when partially blind, a condition it is in just prior to changing its skin; it then strikes savagely at anything or anybody that comes near it.

That our readers may be readily able to make out the differences between the three species of indigenous snakes we have just described, and thus perhaps be saved from the danger that might accrue from handling or incautiously approaching a viper, mistaking it for the harmless ring-snake or coronella, we give an illustration and brief description of the heads of the three species.



1. The Common Ringed Snake (*Coluber natrix*); 2. The Small-crowned Smooth Snake (*Coronella lævis*); 3. The Common Viper or Adder (*Pelias berus*).

1. The common ringed snake has a somewhat almond-shaped head, covered with broad plates or shields. It has invariably a yellow collar at the back of the head, the yellow colour being made more apparent by a jet-black collar behind it. This black collar does not in every case extend right across the neck,

but varies in different specimens. The eye is rather prominent, of a hazel colour. The prevailing colour of the back and sides is dusky brown. The centre line of the back is marked with a double row of small black spots, which extend from the head to the tail, and from these rows, lines made up of similar dots stripe the sides.

2. The head of *Coronella lævis*, it will be at once evident, is exceedingly small, compared with the other two; moreover, it is rounder, and more like the head of a lizard, and carried in a more erect position than the head of the ring-snake. The plating on the top of the head is very like that of the ring-snake, but the lateral plates differ from those of the viper. One marked peculiarity in the head of *Coronella lævis* is that it is beautifully iridescent, and of bronze green colour. There is but a very imperfect V-mark—not at all distinct, like the brand on the viper, being broken or imperfect at the sharp terminal angles, while that on the viper is complete. The general colour of the skin is brown; and it is remarkable for its almost polished smoothness, which gives the reptile its name, *lævis*. Two rows of dark spots run along the sides of the back, which at once distinguish it from the viper, with its zigzag marking. The belly is a brightish orange colour.

3. The head of the viper, it will be observed, is not shaped like the head of the snake: it is perfectly flat. The viper has no collar encircling the neck, but instead, the letter V distinctly marked on the back part of the head, as will be more plainly seen by reversing the illustration. It really would almost appear that nature had branded this, the only poisonous reptile inhabiting our land, so that people might the more easily recognise and avoid it, with V, the first letter in the name viper. Continuing from this V-marking, a diamond-shaped pattern of a dark colour extends along the whole line of the back. The general colour of the body is extremely variable, being influenced by local conditions.

VENOMOUS, BUT NOT NECESSARILY DEADLY, SERPENTS. TREATMENT OF WOUNDS.

We come now to the second part of our subject—the consideration of serpents whose bites, although a few of them are frightfully dangerous, do not necessarily in every instance cause death. In this category may be classed the Rattlesnake of America, the British Viper (already described), the Australian 'Tiger'-snake, and the Black Vipers of Asia Minor and Southern Europe.

In case of a person being bitten by a serpent, it is all-important, in the first place, to be able to say at once whether the bite is that of a snake with poison-fangs or not. As a general rule, if the bite is that of a poisonous snake, two solitary spots, made by the poison-fangs, mark the place of injury. If, on the other hand, two *rows* of pricks or punctures are discernible, then you may make pretty certain the wound is caused by a harmless snake. Having had a good deal of rough and ready practice, both in the Old and New World, in the treatment of snake-bites, particularly of rattlesnake bites, and as the same plan and principle of treatment more or less applies to all snake-bites, we shall perhaps best help to prepare our readers for treating a snake-bite in case of any sudden emergency, if we give our experiences of rattlesnake bites.

The rattlesnake of America is one of the most dangerous of its family, its bite, when properly inflicted, generally causing the death of the largest animal. It is totally unknown in the Old World, and is readily distinguished by its *rattle*, an instrument situated at the tail extremity, and consisting of several horny membranous cells, which rattle upon each other when agitated by the animal. The rattlesnake is of a tawny and black colour above, and ash-coloured beneath; has a short and rather rounded head; a large protecting scale over each eye, and long sharp-pointed fangs. It is slow in its motions, inactive in its habits, and not readily disturbed—features which luckily tend to lessen the mischief which otherwise it would be capable of inflicting. The effects of the poison of course depend much upon the season of the year, the age and strength of the reptile, and the part struck; hence, numerous cases are on record of individuals recovering in a few weeks from the bite of a rattlesnake. It is also found by experiment, that if a venomous serpent be made repeatedly to inflict wounds, without allowing sufficiently long intervals for it to recover its powers, each successive bite becomes less and less dangerous. 'A gentleman of my acquaintance,' says the author of *British Reptiles*, 'had some years ago received a living rattlesnake from America. Intending to try the effects of its bite upon some rats, he introduced one of these animals into the cage with the serpent; it immediately struck the rat, which died in two minutes. Another rat was then placed in the cage; it ran to the part farthest from the serpent, uttering cries of distress. The snake did not immediately attack it; but after half an hour, and on being irritated, it struck the rat, which did not exhibit any symptoms of being poisoned for several minutes, and died twenty minutes after the bite. A third and remarkably large rat was then introduced. It exhibited no signs of terror at its dangerous companion, which, on its part, appeared to take no

Rattlesnake.

notice of the rat. After watching for the rest of the evening, my friend retired, leaving the serpent and the rat together. On rising early the next morning to ascertain the fate of his two heterogeneous prisoners, he found the snake dead, and the muscular part of its back eaten by the rat. I do not remember at what time of the year this circumstance took place, but I believe it was not during very hot weather.'

We know of no place where rattlesnakes are found in greater numbers than on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Coiled up upon the warm granite boulders, or stretched at full length upon the sand, under shadow of a wild sage bush, or basking upon the flower-decked bank of a pool or rivulet, rattlesnakes might be seen by the score on any bright and sunny day. We have often tried, but in vain, to so provoke a rattlesnake by poking it with a stick as to make it attack. All they ever did was to bite at the stick, try to escape from their tormentor, and hiss and rattle violently. The danger of being bitten nearly always arises from treading upon them, or touching them unawares with the hand. The 'rattle' is a most useful warning to the prairie hunter at night, when it would be utterly impossible to make out the whereabouts of a rattlesnake except by the noise of the rattle as the reptile winds its way amidst the rank herbage.

The first thing a trapper does, if alone, when he finds he has been bitten by a rattlesnake, is to tie a leather thong or piece of cord tightly round the wounded limb, a little distance above the punctures, thrust a piece of stick underneath the ligature, and heave it up like a capstan with all his might. If a comrade be near, of course he does it; the cord must be tightened until it nearly cuts into the flesh. The upper ligature securely fastened, a second is adjusted below the wound, and twisted up similarly to the one above. If the man's lips are free from chaps or abrasions, he or his companion sucks at the puncture with all his might for a few seconds, and then with his knife scoops out a little ring of flesh from each puncture. The next proceeding is to shake some gunpowder upon the wounds, and to rub it in with considerable force, and, lastly, to pile up a good-sized heap of gunpowder upon the part hurt between the two thongs, and to touch it off with a light. Of course, this severely burns all the tissues, and completely blisters a large surface of skin. So far, the external treatment is accomplished, except that of opening the bladders produced by the gunpowder.

The bitten man has now to swallow copious doses of raw whisky, and *keep moving;* on no condition must he remain still, even though he should have to be rolled down a steep incline, as a last alternative. If once torpor and sleep come on, the end is nearly sure to be fatal. It is perfectly astounding the quantity of whisky or other powerful stimulant a person under the influence of snake-poison can drink, and yet feel no symptom of intoxication. As a general rule, in about thirteen or fourteen hours after the treatment described has been adopted, the bad symptoms abate; but should the least sign of torpor shew itself, more moving and more stimulant must be resorted to. The patient soon recovers after the wounds begin to heal, although very frequently nasty boils break out all over him. This remedy is one also adopted by the Red Men, who employ, in the absence of gunpowder, a brand made of burning pitch-pine; and a drink made from herbs in lieu of whisky. We feel certain that what chiefly conduces towards the success of this treatment is great promptness of action in applying the remedies, aided by the patient's having a vigorous and healthy constitution. We have little or no trust in the application of any system of cauterisation short of actual fire; it is better by far than the strongest ammonia or lunar caustic. A writer in *Tinsley's Magazine* gives a signal proof of this. The brother of the writer, an eminent clergyman in South Australia, was bitten in the wrist by the brown snake, said to be most deadly. An experienced bushman happening fortunately to be staying at the station near which the accident happened, immediately adopted the remedies we have just described, and with signal success; whereas one of the policemen resident at the same station died from the bite of a brown snake; but in his case a good hour had elapsed before he could reach his comrades to obtain the requisite help, and then it was impossible to keep him from falling into the fatal torpor—sure precursor of death.

The injection of ammonia into the veins near the wound, as practised by Dr Halford, has been much discussed lately as a remedy for snake-bites; and several cases have been reported from South Australia, where the bites of serpents hitherto considered deadly were said to be successfully treated in this way—repeated doses of sal-volatile mixed with strong spirit being at the same time administered internally. Now there is nothing novel in the administration of ammonia internally as an antidote to snake-poison; and if a skilled surgeon be at hand, and can at once inject ammonia into the veins, it may, from all accounts, prove a successful mode of treatment. But as instantaneous application is essential, and as few, if any, but a medical man could perform the operation, it is evident that the cases where the injection cure could be brought to bear must be rare. The case of the keeper at the London Zoological Gardens is a melancholy example of the deadly effect of the cobra's bite: although the man was in the very lap of learning, and everything was done that could be done, nevertheless he died within an hour after being driven to the University College Hospital, and ninety minutes after being bitten.

Dr Fayren has tried in India a long series of most interesting experiments, in the humane endeavour to discover an antidote to the bite of the terrible cobra; but, so far as we can learn, without success. A sheep was placed so that a cobra might strike it, and it died in half an hour; a second sheep was taken, and some of the blood of the sheep killed by the cobra was injected into its veins; the poison proved equally fatal, although its action was less rapid. Mr Frank Buckland himself told us that he felt the effects of the poison of the cobra coming over him, in the shape of stupor and dizziness. The skin had been slightly separated from the nail of one of his fingers whilst dissecting a rat that had died from the cobra's bite: being a medical man, he went at once and swallowed large doses of sal-volatile, which soon relieved him. A horse bitten by a cobra survived it only seventy-five minutes.

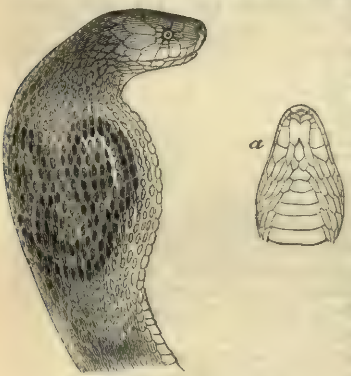
It is always well to know what is the best mode of proceeding in any sudden emergency; and as it may very possibly happen that a viper bite may be inflicted on a person distant from medical help, it will not be out of place to give a few succinct directions as to what had best be done at once. We have already endeavoured to shew that the success of any remedial measures, in case of deadly snake bites, depends upon prompt action, with a sound constitution in the patient. If away from a surgeon, immediately suck the wound, or get some one else to do it, and, if oil is procurable, fill the mouth with it whilst sucking. The application of a cupping-glass is of great value if it can be obtained. Tie a ligature very tightly above the wound, and, after the sucking, apply ammonia to the bites, and give the patient large doses of sal-volatile, say a teaspoonful in a wine-glassful of water every five minutes. Brandy and champagne may be also administered with advantage, and by all means prevent the patient from falling asleep until the acute symptoms are passed. A powerful purgative had better be administered as soon as the sufferer has sufficiently rallied to take it. These measures, if resorted to with promptness, will, as a rule, prove successful in the cure of bites from our common British viper. The application of nitrate of silver in the after-treatment of the wound may be tried with advantage.

It is a curious fact that one poisonous serpent does not appear to be able to injure another of like nature, and yet if a venomous snake bite a non-venomous one, it always, or nearly so, proves as fatal as it would to a guinea-pig or a rabbit. Snake-poison is perfectly innocuous if swallowed even by man, so long as there is no abraded spot upon the lips, or in the mouth or œsophagus; the poison must get directly into the blood to produce its deadly effect. Still, it is an experiment no one, we should think, would be rash enough to try. It has been lately stated that snakes, both non-venomous and venomous, are rapidly killed by introducing a small quantity of carbolic acid into their mouths, and that if the wood-work of houses be smeared over with the acid, snakes will never come into them —an experiment well worth trying in hot countries where these death-dealers are so plentiful.

INVARIABLY DEADLY SERPENTS.

We have lastly to refer to the serpents whose bites are invariably fatal, and, so far as we at present know, are beyond the power of man to cure.

The Cobras (*Naja*) are well and widely known, alike from the deadly nature of their bite, and the remarkable hood on the nape of the neck. The one from Southern Asia (*Naja tripudians*) grows to the length of about five feet, and has been the subject of enough fabulous stories to fill a large volume. Strict Hindus object to kill a cobra, but coax it into an earthen pot, and carry it to the opposite bank of the stream, to be set at liberty. When resting, the cobra's neck is no bigger than the diameter of the head; but under the influence of passion, the neck dilates, while at the same time the reptile raises the front part of its body vertically, making himself as stiff as a rod of steel.—The Egyptian Cobra (*Naja haje*) is even more spiteful and vicious than his brother from Asia. These serpents constantly destroy themselves in the Zoological Gardens by striking savagely at the glass, if any one looks in at them. Their bite is always fatal. We have seen the Egyptian cobra, or haje, glide from under a bush as noiselessly as a shadow, and, with no apparent touch, strike a wounded quail we may almost say dead. They never seem to spare anything they have a chance of killing. An enraged cobra is the very embodiment of everything devilish and deadly. By some persons, this cobra is supposed to represent the asp used by Cleopatra; our own opinion is, however, that the asp has its representative in the horned cerastes.—In Martinique and Santa Lucia, we have the terrible *Fer de lance*. Its venom is certainly fatal, though not immediately so; animals have been known to survive the bite of this snake from three to thirteen hours. The negroes often get bitten by it whilst working among the sugar-canes; the bite is rapidly followed by swelling, then the body becomes icy cold, the respiration grows low, insensibility supervenes, with acute paralysis, followed by an agonising death.

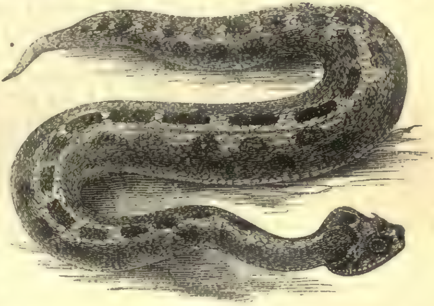


Head of Cobra: *a*, under side of jaw.

The White Lady, or *la dama blanca*, is terribly dreaded by settlers and the natives of Central America; fortunately, its extremely active habits enabling it to bolt through the reeds or under brush like a gleam of silvery light, greatly lessen the chances of getting bitten by it. Its habit is to frequent the river-banks, and it is sometimes seen swimming with its head raised above the water; but the least noise alarms it, when it betakes itself to the reeds or long grass. Stupor is said to come on in about fifteen minutes after the bite is inflicted, death following immediately.

The bite of the *Colebra de Sangre* causes the blood to exude in a deadly kind of sweat from the pores of the skin, and a person has been rarely, if ever, known to survive its bite over twenty minutes. It is found in tropical America, and is seldom more than eighteen inches in length, but of a uniform crimson colour; hence its ghastly name, 'blood-snake.'

The beautiful *Corale*, or Coral-snake, also found in Central America, does not often exceed three feet in length; and yet its bite kills to a fearful certainty in half an hour at the most, and in this case, the blood coagulates or solidifies. Though deadly, it is an extremely beautiful snake; rings of three colours surround its body—black, white, and red. We find the following story of its fatal power in *Belgravia*. The writer says: 'The coral-snake is greatly dreaded in Central America, and the deaths it causes in those regions are probably equal in number to the deaths caused by cobras in India, and which, as far as can be estimated in such a country, are supposed to amount to several hundreds in the year. I personally know the particulars only in one case of death from the bite of a coral-snake, and this occurred in Southern Demerara. The victim was a M. Flament, a wealthy planter. His wife had been dangerously ill, and been visited daily by two physicians. While out late in the afternoon, strolling with his little daughter near the house, he was told by a servant that the doctors had come. He immediately hurried home by the shortest way, crossing a wide patch of grass. When nearly through this, and close to his own door, he was bitten by a small coral-snake, on which he trod while the reptile was vainly attempting to wriggle away. He rushed into his house, where the physicians were, and with trembling lips—for he knew his danger—told them hastily what had befallen him. Yet, though he had the benefit of their best advice and assistance



Horned Cerastes.

within a minute after he was bitten, nothing served to check the fatal action of the poison, and he died in three-quarters of an hour. The shock of this terrible calamity was fatal also to Madame Flament, who died the following evening.'

The horned cerastes, or asp, common in Egypt; the river jack and puff-adder, as well as the many deadly snakes common to Australia, all illustrate the family from whose bite there is no result but inevitable death. So far, human skill has proved of no avail to cure a patient fairly bitten by these deadly serpents. What may be accomplished, no one can predict.

TAMING AND CHARMING OF SERPENTS.

Several of the non-venomous species of serpents are capable of being domesticated, and may be made to distinguish those who feed and caress them. We shall now recount several instances of this. 'I had,' says the author of *British Reptiles*, 'a common snake, many years since, which knew me from all other persons; and when let out of his box, would immediately come to me, and crawl under the sleeve of my coat, where he was fond of lying perfectly still, and enjoying the warmth. He was accustomed to come to my hand for a draught of milk every morning at breakfast, which he always did of his own accord; but he would flee from strangers, and hiss if they meddled with him.' Mr White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, states that he knew a gentleman who had one in his house quite tame. Though this was usually as sweet in its person as any other animal, yet, whenever a stranger, or a dog or cat entered, it would begin to hiss, and soon filled the room with an effluvium so nauseous as to render it almost insupportable. 'An intimate friend of mine,' says Mr Sheppard, 'had a common snake in his rooms at Cambridge, which became so familiar as to lie in a serpentine form on the upper bar of his chair. It would crawl through his fingers if held at a little distance before its head, or lie at full length upon his table, while he was writing or reading, for an hour or more at a time. When first brought into the room, it used to hiss and dart out its tongue; but in no instance emitted any unpleasant odour. It was in all its actions remarkably cleanly. Sometimes it was indulged with a run upon the grass in the court of the college; and sometimes with a swim in a large basin of water, which it seemed to enjoy very much.' In the *Dictionnaire d'Histoire Naturelle*, there is related an instance of a snake which had been so completely tamed by a lady as to come to her whenever she called it, to follow her in her walks, writhe itself round her arms, and sleep in her bosom. One day, when she went in a boat to some distance up a large river, she threw the snake into the water, imagining that its fidelity would lead it to follow her, and that, by swimming, it would readily overtake the boat. The poor animal exerted all its efforts; but the current proving at that juncture unusually strong, owing to the advance of the tide, in spite of all its struggling it was borne down the stream, and was unfortunately drowned. We have ourselves known the common ringed snake of our heaths so tamed by a herd-boy as to coil and uncoil itself at his desire, to follow even in the fields for a short distance, and to retreat to the box in which it was usually kept, on his giving a peculiar signal. This specimen was the largest of its kind we have ever seen, being more than two and a half feet in length. It lived for several summers, and died, we believe, from being over-fed, and not being allowed the necessary duration of torpidity during winter. The boas of our zoological gardens and travelling menageries might also be instanced as evidences of the degree of tameness to which serpents may be brought by kind and gentle treatment. It is true that the boas exhibited are more frequently dull and lethargic than lively and tractable, but this is owing to the coldness of our climate, in which they could not exist, were it not for the artificial temperature which is always kept up around them.

Even the most venomous serpents, it would seem, are capable of being tamed, if once deprived of their fangs. Hector St John says that he once saw a rattlesnake in America as gentle as it is possible to conceive a reptile to be. It went to the water and swam whenever it pleased; and when the boys to whom it belonged called it back, their summons was readily obeyed. It had been deprived of its fangs. They often stroked it with a soft brush; and this friction seemed to cause the most pleasing sensations, for it would turn on its back to enjoy it, as a cat does before the fire. In India, the hooded snake is carried about in a basket, to be publicly exhibited as a show, being first deprived of its fangs, to secure the men from the danger of its bite. At the sound of a flageolet, it is taught to assume a kind of dancing attitude and motions, which it continues as long as its master continues his music. According to Catesby, the black snake is found to be extremely useful in America in clearing houses of rats, which it pursues with wonderful agility, even to the very roofs of barns and outhouses; for which good services it is cherished by the generality of the Americans, who are at great pains to preserve and multiply the breed. All the mischief this species does is to the farmers' wives, in skimming the milk-pans of the cream, and robbing the hen-roosts of their eggs. It is not uncommon to find it coiled up in a nest under a sitting-hen. It has even been seen taking milk out of the same dish with children, without biting them, though they often gave it blows with their spoons upon the head, when it was too greedy.

Seeing that many of the serpent family, whether venomous or non-venomous, are tamable to a certain degree, we shall be better prepared to comprehend the so-called 'art of charming,' about which so much has been said and gainsaid in almost every country. This art is peculiar to the East, having been practised in India, Syria, and Egypt, by a race of half-mendicant vagrants from time immemorial. To charm a serpent is, in other words, to possess some mysterious power over the reptile, by which it may be called forth at pleasure, be made to submit to any experiment, and, if venomous, to forego its noxious nature, and become mild and tractable. More than this, the charmer professes to be proof against the fangs of the most venomous, without having recourse to any medicine, and merely by the potency of the spell he possesses. Such a power is utterly denied by the majority of naturalists, who believe that the so-called charmers act only upon tamed serpents, or upon such as have their fangs extracted; on the other hand, some less sceptical entertain the modified belief, that while the charmers may thus often impose upon the public, they sometimes perform very wonderful feats, partly through hardihood, and partly from their superior skill in handling the reptiles so as not to irritate them. Be this as it may, some of their performances are certainly very curious and entertaining.

Having heard, while in Egypt, wonderful accounts of the feats of these professional snake-charmers, we were anxious to test what truth there is in them. We may state that the profession—for so it may be called—is divided into two classes, the Riffâr'ey, or snake-charmers proper, and Sa-adee, who do not 'charm,' but only shew their powers by devouring living reptiles, and obtain a livelihood by travelling about the country, for the purpose of coaxing or charming snakes from out the houses. If it is discovered, or only imagined, that a snake has taken up its quarters in a dwelling-house, whether of the rich or the poor, a 'serpent-charmer' is immediately sent for; and if successful in coaxing out the unwelcome intruder, he is rewarded; if good luck does not attend his charming, he gets no remuneration.

One of our friends, Mr Foster, who resided at Shoobra, about four miles out of Cairo, and from whom we received a great deal of information concerning these serpent-charmers, most kindly volunteered to send to the head 'sheik' (we believe the word strictly means in Arabic, 'old man'), and make arrangements with him to meet us at Shoobra, so that we might have an opportunity to judge for ourselves. Everything was satisfactorily arranged, and we had the good fortune to meet the head snake-charmer (as he is said to be in Cairo), together with two of his suite. He had a large leathern bag suspended round his neck by an embroidered strap, and into this cavernous receptacle, when we turned towards him, he thrust his hand, and in a few seconds drew forth a writhing snake. He held it very cautiously, and when we attempted to take it, drew back, making signs that it was dangerous to touch it; and then one of his inferiors, styled Serpent Jack, chimed in, and pointed out to us that it had poison-fangs.

Knowing this to be untrue, and that it was a perfectly harmless snake, we insisted on having it given to us, when we opened its mouth, and demonstrated that it had no poison-fangs. Soon a second snake was produced from the bag, which was much more cautiously dealt with than the first; this was a very light gray coloured snake, and had just over each eye a horn. The snake, as the charmer held it, appeared so much like the horned viper or cerastes, commonly called Cleopatra's asp, that at first we imagined it to be really one of these most poisonous and deadly reptiles. But luckily we had, only a week before, caught a horned viper, and studied it minutely; and on looking more closely at the reptile, now in the hands of the charmer, we saw that the head was narrower, and not so flat as that of the asp. We wanted to examine the snake in our own hand, but the charmer objected, saying, in Arabic, that it would bite and kill us; nevertheless, we persevered, and at last took the serpent from him. Once having possession, we examined it minutely, and found *the horns were artificial*, and the snake merely a common non-poisonous variety. The artificial horns were most ingeniously managed, and would, we venture to say, deceive any one as to their being fictitious, unless a very close scrutiny was instituted. We at once exposed the deception, and opened the snake's mouth, to prove to the charmer that it had no poison-fangs.

The next performance was to be the display of the man's power as a serpent-charmer, and here let me state that he did not select his own localities in which to search for snakes, but they were chosen for him, and he simply went whithersoever he was directed. Being quite determined that he should not have an opportunity of concealing snakes about him, we had him stripped naked even to his head-gear and slippers, and we are positive he had no snake in his possession when he commenced work. First of all, he tried the hedge on one side of the garden, and his mode of proceeding was somewhat as follows. Walking up and down, and striking the bushes with his cane, he kept repeating in a loud tone in Arabic (so translated to us): 'I adjure you, by the great God, if ye be above, or if ye be below, or wherever ye may be, to come forth. You are only a snake, and God is greater than all snakes—obey this call, and come forth;' and very much more to the same effect. However, he soon said there were no snakes at this place. Next, he was taken to a small enclosure made for keeping fowls, quite on the other side of the garden. Various things were scattered about inside this tiny bamboo kind of house, amongst which were several logs of wood; no fowls had been there for some time. We kept close to the charmer, and entered the fowl-house together, we looking carefully upon the ground, but seeing nothing in the shape of a snake. The charmer again began his incantation, and rapped about with the cane as before. It might have been a minute, certainly not longer, after he commenced, when, to our astonishment, we saw a snake wriggling itself from underneath one of the logs; and stooping, the charmer took the snake by the tail, and held it aloft in triumph. Of course the attendants and the charmer's companions ran off, pretending the snake was venomous and vicious; but seeing us take it in our hand and open its mouth, they readily came back. This snake was a common Egyptian species, but we do not know its name. After it was consigned to the bag, which was strictly guarded by an attendant, the next place decided on for a search was the stable. The door was unlocked, but the charmer said he did not think it likely any snakes would be found there, as they objected to the smell; at anyrate, he again commenced, and we kept close beside him as before. There was a small room adjoining the stable, littered with straw, and roofed with a kind of bamboo thatch. Hardly had we entered this inner apartment, than out crawled a second snake from a crevice in the wall. It turned out to be a non-poisonous species, but a different species to the one previously caught: although Serpent Jack asserted to the contrary, and said if they did not then and there make us a sheik, we should surely be killed. We saw his motive: if we were made a charmer, then they could say the gift or power bestowed on us was the reason why the snakes did not bite or harm us. Seeing no objection to his proposal, we thought we would comply. We still had snake number two in our hand; and as we were to be made invulnerable to snake-poison, the charmers thought it wise to try if we had courage to support our opinion by actual proof, in order to shew the snake was harmless, before bestowing on us a charmed life. 'Will you let the snake bite you, now that you are not a sheik?' said Jack tauntingly. We handed him the snake, and said: 'Yes; we are not afraid.' Then he opened the snake's mouth, and it immediately fastened on our hand. As the reptile's teeth went deeply into the fleshy part of our hand, it was rather sharp practice to bear it without wincing, still we would rather have died, we believe, than exhibit any symptom of fear, or shew that we flinched from the pain. Nevertheless, we bore it; and, with the dangling and twisting snake fixed to our hand, we were made to repeat something in Arabic, word for word, as dictated by the charmer; and what we may have committed ourselves to, in our ignorance of what we were saying, we shall probably never know. The incantation finished, the snake was, so to speak, choked off our hand, and the blood flowed freely from the punctures made by the teeth. Next, the charmer spat upon the bleeding place three times, saying something in Arabic; and after each prayer, or whatever it was, rubbed the wound with his hand. We were now pronounced a grand sheik; but not, as we were informed, a serpent-charmer of any very great power. It was boldly asserted by the charmer that had we been bitten under ordinary circumstances, and had we not been made a sheik, it would have gone hard with us, even if we had not died outright. We certainly accomplished our purpose, which was to shew these worthies we were fully prepared to support by test the harmless nature of the snakes.

We are quite ready to admit that we are sorely puzzled about this so-called snake-charming. That we were somehow deceived, we feel sure, yet cannot for the life of us tell how. As the charmers were at Mr Foster's some time prior to our arrival, we were at first disposed to think the snakes had been placed in the situations where we saw them taken. But Mr Foster positively assured us that the men could not by any possibility have gained access to either of the localities where the snakes were discovered. Again, the charmers did not go where they willed, but simply searched where they were directed. We have sometimes thought it probable the Arab might have had about his stick or his person some strong odour attractive to snakes; if so, and we are rather inclined to this opinion, it was imperceptible to our olfactory organs.

Most persons with whom we have conversed in Egypt believe the snake-charmers have power to compel snakes to quit their hiding-places. We were talking with an Englishman of education and position a short time ago about snake-charming. He has been about eleven years resident in Egypt, and he tells us that he quite believes in the power of snake-charmers, and related an instance of their power which he witnessed; it was as follows. A small steam-vessel, employed for transport up and down the Nile, became so infested with snakes that the sailors and stokers refused to work in her. The reptiles were lodged in the coal-bunkers, in the hold, in the cabin, and, indeed, no place in the ship was free from them. A pasha, to whom she belonged, sent for the snake-charmers. Four of them came; and they were placed on the steamer's deck, stripped naked, and told if they cleared the steamer of all the snakes, they should be amply rewarded; if they failed to do so, they would be considered impostors, and handed over to the tender mercies of the kaidee. They were eminently successful. How many snakes they brought out of the steamer, I am unable to state—at anyrate, a goodly number; and from that time the steamer has been free from snakes.

We often used to watch the snake-charmers performing in the bazaar at Cairo with the hooded snake (*Naja haje*). One provokes the snake by flapping its face with a rag, torturing it with a stick, and generally worrying it until he provokes it to raise its hood and erect its body; then holding out his hand, he permits the snake to strike at it: immediately the rascal goes through some form of incantation, rubs his hand with a charm, and the wondering crowd throw in the coveted 'backshish.' Another, during this performance, keeps up a perpetual droning kind of music, produced from a kind of rude reed instrument, also now and then rattling a tambourine. They also cause the snake to become as stiff and rigid as an iron bar by somehow pressing on the nape of its neck; a good shaking, however, soon brings it round again. We determined to obtain one of the hooded snakes whilst the 'charmers' were actually using it, feeling certain that the reptile was rendered harmless. Gold did it. We seized the snake there and then, and bore him away in triumph. We found, on examining the wretched animal, that its fangs had been first of all extracted, and its mouth afterwards cleverly and neatly stitched together. We have this cobra now in a bottle of spirits. Here was another case of gross imposition bowled out and exposed.

Casaubon says that he knew a man who could at any time summon a hundred serpents together, and draw them into the fire. Upon a certain occasion, when one of them, larger than the rest, would not be brought in, he only repeated his charm, and it came forward, like the others, to submit to the flames. Philostratus describes particularly how the Indians charm serpents. 'They take a scarlet robe, embroidered with golden letters, and spread it before a serpent's hole. The golden letters have a fascinating power, and, by looking steadfastly, the serpent's eyes are overcome and laid asleep.' In India, as in Egypt, snake-charming is still extensively practised by a class of itinerants, who live by it as a profession. A large portion of the community, Europeans as well as natives, believe that these charmers have strange powers over the snake-tribe.

'In Madras, however,' says a correspondent, 'while I was there, this belief received a sad shock by a circumstance which occurred. One of the most noted serpent-charmers about the district chanced one morning to get hold of a cobra of considerable size, which he got conveyed to his home. He was occupied abroad all day, and had not time to get the dangerous fang extracted from the serpent's mouth. This at least is the probable solution of the matter. In the evening, he returned to his dwelling, considerably excited with liquor, and began to exhibit tricks with his snakes to various persons who were around him at the time. The newly-caught cobra was brought out with the others, and the man, spirit-valiant, commenced to handle the stranger like the rest. But the cobra darted at his chin, and bit it, making two marks like pin-points. The poor juggler was sobered in an instant. "I am a dead man," he exclaimed. The prospect of immediate death made the maintenance of his professional mysticism a thing of no moment. "Let the creature alone," said he to those about him, who would have killed the cobra; "it may be of service to others of my trade. To me it can be of no more use. Nothing can save me." His professional knowledge was but too accurate. In two hours he was a corpse! I saw him a short time after he died. His friends and brother-jugglers had gathered around him, and had him placed on a chair in a sitting position. Seeing the detriment likely to result to their trade and interests from such a notion, they vehemently asserted that it was not the envenomed bite which had killed him. "No, no; he only forgot one little word—one small portion of the charm." In fact, they declared that he was not dead at all, but only in a sort of swoon, from which, according to the rules of the cabalistic art, he would recover in seven days. But the officers of the barracks, close to which the deceased had lived, interfered in the matter. They put a guard of one or two men on the house, declaring that they would allow the body to remain unburied for seven days, but would not permit any trickery. Of course the poor serpent-charmer never came to life again. His death and the manner of it gave a severe blow, as has been already hinted, to the art and practice of snake-charming in Madras.'

The American Indians pretend to the same secret power, as do also the Arabs and many of the wild African tribes. In Egypt and Nubia, its exhibition is of daily occurrence, and Bruce, who often witnessed these performances, affirms that there can be no doubt of its reality.

We have given our own experience of the ease with which persons may be deceived by a little dexterity on the part of charmers. Had we not taken the imitation cerastes in our own hands, we should never have discovered the deception we have previously described.

Notwithstanding the aversion with which serpents are viewed both by man and the lower animals, they are abundantly used by the latter, and occasionally by the former, as food, whilst in many countries they are held as valuable in *materia medica*. Thus, the wild hog, hedgehog, ichneumon, buzzard, &c. prey upon them where they can be obtained, apparently regardless whether the species be venomous or non-venomous. The ibis was held sacred by the Egyptians for its real or supposed services in destroying offensive and poisonous reptiles, and its body was embalmed, and deposited in the catacombs along with the other objects of their veneration. The ibis is a wader, or stilt-bird, and its bill is certainly not well adapted for the destruction of large serpents; but as the young both of water and land reptiles must have abounded in the plain of the Nile, the bird may have performed the more efficient service of ridding the country of these pests before they reached a state of dangerous maturity. The ichneumon, another inhabitant of Egypt, has scarcely been less celebrated than the ibis for its services in destroying serpents, lizards, and crocodiles. Though too timid and weak for the successful attack of these animals in their adult state, it is nevertheless one of the main checks to their increase, as it is continually on the search for their eggs and young, upon which it preys with avidity. Stories are sometimes told by travellers of encounters between the ichneumon and serpents, in which the former, though frequently bitten, is always ultimately successful, as it instinctively seeks the remedy of some herb as soon as it feels the effect of the poison.

But it is not alone the lower animals that feast on the serpent race. According to Hector St John, the American Indians often regale on the rattlesnake. When they find one asleep, they thrust a forked stick over its neck, which they keep immovably fixed to the ground, giving the snake a piece of leather to bite; and this they pull back several times with great force, until they observe that the poisonous fangs are torn out. They then cut off the head, skin the body, and cook it as we do eels; and the flesh is said to be extremely white and good. The Doko, a wild pigmy race inhabiting Southern Abyssinia, destroy numbers of serpents which inhabit the bamboo jungles of their country; cook and eat them, esteeming them a very savory morsel. In Stedman's account of Surinam, the natives are described as partial to the flesh of the boa—the oil or fat of which they also employ for medicinal purposes. The flesh of the common viper was formerly of high esteem in Europe as a remedy for various diseases, but particularly as a restorative. It has now, however, lost much of its ancient credit, and is very rarely prescribed by modern practitioners. Dr Mead cites from Pliny, Galen, and other ancients, several proofs of its efficacy in the cure of ulcers, elephantiasis, and other complaints; and affirms that he himself has seen good effects from it in obstinate leprosy. The ancients prescribed it boiled, and to be eaten like fish; for when fresh, the medicine was much more likely to take effect than when dried, and given in the form of a powder. Mr Keysler relates that Sir K. Digby used to feed his wife, who was a most beautiful woman, with capons fattened with the flesh of vipers.

In conclusion, we would observe that the utility of serpents in the scheme of creation may be somewhat puzzling to those who take a narrow view of external relations, and look upon everything as destined merely to subserve the purposes of man. To such, however, as extend their views beyond this selfish limit, the serpent family will appear quite as necessary to the general harmony, as the most innocent and most directly serviceable of the lower animals. Even though the enlightened and diligent might fail to detect a single useful property in these animals, analogy would warrant the conclusion that nothing has been made in vain; and our general ignorance of creative design should teach us caution in pronouncing upon the intentions of Him of whom we are the handiworks. As it is, we see the serpent tribe accomplishing certain purposes steadily and harmoniously. They keep in check slugs, worms, insects, smaller reptiles, and suchlike fast-breeding beasts, and, in turn, become the food of other creatures. They occupy waste places, as heaths, pestilent marshes, moist jungles, and savannahs—situations but partially occupied by other existence—and therefore fulfil the great law, that every region should be replete with its own peculiar life and enjoyment.

STORY OF ALEXANDER ANDRAYNE.

ALEXANDER ANDRAYNE was a young Frenchman, who, by the sudden fall of Napoleon in 1815, was thrown out of employment; and being now exposed to various contaminating influences, he heedlessly plunged into a course of Parisian dissipation. From this discreditable condition he, by a vigorous effort, succeeded in extricating himself, and voluntarily exchanged the follies of Paris for a course of persevering and self-denying study at Geneva. Here his disbursements for a whole year scarcely exceeded a fortnight's previous idle expenditure in the French capital. Besides being economical, Andrayne acquired a great love for literary pursuits, in comparison with which he felt that all former pleasures were worthless. With such sentiments, and with habits of diligence, a career of usefulness would doubtless have gradually unfolded itself to him, but for one false step which he unfortunately took. Benevolent and liberal in his feelings, he was not sufficiently aware that, without a reasonable degree of *prudence*, no man can expect to go through the world without being exposed to almost certain misery.

While resident in Geneva, he contracted an acquaintance with several Italians, who had fled from Italy in consequence of political causes. That these men had struggled nobly for the emancipation of their native country from the iron rule of Austria, is extremely probable; nor was their condition as exiles in all likelihood unworthy of kindly commiseration. It is one thing, however, to pity, and another to assist in the plans of such persons. Andrayne, fresh from the study of ancient history, and fired with a love of liberty, not only sympathised with his Italian acquaintances, but most imprudently allowed himself to become entangled in their designs. Having signified to them his intention of making a journey through Italy, for the sake of improvement, they induced him, with little persuasion, to take charge of certain papers, which had for their object the stirring up of a movement against the Austrian dominion in Lombardy. There was something like cruelty in thus involving a young and unsuspicious foreigner in their plans. The correspondence to be committed to his care was of a highly dangerous nature, and was calculated not only to compromise its bearer, but some of the noblest men of the unhappy country which its restless exiles vainly strove to liberate. A moment's reflection might have suggested to the mind of Andrayne that there was scarcely a possibility of his escaping detection. Austria was known to have spies in Switzerland and France, who reported all they saw or heard respecting the movements of the Italian exiles and their associates; and therefore any young enthusiast, like our unfortunate hero, was almost certain to be watched.

Blind to the dangers which menaced him, and in spite of the entreaties of several friends, particularly his sister, Andrayne set out on his journey from Switzerland into Italy on the 18th of December 1822. At this inclement season he encountered great difficulties in crossing the Alpine passes. The snow was so deep on the road, that four guides had the greatest difficulty to open a path for the sledge which carried his luggage. More than once did the traveller owe his life to the intrepid dexterity of these courageous mountaineers: they also exerted themselves, on several occasions, to prevent his luggage from being lost in the ravines which bordered on the path. At one time, when his writing-case was precipitated over the rocks, and was caught on a thorn, a guide insisted on being suspended over an abyss by a rope tied round his body, and thus was able to recover what might otherwise have been given up as lost.

After a toilsome journey, the mountains were passed, and the open plains of Lombardy made their appearance. Without encountering any impediment, Andrayne arrived in Milan, where he took up his residence at a hotel. Here he had an interview with several persons connected with the exiles at Geneva, and the more he heard and saw, the more was he assured of the hopelessness of the projected movement. A sense of his own danger now appears to have for the first time affected him, and he became exceedingly anxious to get rid of the obnoxious packet. In a state of feverish alarm, he called several times at the house of a person whom he wished to carry back the papers to Geneva; but this intended messenger was on each occasion absent, and he was left to find some other method of disposing of them. On looking over the packet, he found that certain documents compromised individuals in Milan from whom he had received a kind reception; and these he considerately burnt. The others, he was informed, would be called for by the proposed messenger next morning at nine or ten o'clock. The destruction of some, and the expectation of being speedily relieved of all the others, set his mind at ease, and he went in the evening to La Scala, one of the most magnificent theatres in Italy. At this place of amusement he saw Lablache, the celebrated singer, whom he invited to visit him in the morning, with the view of having his advice on the subject of taking instructions in music in different parts of Italy. What ensued may best be described in his own words.*

MY ARREST.

After seeing and speaking to Lablache at the theatre, I retired home to the hotel, anticipating in imagination the happy days I was going to enjoy in the fair and genial south. The *Life of Alfieri*, which I had for some days been reading with increasing interest, had in no small degree contributed to hasten my determination. I took it up. The example of a man who at seven-and-twenty hardly knew his native tongue, and at forty was the first dramatist of Italy, revived all my longing after literary fame. I thought that if I was not possessed of his genius, I had a tenacity of purpose, a craving to rise above mediocrity, and a confidence of success, not at all inferior to his own. As I fell asleep, my last thought—I still remember it—was, that, being only twenty-four years of age, I had before me a long futurity of studies and hopes; and the dreams I had in my sleep were dreams of happiness and glory.

When I awoke on the 18th of January, it was late; later than it appeared by the light; for it snowed, and the weather was wintry and gloomy. I eagerly spread the map of Italy before me. I found out Florence and Naples. I thought of the delightful days I should pass there—of the rambles, the excursions I should make in Tuscany, the Papal States, Sicily, and Calabria.

A clock in the neighbourhood struck nine; the person who was to come for the papers might be expected every moment; I therefore hurriedly drew the parcel from its hiding-place, and put it under one of the cushions of my sofa, ready to my hand when my friend came. The door-bell rang. ''Tis he!' said I to myself. It was only a servant from an acquaintance to know if I should be at home at noon. Shortly after, the bell was rung again. 'If this is not he, surely it must be Lablache, with his rich voice and hearty merriment.' No; it was not Lablache, but a gentleman in a brown coat, of a sinister and cadaverous visage, followed by several gendarmes. I shuddered; a thought struck me like a thunderbolt: 'It is all over with me!'—a moment of intense agony, which, however, I mastered sufficiently to assume a polite and unconcerned air, and ask to what I owed the honour of his visit.

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* What follows is a translation from the original narrative of Andrayne. We have, however, found it necessary to abridge many passages.

'Excuse me,' he replied; 'I am sent by the customs to search for contraband goods.'

'I am not a merchant; the customs ought to be aware of that.'

'I trust you will pardon me, but it is my duty,' and so saying, he and his myrmidons entered the room. A sudden thought, a glimpse of safety shot through my mind. The fire was blazing in the chimney; to throw my papers into it, whilst I confused these pretended custom-house officers by engaging them in a scuffle, was worth attempting. I rapidly strode two or three steps towards the sofa; but I found I had to do with a man who was no novice. Two of his alguazils had immediately stationed themselves in front of the fireplace. I should, however, have proceeded in my design, relying on my own strength, but that it occurred to me the papers were contained in a leathern case, and would not therefore at once catch fire.

A last resource struck me: to gain possession of the writing-case, and hurl it on the roofs of the neighbouring houses, then covered with snow; whilst, profiting by the surprise of my visitors, I should throw myself out into the streets. It was a desperate measure, which would have availed me nothing, and which the next moment rendered impracticable. Several of the police were already, in the course of their search, arrived at the sofa, towards which, as if by instinct, the commissary, Count Bolza, an old blood-hound, well versed in the art and mystery of arrests, all at once advanced. The first cushion he lifted discovered the case; he eagerly clutched it, and held it up. A mortal chill ran through my veins; I felt that my fate was about to be decided!

The evil was without remedy; and I had now only to brace myself for whatever might happen, and bear it with becoming fortitude. With this view I preserved an air of perfect assurance and politeness towards the agents of police, which prevented their losing for an instant the respect due to me. On leaving the room with Bolza, who loaded me with marks of deference, the staircase, the court, and the door, at which a coach was in waiting, were all guarded by soldiers, placed ready to prevent any attempt at escape.

'I have taken every precaution, you see,' said the prudent commissary with a self-satisfied air. 'I knew with whom I had to deal; and, to tell the truth, I would not have undertaken your arrest if they had not given me a strong force.'

'I see you understand your business,' answered I.

In a few minutes we arrived at the head-office of police, where I was introduced into the cabinet of the director. The case, sealed up at my lodgings by Bolza, was handed over to him. He took it, tore off the envelope, opened it, and desiring Bolza to examine its contents, and make a list of them, sat himself down again to his desk, and continued his employment.

The silence which prevailed in the room, only broken by the rustling of the parchments as the commissary drew them from the case, and the scratching of the pen of the director as he wrote, left me entirely to myself, and I began more clearly to fathom the abyss into which I had fallen. No chance of saving myself occurred to my mind. 'I am in the power of the Austrians! I am lost! I see it—I feel it!' These were my only thoughts.

Sometimes a glimmer of hope enlivened my spirits, and I said to myself: 'After all, what have I done to warrant my arrest? They can only send me, with a good escort, to the frontier.' Already I had traversed the Alps; I had gained Switzerland; I was at Geneva! A momentary illusion, which the director very soon dispelled, by requesting that I would look over and check the list; adding, that he was sorry it was his duty to place me in confinement.

On being conducted into another chamber, they undressed me from head to foot; the first of the long series of annoyances which were continued to the very last moment of my captivity. After undergoing the scrutiny of the jailer, who was half-inclined, in his disappointment at finding nothing, to peer under my very eyelids for concealed dispatches, they conducted me to a lower apartment, where Bolza was waiting to lead me to the prisons of the police.

IMPRISONMENT AT MILAN.

Passing through a low and dark corridor, which looked out upon a small court surrounded by a high wall, the jailer opened a little door studded with iron, on which my eyes had been from the first presagingly fixed. 'May I trouble you to enter?' said Bolza. I entered, and the door closed behind me with a hollow sound. May God recompense one day or other the intense anguish which fell upon my heart at that moment!

The last bolt was hardly drawn when the aspect of my cell, rendered more miserable by the sudden disappearance of the light, made me turn briskly towards the door. I gazed upon it—nerveless, overwhelmed, motionless—with an anguish which no pen can depict, and which no man could sustain for an hour without losing his reason. I had no thoughts, no volition. I was overcome by an acute sense of suffering—a suffering which relieved itself by these words alone: 'O God!—O God!' which my lips murmured incessantly, without attaching any distinct meaning to them. The closing of that door, from which I never took my eyes, had deprived me of all the presence of mind I had till then kept up. My fortitude abandoned me all at once; I felt nothing but an indefinable desire, a horrible craving after the blessed light of the sun, and an awful temptation to dash out my brains against the walls of my dungeon.

I know not how long this fearful stupor continued; I only remember grasping the bars of the door with my hands; and, as I tugged at them in the wildness of my despair, my legs failed me, and my head fell violently against the thick boards. The quick step of the sentinel, attracted by the noise, and his challenge, brought me to myself. Mechanically I put myself in motion. I walked, I paced hurriedly from the window to the door, from the door to the window, backwards and forwards, and quicker and quicker.

I passed nearly an hour in this manner; it was an occupation suggested by instinct. Gradually my spirits grew more composed. I collected my ideas; I began to see what my prison really was. A grated window, nearly blinded with boards, let in a dim light, which was now still more intercepted by the snow-laden branches of a tree. Its only furniture was a stove; its whole extent three paces wide by five in length. I saw this in all its stern reality: and it was here that I was henceforth to live, to sigh out many and many a day, to undergo many a bitter hardship! All that I had left, all that I had lost—my country, my family, my dear sister, my studies, my hopes of the future—alone occupied my thoughts. Italy, Milan, all I had expected, all was vanished—lost! Sometimes wearied, distracted by this continual pacing to and fro in a space so confined, I stopped; I looked for a chair, a bed, anything to sit down upon—there was none! This trifling circumstance did more than anything else towards plunging me into a state of utter prostration, mental and physical; a state during which, had the inquisitorial judge come to me, and offered liberty at the price of honour, of the revelation of my secret, I believe I might have accepted it. Thank God, I was not to die with such a weight of infamy on my head!

My first visitors were the jailer and his underlings bringing me a bed, a chair, a chest of drawers, and a table. As this humble furniture was arrayed around me, the wildness of my excitement subsided. The few sticks, scarce deserving the name, did away with the bareness of the prison; and, making me feel that I was to be treated like a rational being, revived my shattered spirits. Even so little a thing—can ye conceive it, ye that are free?—is enough to cheer the poor prisoner who feels himself abandoned by all, and doomed to every hardship.

I paced a step or two, threw myself on my bed, and covered myself with my cloak: it was a kind of refreshment to my feelings. But hardly had I shut my eyes, weighed down with fatigue, than I started up with the impression that my imprisonment could not be real, that it was only a dream. But no; the prison bars too bitterly undeceived me. Again I closed my eyes, and reflected on all I might have done to avoid my arrest, and how coolly I should have received the police if the papers had no longer been in my possession. How different would have been my situation could I but have gained ten minutes! I might have fortified myself in my room, and burnt the papers while they battered at the door. Oh, how happy I should have been!—what joy, what triumph! The scene stood vividly before me: I pictured their astonishment—the ludicrousness of their disappointment. I fancied myself receiving them with mock ceremony, pointing to the embers of the writing-case, and saying: 'Gentlemen, one minute sooner, what a prize you would have had! Now, do your worst!' Then again my imagination wandered further. I thought I had escaped. I was scrambling over the roof of a neighbouring house. I was at St Gothard, at last freed from the pursuit of the police. Illusions, miserable illusions! but which yet had their charm, and consoled the being who indulged in them.

I was half asleep, when the sound of the clock striking the hour awoke me. What a heart-breaking sensation came over me when I recognised where I was! I wept: I had not wept till then. I leant my head against the wall in bitter anguish, and wept—oh, how I wept! The misery which would be felt in my family, the grief which my arrest would cause my good old father, all overwhelmed me at once; then the idea of my desolate situation arose, adding sorrow to sorrow. Who will, who can intercede for me? No one; alas, no one! I am alone. My prison is my fate; and my deliverance will perhaps be a scaffold. Oh, bitter, very bitter is that despondency which weighs down the poor captive, on reflecting that he has no one to take up his cause, and that henceforth his only society with his fellow-men will be that of the accused with the judge, the condemned with the executioner.

In this sadness of soul my thoughts turned to the Almighty. It was but a mere impulse—the first cry of a wretch towards Him from whom all proceeds—both the wound and the healing; but it sufficed, nevertheless, to keep me from a second excess of dejection and despair. Some moments after, when the commissary Bolza came into my prison to inquire if I had need of anything, he found me as cool and composed in my conversation as in the morning. My tears had ceased, and my manner was that of a man alive to the difficulties of his situation, but not overwhelmed by them. On asking him if he would allow me to have some books, he replied that he would immediately speak to the director of police, on whom it depended, and left the apartment.

Night came; all was still. The dread of passing the rest of my existence in such darkness came over my thoughts like a pall. The thought struck me that, on the preceding night, at that self-same hour, I was preparing to go to the theatre. I was then free, could depart, could escape: and now—the idea maddened me. I clutched my forehead with my hands, and grasped it as though I could have torn the fatal reality out of my brain. In this position the turnkeys who brought my dinner found me.

They departed; but they left me a light, which somewhat lessened my solitude. From this time my days were divided into two distinct parts, both in duration and affliction. During daylight, not an instant passed without bringing its burden of woe to my heart; but in the evening I could sometimes, with my lamp and my books, forget myself into the former occupations of my existence.

I tried to find some respite to my sufferings, on this my first night of captivity, by betaking myself to bed; but I could not sleep. If I closed my eyes but for an instant, a confused dreaminess of my wretched situation forced me to open them. I was lost in some such drowsiness—in that state wherein the mind, though we are apparently asleep, is still a prey both to its real and imaginary miseries—when the clank of chains startled my feverish slumber. I half-opened my eyes, and beheld two men cautiously enter, and, advancing towards the window, try the grating. In departing, they turned the light of the dark-lantern on my eyes. This strange visitation alarmed me. I started from my couch, with my eyes staring in astonishment, and cried: 'What do you want? I am here—I am coming!'

'Do not let us disturb you,' said one of them; 'we are only making the nightly rounds.' So saying he left the room, adding as he departed, in a low voice to his companion: 'There, now; that is a fellow who will lead more than one neck into a noose besides his own!'

The meaning of these words, which at first I had hardly noticed, opened upon my mind in all its dreadful impressiveness. I arose, with naked feet and in my shirt, with an agitation, a delirium more vehement than any I had yet experienced. I recommenced my continuous march. All that I had brought upon myself stood vividly before me. I became aware of the duties I had to fulfil—duties I had never as yet thought of, so paralysing had been my stupor in this my first day of captivity. I had looked only to my personal position; the individuals compromised by the papers taken with me, the investigation which must ensue, the snares and traps I had to avoid, the torment I was liable to, had escaped my mind. All I had been told of the Austrian system of inquisition, and the arbitrary acts of her police, revived in my memory, and I trembled to think that not only my own safety, but that of my friends, depended on my deportment. The idea, that through me any one of them might possibly be arrested, overcame me; and in my anxiety to save others, I forgot the perils of my own situation.

In the bitterness of my emotion I fell on my knees and poured out my spirit to God. I besought Him, though even it were at the price of my liberty, of life itself, to give me strength to avoid involving any one in my ruin. In Him I placed my hope. And I arose more strengthened, feeling I had a line of action. I was perhaps more agitated than before, but this agitation did not unnerve me. My suffering, though perhaps equally poignant, was no longer merely passive ; and my mind, in again exercising its energies, regained its healthy tone. I felt able to face the trial I had to undergo. I was prepared.

[The anticipations of the poor prisoner did not deceive him. His trial was protracted during several months—if such a name can be given to a torturing series of interrogatories before the Austrian commission, in which the sole object of its chief inquisitor, Salvotti, was, by the most brutal menaces on the one hand, and the most seducing promises of instant liberation on the other, to induce his victim to criminate the Italian patriots, none of whom he had seen above once or twice; while some with whom he was accused of conspiring were not even known to him by name. Yet to the safety of these strangers, and his own sense of honour in guarding it, did this heroic young man persevere to the last in sacrificing liberty, in spite of insidious assurances (which he had no means of disproving) that those in whose behalf he was forfeiting freedom were already in custody, or had confessed more than his utmost communicativeness could fasten upon them. Nay, his ferocious and cowardly tormentor, as a last resource for sapping the constancy of his unhappy victim, scrupled not to hint that all this heroism of self-immolation would probably be quite thrown away, as, the examinations being strictly private, it was in the power of the police to represent him as having in reality betrayed his trust both to his friends and to the world.

If anything could enhance the gratitude of citizens of our free country for its glorious institutions, it would be the sneering effrontery with which the Austrian commissioner met the indignant appeals of even a French subject for a public trial, the power of calling witnesses, and, in default of legal counsel, of defending himself; all of which this minion of despotism evidently regarded as democratic devices, suited only to the soil of republican France.

But despotism, however powerful, is not omniscient; and little was its wily agent aware how, even in the solitude of a dungeon, that purpose was thwarted, and the firmness of his victim strengthened by intercourse of the most unexpected kind with fellow-sufferers. The desire, vain as Andrayne supposed it at the time, for such possible communication, first arose from the misery he endured on recognising, amidst the bustle of bringing in a prisoner, the voice of a young Italian named G——, with whom he had become acquainted, and whom it was worse than death to him to imagine as having been brought, through his means, into his present jeopardy. His horror at the thought can only be expressed in his own words.]

The groans of a brother, slain under my eyes, would not have affected me with greater anguish. Alas! it was indeed G——; I could not doubt it. 'Poor fellow!' I exclaimed; 'what will become of him? How will he sustain the trials he has to go through? Separated from his young wife—ruined—and by me! How he must curse me for having implicated him in this affair!' No torments could be greater than what I suffered at this moment.

Gradually I became more composed, and began to reflect on the charges that might be brought against him. I had mentioned to no living soul what had passed between us; and I thought I might possibly save him by taking all the blame upon myself. This idea soothed my anxiety for a time; it was a faint hope, a glimmer of light to the night-wildered traveller. I clung to it fondly. It relieved me; it made my heart lighter; and I thanked God for the inspiration. 'Grant, O God of mercy!' I prayed, 'that when I die, I may have only my own sins to answer for, not the misfortunes of others. Thou knowest that I have never wilfully caused any of my fellow-creatures a pang: do not doom me, then, to this gnawing remorse: take my life, if Thou wilt, but let me be the sole victim!' Never did an unfortunate wretch pour forth his soul more fervently than I did in this prayer. When I had uttered it, my confidence revived, and my agitation subsided.

At last I went to sleep, trusting that I should succeed in restoring to liberty him whom I believed to be confined a few yards from me; but twenty times ere morning I awoke, and, despite of myself, felt convinced that my project for saving him was impracticable. All I could determine on was, that, if he should make any disclosures, I should reply that fright had turned his brain; that he was mad; and that I had not the honour of his acquaintance. Thus ended a night the most harassing I had yet experienced.

After some days of suspense—during which it would have been a positive relief to be summoned to be confronted with my friend, and with whom I had spent many vain efforts to establish a communication, by tapping on the wall on the side of my cell next his supposed prison—my mind was relieved of much of its weight by the implied admission, on the part of Counsellor Minghini, the indulgent and very different colleague of the astute Salvotti, that no one had as yet been imprisoned on my account.

When I was left alone I began dancing round my cell. He was not arrested after all; it was a false alarm! 'God be thanked!' I said; 'my heart is free again.' I forgot my imprisonment, everything, in the excess of my joy that this dreadful responsibility for the fate of another no longer oppressed my conscience. This was the first alleviation of my misery—the first consolation I had yet been blessed with. I revelled in it with a sort of intoxication of delight; and had any one seen me at that moment, he could only have supposed that I had received tidings of my speedy release.

Relieved by the words of the counsellor, I tried the experiment of tapping the wall on the opposite side to that I had tapped before. What was my astonishment, my joy, when I thought I heard the signal answered! I placed my ear to the wall. It was; but so gently, that I could hardly catch the sound of the blows. One, two, three—a pause; the third letter of the alphabet was certainly meant; it was C. Still listening—one, two, three, four, eight blows—it was H. Slowly, but distinctly, tap, tap—nine blows were given: this must mean the letter I. At this moment I was so bewildered, so overcome by my emotions, that I scarce knew what I heard. But two other blows, which followed the others, had puzzled me; and my neighbour had ceased tapping. What could be the meaning of the word *chib?* There was none such in Italian; but all at once it struck me the two quick taps might mean that the word was finished. It must be so! I detached the *b* from *chib.* There remained '*Chi?*' the Italian for 'Who?' I question whether Champollion, when he got his first hint of the secret of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, was more transported than I at this discovery of this mode of conversing by taps. The craving for intercourse with a heart the prey to the same anxiety and tedium with our own, is so overpowering, so gnawing, in a place like that in which I then was, that no other, perhaps, can be put in competition with it. And thus, when the cup of our bitterness is too full, and our grievance too heavy, God, in the goodness of His mercy, ever sends some unforeseen solace.

This solace, however, was not to be immediately, or at least fully enjoyed. From a difference in the number and arrangement of the Italian alphabet, a hitch occurred in the conversation after its first leading word, which threatened to prove fatal. The unknown prisoner lost patience, and I lost hope; and when the clue was so far recovered as to enable me to renew the attempt by the counter-question: 'Who art thou?' the utter silence of my neighbour led to the bitter conclusion, either that we had been overheard, or that my neighbour had been removed. The discovery which, a short time before, I had deemed a harbinger of hope and of joy, now only appeared a cruel deception of fate—an illusion raised by the Spirit of Evil to inspire me for an instant, and then replunge me in deeper despair.

The subject, however, was for a time effectually driven from my mind by my first formidable examination before the commissioner Salvotti, when the methods already alluded to of insidious flattery, and far less politic threats of the executioner, gave me enough to do in parrying the one and repelling the other. In the exhaustion which followed it and succeeding ones, I might perhaps have altogether neglected the endeavour to renew intercourse with my fellow-prisoners, had not the desire to do so been sharpened by a casual intimation let fall by the jailer, that the same prison, nay, perhaps a closely adjoining cell in it, contained the Count

Confalonieri, the hero of Italian liberty, of whom I had heard before entering Italy, and still more during my short residence at Milan. This gentleman, I was told, had established a title to the gratitude of Italy, by originating the system of mutual instruction, illumination with gas, steam navigation on the Po, and other solid national benefits. I was taught to admire the energy of his character, the force of his eloquence, and the unparalleled fortitude with which, though dangerously ill, he sustained, in his long and difficult trial, the fury of the commission and the weakness of his accomplices. He was especially an object of the deepest interest to his fair countrywomen; of one of whom, the Signora L——, I had asked, at the close of a long and glowing panegyric, if he were likely to be condemned?

'Alas!' replied she, 'there can be no doubt of it. He is lost! They will never loosen their grasp of him; they fear him too much. Besides, they have made him suffer so much, that they would be afraid of his revealing the infamy of their proceedings. Could you believe it, that, ill as he is, they drag him before the commission, and oblige him to undergo examinations eight and ten hours long? Poor fellow! they will take their revenge upon him; but he is immovable as a rock. . . . You must have a sad opinion of our country,' she continued, addressing me. 'The men of energy are either in exile or in prison, and we have no resolution left but in women. If you knew the Countesses Confalonieri, Frecavalli, and Dunbowsky, I am sure you would esteem and admire them: the unhappy Theresa especially—that angel of virtue and goodness, who bears her misfortune with no less dignity than Confalonieri himself. How beautiful and noble she looks in the mourning weeds she has worn ever since the imprisonment of her husband! With what respect and veneration she inspires the whole city! On this point we must do justice to the Milanese; they have at least felt that such a calamity, supported so nobly, is a kind of royalty to which every heart should do homage.'

It will not be wondered if, with such praises—listened to while yet mingling freely in society—the bare hope of establishing intercourse with such a man should have sharpened to the utmost my curiosity and ingenuity. It was indeed a disappointment when, on a fresh attempt at communicating with my neighbour, I learned by his signals that he was not Confalonieri, but Confortinati—a poor mountebank, who had been taken up on suspicion. It was only after long and tedious labour that I gathered from this unfortunate man who he was, and what were his prospects. 'Four years,' said he, through the tiresome process of tapping, 'have now worn away, and I am still in suspense as to my fate. Even should I, after all, regain my liberty, what would it avail me? My livelihood is lost, my health broken, and but for my family, I would pray God to let me end my days in prison, and that soon; but His will be done.'

The dejection I felt, on a comparison of my own far worse political position with that of this poor man, was considerably alleviated about this time by the restoration of some of my beloved books. This indulgence, as usual, I owed to the sympathy of Counsellor Minghini; and on the strength of it I, for the first time since my imprisonment, yielded to the importunities of my good-natured *bon vivant* jailer, Riboni, by ordering a good dinner from the famous cook who exercised his calling within the walls of the police prison of Milan. Meantime I found a higher though melancholy gratification in kissing one by one the precious volumes, consisting of the *Life of Alfieri*, a *Petrarch*, a *La Bruyère*, a volume of *Dante*, and a little French and Italian dictionary.

These were my treasures. I stood and gazed on them. They had arrived at the very moment when my heart was weighed down; and now that they were in my possession, I could not bring myself to open them. The last time they had been in my hands I was free. At length I took up *Alfieri*, and happened to open it at the very passage which had so struck me on the day of my arrest, in which he says: 'The flame of glory, kindling before my eyes, electrified my soul.'

This train of thought was next day superseded by the delight I anticipated from my books, and I was wholly absorbed in *Petrarch* when Minghini entered. 'What! already at your books? I assure you it was with difficulty I obtained them. Salvotti was very averse to it, and is not aware that you will receive them for several days.'

I warmly acknowledged this proof of his kindness. 'My poor friend,' said he, 'I am very glad to have it thus far in my power to alleviate your misfortunes.'

Supplied, through his continued goodness, with a tolerable quantity of books, I resolved to resume my studies, as the only means of relieving the tediousness of my captivity, and the uneasiness which preyed on my mind. I devoted the mornings to Italian authors, intending to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the language, history, and literature of the country in whose cause I seemed destined to perish. I wished to die an Italian.

The man in affliction must have some vent for his feelings; and when in prison, without a friend, he will write them on the walls of his cell, like Tasso; or on a table, like Pellico. I wrote mine with the point of a pin on the margin of my *Life of Jacopo Ortis*. Little did I think that the book would be taken away and preserved by my sister; and that, after many long years of captivity, it would help me to recall to mind a multitude of sensations which I never could, without such assistance, have recollected in all their vivid reality!

The days were becoming longer, the weather was less showery, the skies less cloudy. Spring was at hand. In spite of bolts and bars, I felt its influence, and opened my window to inhale the breeze, which was still chilly, though tempered by a March sun. My attention was drawn to the branches of the willow-tree fronting my window, which was now beginning to bud; and then an inexpressible pang shivered through my frame, on thinking that the beauties wherewith the Almighty covers the earth at the return of spring were never again to bless my eyes. The birds, singing on the house-tops and trees, announced the glad days which were coming; but, alas! they sang not for me; they affected not my soul in the least. Absorbed in grief, the bright earth was to me as nothing. I turned away from it, and with downcast feelings gazed around my prison. And this, then, thought I, is all the place which is allotted to me—this is my world until the time when I shall be released from life and absorbed into eternity!

But at four-and-twenty, a very slight circumstance is sufficient to revive our attachment to the world. The sound of a female voice, and some light and quick steps which I heard, attracted my attention, and induced me to try to gain a sight of her who was in the yard. I clambered softly to the top of the window, lest I should alarm the sentry, and stood on tiptoe for a while; but the boards with which it was blinded reached above my head. I remained as long as I could in this fatiguing position, and was about to descend, when a bunch of violets, adroitly thrown, fell at my feet. To drop from the bars by which I clung, and leap on the floor, was the work of an instant. It was well I happened to be so agile, for I had scarce time to conceal my violets before the keeper entered my room.

Hardly was I alone, when I took out the pretty bouquet, addressing in my heart warm thanks to the compassionate girl who had taken pity on an ill-fated foreigner; for I had no doubt she was the charitable being who had thrown me the flowers. My spirits revived; my dejection was overcome. A fondness, a love for life reawoke within me. I returned to the window: I again clambered up, with the violets on my lips. I listened eagerly. The sentinel's ironshod foot tramping the court was the only sound. The young girl was gone, but her vision stood before my eyes; and my soul, reanimated and full of gratitude, thanked God for the delightful sensations the incident had produced—raising my eyes with confidence and love towards the brightness of the blue heavens, and almost fancying He had made them thus brilliant to give me an omen that ere long better days were in store for me.

The following day I reopened my window, in the hope of another nosegay; but the day passed over without any step being heard save that of the sentinel and jailer. 'She will not come,' said I with a sigh, closing the window, which despite of the cold breeze that chilled me, I had kept open nearly the whole day. 'To-morrow, perhaps, I shall be more fortunate.' But day after day wore over, and she returned not.

On the 18th of March, Riboni brought me, as I had requested, an enormous bunch of violets. They were beautiful, odoriferous; but the heart that gave a sentiment to the others was wanting. I laid them by coldly, without even smelling them. I was sad, overcome by the memory of the past, when the flowers and presents which my relations usually showered on me on that day filled me with delight. I wrote in my book: 'Never, never more shall I look forward with joy to my birthday! No more kind surprises, no more unexpected trifles, no more of those effusions of friendship which reunite hearts. Ah me! when this anniversary next recurs, the grass will be green on my grave, and oblivion have effaced my name from the recollection of the living.'

In vain did I strive against the sadness and depression produced by the conviction, that none of the friends dear to my heart would be present during my last moments. Vainly did I attempt to fix my thoughts solely on my Creator and on a future existence. I did not, it is true, murmur against God; indeed I invoked Him. I called upon Him to succour me; but these outbursts, these appeals to His mercy, did little towards imbuing my heart with that submission to His decrees which a true Christian only can attain. I was not yet taught that in this world our lot is that of suffering, but a suffering which becomes a species of joy, when it is supported by reliance on the love of a God whose word and whose promises are not of to-day or yesterday, but for ever.

One morning, it was the 2d of April, I opened my window, and enjoyed the glow shed by the sun over the vault of heaven. The tree, which I had not observed for several days, was now clothed with leaves, and I delighted to gaze on its fresh green—the harbinger of spring—to observe the graceful movement of its slender branches, as the wind blew it to and fro. Its young foliage presented to my soul an emblem of hope—a celestial message, bringing light to my heart in the depth of its gloom. My feelings assumed a healthier tone; and, looking at the renewal of nature after the long and dismal winter, I said to myself: 'Who knows but that God, who preserves the vital germ of the plants under the cold snow, may not also rescue me from the tomb, to restore me to life and happiness?'

The next morning the door of my prison opened quickly, and Minghini, with a smiling and eager countenance, entered with a letter in his hand. 'Read, read!' said he abruptly. I took the letter; but I had scarcely begun to read it, ere I fell on my knees, crying: 'My God, my God! I thank thee!' Minghini, respecting this outburst of gratitude, allowed me without interruption to read the letter, which was from my sister, announcing her arrival with her husband and daughter.

'They are arrived!' repeated I, sobbing; 'but is it true?—is it quite certain?'

'Your sister herself,' said Minghini, 'wrote this note; I have this instant seen and spoken with her.'

'May I see them soon?—immediately?'

'To-day, or to-morrow at latest, if it were in my power. But you are in the hands of Salvotti; to him you must address yourself; and I fear the result.'

'What! can he have the barbarity to deny me an interview with my family, who have travelled six hundred miles, braving the dangers of the Alps at this season, to comfort me? No; I will never believe it: such cruelty belongs not to this age.'

'I wish it were so; but I advise you to see Salvotti immediately, to prevent his sending back your relations.'

'Send them back!—it would be infamous. He has not the power.'

'Do not trust to that; whatever he does is sanctioned by the emperor. Your fate is in his hands; and I repeat to you, that if you wish to see your family at all, you must apply to Salvotti this day. But do not indulge the hope of seeing your friends immediately—days, even weeks may elapse. Meantime, rejoice that they are here. I could hardly have hoped they would have obtained passports. Farewell: I am glad to have been of some comfort to you. But I forgot: here is a letter from your father; keep it, as well as your sister's, and return them in an hour's time by the jailer.'

My heart was so full of joy and gratitude, that the thought of God and prayer alone relieved it. I threw myself on my knees, on the same spot where I had so often shed scalding tears. 'O merciful and powerful God, I thank thee! I was alone, and forsaken; Thou hast sent my sister—my guardian angel!'

Salvotti, whose arrival at the prison followed closely on that of the herald of good tidings, was not one to lose sight of, or undervalue, the new engine of torture which now presented itself. With a semblance of compassionate good-will, more difficult a thousand times to withstand than his former harshness, did he set before me all the array of motives, so powerfully seconded by the best feelings of nature, which might influence me to yield to the wishes of the emperor, by putting him in possession of the names of parties implicated in the projected movement. But all attempts to procure these disclosures failed. At the risk of having my beloved sister sent back to France, without even the sad comfort of an interview, and with death, in its most ignominious aspect, as the inevitable alternative, I recoiled from violating a trust reposed in me.

Astonished that his proposals should admit of any hesitation, Salvotti now threw in the cruel hint, formerly alluded to, that all this heroism before a private tribunal, which had it in its power to give what turn it might think proper to the prisoner's disclosures, was in all probability wasted. Concluding one of his harangues, he abruptly asked: 'Do you not understand me?'

'But too well,' said I, repressing with the greatest difficulty my painful indignation. 'To point out to the unfortunate man who is drowning a saving branch which he cannot reach, is only to increase his despair at the fatal moment.'

'You then continue deaf to my counsels?' he resumed with his wonted tone of irony; 'you refuse your life, your liberty, and all that his majesty would in his generosity do for you? Like a madman, like a wretch without feeling, you will condemn your relations to see you die on the scaffold?'

'In the name of Heaven say no more, sir—say no more! What you require of me is not in my power. Spare me these tortures—a thousand times more cruel than the death with which you continually threaten me. If I cannot clasp to my heart the unhappy ones who have come so far to sustain me in my affliction, it will indeed be very bitter to me; but I shall pray to the Almighty that my trials may plead for me at the day of judgment. But in the name of pity and of justice do not inflict upon my family any part of the misery which ought to fall on me alone; do not employ your power to drive them from Milan, or deprive them of the hope of embracing me once more. I supplicate you in the name of the emperor, whose goodness is too great to sanction such a proceeding.'

'His majesty,' answered Salvotti, whose pallid face had resumed its expression of audacity and wrath, 'has no pity for those wilful culprits who, like you, persevere to the last in hardened impenitence. Good-morning! You have to-day put the seal to your death-warrant. If your father die with anguish, if your brother and sister are distracted with grief, no one is to blame but yourself. I have tried to save you, and you have prevented me; justice must now take its course.'

[In the meantime, intercourse with his relatives being probably relied on as the best chance of softening, through the medium of strong family affection, the inflexibility of the prisoner, he was permitted to exchange, once or twice a week, a letter with his sister; nay, even to despatch one, affecting a light-heartedness and hope he had long ceased to feel, to his aged and disconsolate father. It was not, however, till the expiration of his ten years' captivity that he learnt, from the journals of her whom he might truly call his 'guardian angel,' the particulars of the unwearied efforts she, during that whole period, never ceased to make to procure his liberation. From this interesting source we will extract, as he does, the entry relating to the first arrival of herself and her husband on their benevolent errand to Milan.

'*April* 5.—How happy I am! We have just received a letter from our dear Alexander. Oh, how transported he seems at the idea that we are near him! His joy almost amounts to delirium. The words are nearly blotted out by his tears. I read it myself to my husband and daughter, and we all wept over it. My poor Alexander! We have given him some consolation; all our fatigues and toils are compensated by this thought. He begs us to call on Counsellor Minghini, who has the charge of the prisoners.

'*April* 6.—I have not been so delighted for a long time as at this moment. We were received by Monsieur Minghini with the greatest kindness; he seemed to enter into our feelings even before we opened our lips. He told me that yesterday, on receiving my letter, Alexander cried for joy, and cast himself on his knees to thank Heaven; then, throwing himself into the counsellor's arms, could only reiterate: "They are here!—they are here!" As Minghini told us this, his own eyes filled with tears. What a kind-hearted man he is! He tells us that my brother studies twelve hours a day, and that every book he may require is allowed him; that he is perfectly calm and resigned. He says, in about a month the first stage of his trial will be terminated, and that then we shall be allowed to see him, but not before. I asked if my daughter, from her youth, might not be exempt from these restrictions, and be granted the favour of seeing her uncle; and he has promised to speak of it to the president of the commission. I have taken leave of this good man with a heart full of gratitude for his kindness.

'*April* 7.—M. Minghini has sent word that my daughter would be admitted to see her uncle to-morrow at eleven o'clock. Happy, happy Louise! But her youth renders her incapable of appreciating this delight.

'*April* 8.—The weather this morning is nearly as gloomy as my own thoughts. I took Louise to the prison, where I found M. Minghini awaiting me. "Now then, come with me," said he, taking her by the hand. Her poor little heart beat so quick, that she could not reply. I waited about half-an-hour. The dear child told us, when she returned, that she was taken into a room, into which, a few minutes after, her uncle was brought, guarded by two gendarmes. On seeing her, he sprung towards her, pressed her to his heart, and covered her with kisses and tears. She could hardly recognise him; and even he might have some difficulty to remember in her the child of nine years old, whom he left four years ago. His emotion was so great, that he could only send us a few remembrances by her; and he kept sobbing and exclaiming: "Louise! my Louise!" all the time. Poor Alexander! what will he not feel when he sees us again!'

The poor captive's own account of this interview is but an echo of that of the child; though his sorrowful persuasion that it was the last he should ever enjoy, lends a touching solemnity to his parting words.]

Minghini drew out his watch. 'Is it already time to part?' I asked. He made a sign that it was.

'Come hither, my Louise, upon my knees, nearer to me, that I may look at you well before we part. In prison we live on recollections; and I wish to impress your sweet features on my memory, that I may not be without consolation in your absence. Let us not give way to weakness—let us not weep! Providence will watch over us. Offer up prayers to God, my child, for your uncle; he has suffered much. Pray for me, dear innocent; God will hear you.'

'We must go,' said Minghini.

'Hold! give these kisses to your father and mother, and tell them I love them. Adieu! adieu!'

[Advantage was taken of this softened state of feeling for a long and final examination of the prisoner, which—in spite of alternate promises of release, and unsparing threats of the gallows, mingled with the scarce less awful prospect of life-long incarceration in a fortress, loaded with irons, and deprived of his only solace—books—failed in overcoming, though it cruelly shook the fortitude of Andrayne. Even his innocent sister, notwithstanding her high official introductions both at Milan and Vienna, and the interest taken by even royal personages in France in the success of her enterprise, was not exempted from the horrors of a personal appearance before the commission; a step which had no result, save that of annoying its object, and bitterly wounding her unhappy brother.

There being no further motive for prolonging his trial—which Salvotti boasted he had the power to do for two years longer if he chose—Andrayne was desired to draw up his defence; which, though aware of its uselessness, he at length did, in the hope that a fair statement of his case might thus meet the eyes of the emperor. When this was done, the prisoner seems to have felt relief from the thought that all danger of yielding to the temptation to sacrifice others to his own safety was at an end; and he was even supported by it under the permitted interview with his sister, which he felt to be a confirmation of his worst fears; though, for her sake, he forbore to extinguish the hope to which she yet faintly clung.

The intervening suspense, while the report of his trial was submitted to the emperor, was beguiled by being allowed a companion (whom he at first very naturally, though falsely, suspected of being a spy) in a light-hearted Brescian—a true type of the common-place gentleman of Italy—who had entered into the conspiracy with as little of thought as he did everything else; and who, except his bitter remorse at times for the sorrow he had caused a beloved mother, regretted only his daily drive and nightly opera, and the sadly trifling routine of modern Italian life.

For this comrade's deficiency, in all save good-humour, the prisoner found compensation in communications through the wall with Signor Mompiani—the prince of Italian physicians and philanthropists—already in confinement fifteen months, solely as having attended on, and consequently being in the supposed confidence of, the grand conspirator already mentioned—Count Confalonieri.

One day he learned that the adjoining cell had received a new inmate, who was soon able to converse with him by the ingenious device of tapping on the wall. Having attained this point, he had the satisfaction of finding, in an answer to his question, that his neighbour was no other than Confalonieri.]

On my informing him in return who I was (says Andrayne), he said: 'I know who you are, at what time you were arrested, and also how you have behaved since your imprisonment. I pity and esteem you.'

Who could express the comfort these words administered? How proud I felt to be thus favourably greeted by the man whose misfortunes and noble character had so often aroused my sympathies! I regarded this meeting as the work of Providence, confirming my presentiments that I should share his fate.

Everything around had long convinced us that our destiny approached its crisis. Confalonieri, who, confined to bed by illness, could rarely communicate with me, was the first to give assurance of this event. 'I have just learned,' said he, knocking on the wall, 'that the sentences, signed by the emperor, will very shortly arrive. My wife and father are at Vienna. Perhaps when they return, I shall be no more. They tell me the emperor is incensed against some of us, and me for one. To the others he will shew some indulgence.'

I was about to inquire further, when his exhausted strength precluded the possibility of reply.

The next day we listened in vain, and the frequent and precipitate entrance of persons into his cell led us to apprehend the worst—in his increased illness, death, or removal. Heavily and sadly the day passed—each of us in silent thought on those we loved—when a new jailer, Caldi, entered, and in answer to our inquiries regarding the good Counsellor Minghini, replied, with a heartless smile on his lips: 'Neither cold nor wet will hurt him now.'

'How?—what do you say?'

'Gone—gone whence he will never return!'

'Is he dead then?' cried I, rushing towards him.

'To be sure; dead and buried.'

We were inexpressibly shocked.

'It cannot be helped,' added Caldi: 'every one in his turn; yesterday, Counsellor Minghini, and'——

To-morrow ourselves!

Influenced by the gloomy thoughts to which this intelligence gave rise, I made a first attempt to persuade my relations to depart. The fear that they might be present at my last moments left me no rest. I thought of begging of Confalonieri to inform them from me that I wished them to repair to Vienna. After two days' painful expectation, I received a faint reply to my request.

'I will do it,' he answered; 'but it is too late. The sentences will arrive perhaps to-morrow; and I have learned, through a sure channel, that some of us will be executed. I have but a few days left, yet I would gladly exchange one of them for the pleasure of clasping you in my arms ere I ascend the scaffold.'

'I shall ascend it with you,' I replied; 'we shall share the same fate. I have long known it. The consolation which, in these terrible moments, I ask of God with most fervour is, being allowed to pass my last hours in your company.'

The sad conference was interrupted by a noise of hurried steps in the count's cell, occasioned by the placing of guards over him, called in Italy the 'guards of death,' because they only watch over the condemned. From this moment everything assumed a still more gloomy and sinister aspect. Minutes were hours in these agonising circumstances; and, in spite of my fatigue, I could not sleep. In the deathlike stillness, about two in the morning I heard some faint taps on the wall. It was Confalonieri, who, availing himself of the slumbers of his guards, summoned me once more. 'The sentences,' said he, 'have been sanctioned by the emperor. They are here; they will be executed in a few days. I shall be hanged.'

'Tell me,' I inquired, 'whether I am condemned to the same punishment as yourself?' He did not answer; but his silence spoke more than words. I therefore raised my soul to Him who is the source of true resignation and courage, and prayed for fortitude to die worthily.

The agonies, the alternations of hope and despair, now endured for some days, I need not describe; but pass on to the event which ensued.

On the night between the 20th and 21st of January, after the clock had struck twelve, when nothing interrupted the silence around us, the sound of confused voices, accompanied by hurried footsteps, reached my ears. A party entered the prison of Confalonieri. So many persons could not have come at that hour of the night for an ordinary visit. They were come, therefore, to take him to the place where the sentence was to be pronounced.

I had scarcely awoke my companion, and told him my conjecture, when our door opened, and the keeper cried: 'Signor, dress yourself, and come with me.'

After having proceeded a few steps along the corridor, I found myself opposite the door of Confalonieri, which had been left open. I cast a hasty glance to see if any one was in the cell with him, and then sprung upon the bed and embraced him warmly, saying: 'I am your friend Andrayne—we shall share the same fate!'

All this took place in less time than the relation of it occupies. 'What are you doing in this room?' asked the jailer sharply. 'Ho! you gendarmes; come and take this fellow away to his destination.' Several of them came forward with lamps in their hands, and accompanied me to the gate of the prison, where a body of infantry and a commissary of police were stationed. 'Get in, sir!' said he, leading me to the carriage, which he entered, and placed himself beside me.

The night was cold and dark. We advanced slowly, escorted by the cavalry. Our carriage then proceeded with greater rapidity through the town, passing along its silent and deserted streets. 'How different an aspect,' thought I, 'will these streets in a few hours present, when thronged with a crowd assembled to witness my execution!'

The carriage stopped at a building. The door opened, and I entered a lofty and spacious hall, the appearance of which was so solemn, as to remind me of some ancient chapel; but a large fire, before which some gendarmes warmed themselves, and a couple of beds in opposite corners, led me to suppose it a kind of cell, where prisoners condemned to death were kept till their execution.

[One by one the doors of this gloomy rendezvous were opened, and admitted others of the prisoners, some of whom had acquired, in Andrayne's eyes, an unhappy interest, from having, in a moment of weakness, been induced to betray their former friend, Confalonieri, whose arrival they evidently shrunk from, and whose noble oblivion of past offences proved more trying to their better feelings than the harshest invectives. At length the noise of doors opening, and hurried footsteps, announced the approach of the half-dying hero of the tragic scene.]

'It is the count!' exclaimed a commissary, rapidly entering the hall: 'he is coming. Are the beds ready?'

These words went to my soul. My eyes were fixed on the door with an anxiety which banished every other feeling. A man in a cloak, tall, and of an imposing countenance, appeared at last, supported by two gendarmes. Scarcely had I perceived him, when I darted forwards, and pushed aside those who were assisting him to walk. 'It is my duty to support you,' I said, embracing him with tenderness; and I passed my arm round his waist. No time was to be lost, for I felt him falter; and, with the help of a gendarme, I carried him senseless to a bed, which had been prepared near the chimney. Pressing round that couch of suffering, our companions in misfortune, with consternation depicted on their features, awaited the end of a paroxysm which had all the horrible appearance of an epileptic fit. By degrees the convulsions ceased; and there lay, apparently, an inanimate corpse before us. The marks of pain remained long after the spasms were exhausted: at length they also passed away, and the countenance of the poor patient resumed that calm and majestic beauty which frequently characterises the features of the pure and noble-hearted when the soul itself has fled.

The first use made of reviving animation by the heroic sufferer, was to extend his touching forgiveness to the guilty causes of his impending fate. 'You restore me to life!' exclaimed the Marquis Pallaviani, one of the most culpable of them; 'and *I* have brought you to death!'

'Has the count recovered?' asked, for the fourth time, a man dressed in black: 'if so, tell the accused to come forward.' They placed us along the wall facing the tribunal, where sat, to the left of the president, Salvotti, looking paler and more sinister than ever. The moment of expectation was long and terrible; but the calm expression of the count, as he turned for a moment towards me, brought back my confidence.

The president made a sign to the secretary to read the sentences. His trembling hands could scarcely hold the fatal paper. He began, but his voice failed him; and already had Salvotti stretched out his hand to grasp the paper, and himself proclaim the result of his villainous proceedings, when the secretary commenced.

'By the sentence of the imperial commission, confirmed by the supreme tribunal, and sanctioned by his majesty, Count Frederick Confalonieri, convicted of high treason, is condemned to death.' Then he stopped. To enjoy the effect of this sanguinary doom on his victim, Salvotti cast on him a triumphant look; but no symptom of attention was visible on the countenance of Confalonieri. After a long pause, the secretary continued: 'But the capital punishment, by the inexhaustible clemency of his majesty, has been commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg.' A shudder arose among the assistants. Confalonieri remained immovable. Some minutes elapsed ere the reading recommenced. 'By a similar sentence, Alexander Andrayne, aged twenty-five years, accused and found guilty of high treason, is condemned to death; but his punishment is, by the same inexhaustible clemency, commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg.'

The eyes of Salvotti lighted up with a cruel satisfaction as he said to me: 'I promised you this!' while in those of Confalonieri, which were turned towards me, were seen the most tender compassion. I heard the sentence without emotion. I had suffered so much, that I was careless of life. Previous to our removal to Spielberg, we had to endure the pain and humiliation of exposure on the pillory, loaded with irons, which we could with the greatest difficulty move.

When placed on the scaffold or pillory, our sentences were read to the assembled populace of Milan. Here, however, we found sympathy. Although the streets were lined with Austrian soldiers, the crowd could not restrain their emotions of pity at the sight of Confalonieri. On him all eyes were fixed, as if to pay him a tribute of respect; and the groans of commiseration uttered by the crowd, warned the police of the danger of continuing the spectacle. We were removed to prison preparatory to being sent to Spielberg.

We were permitted to see our relatives previous to departure. The nature of my interview with my sister may be imagined. I tried to console her. My last words were: 'I am buried at five-and-twenty, but my resignation will not abandon me. Under all circumstances, I hope I shall prove worthy of you.' Confalonieri saw and took farewell of his noble-minded wife.

Under the charge of a strong party, we were removed in carriages to Spielberg. I had the melancholy satisfaction of being in the same carriage with Confalonieri. It was delightful for us, even though captives, to look once more from the carriage windows upon the sun. 'Happy, how happy are those,' exclaimed the count, 'who, dwelling in the lovely land on which the sun pours his full tide of genial influence, can taste in peace, under the roof-tree of home, the blessing of its wonderful beams! But we are going to a clime where it shines without warmth, and where it will never enter our miserable cell. I am a child of the glowing south, and the sun is a necessary of my existence.'

As we receded from Milan, the health of the count still more declined; and at length it was found necessary to leave him by the way, whilst the rest continued their journey. He afterwards partially recovered, and was able to follow on this dismal journey.

IMPRISONMENT AT SPIELBERG.

The fortress of Spielberg, which already held in confinement Silvio Pellico and other unfortunate Italians, was at length reached.

The moment we entered the gates of this gloomy receptacle—the prison where my youth, perhaps my whole life, was to pass in suffering—the sergeant of the escort looked at us with compassion, and exclaimed: 'Here, then, we are arrived!' Accustomed as he was to such gloomy scenes, even his voice faltered at the aspect of the fortress, whose name strikes terror through the Austrian dominions. As soon as I got out of the carriage, I turned to look at the place. It was an oblong square, surrounded on every side with buildings, whose narrow grated windows and low iron-studded doors would have filled us with dismay had we been there merely as visitors.

After passing through several dark corridors, we came to a door where two jailers were posted, each with a bunch of keys in his hand. When the door was opened, and I saw before me the dark den in which they were about to entomb me, I could not help exclaiming in agony: 'Merciful God! am I condemned to live in such a place as this?'

'Come; in with you!' cried the jailer, pushing me forward roughly—'in with you!' The push was so violent, that had I not luckily seized a bar fixed in the wall, I must have fallen head-foremost on the floor. I turned round to remonstrate against such brutality, but the door was already shut and locked.

I now raised my eyes to the ceiling, and beheld the grated air-hole, through which a glimmer of light forced its way. I then surveyed the interior of my cell. A pallet-bed, a pitcher, and a tub formed the whole of the furniture. Used as I was to the nakedness of prisons, and the privation of everything most essential to life, this utter destitution made my heart shrink. I turned round to lean my head against the wall, and two enormous chains, suspended from the iron bar, caught my eye. At the idea that I might be fastened to that bar, and prevented from even scrambling up to the window to inhale a mouthful of fresh air, a cold shudder ran through my frame.

To divert my mind from this horrible thought, I made an attempt to reach the opening which was the object of all my wishes. But my short and heavy fetters rendered this so extremely difficult, that, in spite of the greatest efforts, I was at last compelled to renounce the hope of that solace. Exhausted by fatigue, and overcome by grief, I seated myself on my couch, vainly striving to keep my eyes from gazing on those chains, which, after cramping the death-struggles of some former victim, were now destined perhaps for me.

These melancholy forebodings were interrupted by the entrance of a prisoner, unknown to me, named Colonel A——; from which it appeared I was to have a companion. Shortly afterwards an old man, named Schiller, one of the turnkeys, entered, carrying two iron porringers in his hands, and a loaf of black bread under his arm. Having set them down, he made me a signal to eat.

'What!' exclaimed I; 'is this to be our fare? Soup garnished with lumps of tallow!—beans cooked in salt and water! Cold, too!' I added, after having tasted two or three, and spat them out again. 'It would take the stomach of an ostrich to digest these stones!' I spoke as if the old man could understand me. He only laughed at my gestures; and, taking a long knife from his pocket, he gravely cut the bread in two, giving each of us his moiety; then wishing us a good appetite, left the cell.

Dinner, our only repast for the day, was before us; but we could not, in spite of all our resolution, conquer the repugnance which the vile odour of these dishes, and the filthiness of the porringers, caused in us. Hunger alone forced us afterwards to touch some portion of this detestable food. The narrowness of the cell prevented my walking; which I seriously felt, after the twenty days' constraint I had endured during the journey. I was compelled to throw myself, without undressing, on the hard and scanty pallet which formed my bed. The whole night was passed without rest; or, if I did for a moment drop into a slumber, I was soon roused by a clanking of chains, which seemed to proceed from the bowels of the earth. The deep gloom in which we were immured, and the shrill, prolonged cries of the sentinels, who shouted forth every quarter of an hour, produced on my mind a horrible dream. I shuddered with dread; a cold perspiration covered my body; every limb seemed paralysed. I broke through this nightmare by a convulsive effort, and in so doing, fell upon the floor. The colonel, who was lying at his ease on the mattress he had been indulged with, awoke with the noise, and appeared to be affected by my condition.

At daybreak Schiller entered with a breakfast worthy of the dinner—consisting of some water, in which floated a few grains of roasted barley. A short time afterwards I was obliged to relinquish my apparel, in exchange for the uniform of the prison. It consisted of a jacket, half gray half brown; and waistcoat and pantaloons, open on each side to admit our chains, one leg gray, the other brown—a knave-of-clubs kind of dress, calculated to prevent every chance of escape to the wearer. The cloth and stockings were of the coarsest quality; and so likewise were the heavy boots, which completed our attire. Linen, cravats, handkerchiefs, all were taken from us: we possessed not a single relic of our former condition. It was an alleviation, however, of all this indignity, to find that the hair of the prisoners was not to be shorn, like that of the galley-slaves of Toulon or Brest; and even the deathblow given to hope by the act of riveting fresh fetters on the legs, was mitigated by the tidings that, thus manacled, the captives would be permitted half an hour's daily exercise in the open air on a platform of the fortress.

This platform was about ten feet long by eight broad. Like the prison we occupied, it had a northerly exposure, and was almost entirely surrounded by walls so high, that for six months of the year not a beam of the sun could reach it. Its aspect was dismal—its atmosphere bleak. Save two or three rose-trees crawling over the wall, and a breast-high peep over the vast panorama beneath, there was nothing to cheer or enliven the prospect.

Here, then, began my long and hopeless confinement. Day followed day without incident. It was a living death. Even, however, in the gloom and misery of my dungeon, there was scope for mental cultivation and the exercise of the affections. One of my early and most welcome solaces was that derived from occasional and brief intercourse with sharers of my captivity—Silvio Pellico and Maroncelli—the account of whose sufferings has already been laid before the world. One day an old convict, whose office it was to bring and remove the provisions, placed under a jug a small parcel, to which a glance of his eye directed my attention. The door closed, I hurried to gain the packet: it contained a vial of reddish liquid, the stump of a pen, and a letter worded nearly as follows:

'We are ignorant of your names, but your misfortunes and ours are the same, and on this ground we address you. Let us know who you are. Tell us about Italy—about everything. During the two years that we have been here, no news has reached us. Write without fear, and quickly; for we are anxious to hear by what fatal destiny you, like us, have been buried at Spielberg.'

''Tis from Pellico,' I exclaimed, full of joy and emotion at this generous appeal from a man of whom Confalonieri spoke with the utmost warmth of esteem. When I took up the pen to answer him, I felt as if I were writing to an old friend, whom Heaven had restored to me. In a subsequent letter he wrote: 'God will recompense you for your devotedness and resignation. Put your confidence in Him. You will again see your country and family; for you are young, and political sentences, though for life, are not always perpetual. I wish that I had the same hope for Confalonieri.'

Of my noble friend Confalonieri I had heard nothing for some time. At length he was introduced to my cell, and I was told he was henceforth to be my companion, instead of the person who had been previously with me. The joy I felt at this intelligence was materially lessened, when he informed me that all hope of mitigation in his fate had vanished, in consequence of his refusal to criminate his acquaintances.

I attempted to infuse some hope into him by speaking of his countess, and the happy days he would yet spend with her; but he stopped me immediately, saying: 'I can no longer indulge in illusions: my fate is irrevocably fixed. Here my life will end, while my unfortunate Theresa will consume hers in tears.'

Revived by having once more congenial companionship, we resumed our former habits of life. Spring crept on; the days were becoming longer; and we could devote more time to reading the few books allowed us. The kind count would overcome his sorrow and sufferings, to teach me to profit by his wisdom and experience. Light shone upon my mind; my opinions became more settled; and I thanked God for having given me a friend so great in heart and knowledge. I stretched myself on my straw, not to court sleep, but to reflect on what I had heard; and, in spite of the irons which loaded my body, my mind took flight, and found enjoyments of which kings and the rich are ignorant. More elevated ideas took possession of my heart, and I became prepared to sacrifice all, and forget all, save the dear ones to whom I had cost so many tears.

[Saddened by the increasing illness of Confalonieri, which threw a damp over their mutual studies, a pleasing incident came to the relief of the monotony of Andrayne's existence, in the arrival of an old comrade in affliction, left behind ill at Milan, from whose communications through the wall the fate of his former companion was ascertained—Rinaldini (the light-hearted Brescian, and sharer of his cell) having been sentenced to two years' imprisonment. From Tonelli they also learned the more generally interesting tidings of the death of Byron, whose fall in the cause of freedom came home to the hearts of the captives.

About this period the prisoners endured a great misfortune in the removal of the clergyman who conducted the religious duties of the prison. He was an amiable man, much respected by the unfortunate Italians, in whose fate he sympathised. His successor, Don Stephano, was a man of a different stamp—cunning and hypocritical—a miserable tool of the despot from whom he had received his appointment. Under the mask of religious adviser, his duty was to worm secrets from the prisoners, and induce them to relate to him the particulars of the schemes in which they were supposed to have been engaged. At first Andrayne and his companions felt pleased with the attentions of this infamous parasite; but afterwards suspecting and becoming assured of his worthlessness, they treated him with the indifference and scorn that his character deserved. It was found to be a relief when Don Stephano left them for the winter to attend the court of the emperor, with whom he pretended to have considerable influence.

Meanwhile, Andrayne's sister did not desist from her efforts to procure his release. Hearing that the Emperor of Austria was about to visit Milan, she repaired thither. The nature of her exertions may be best learned from the following entries in her diary:

'*Milan*, *May* 10, 1825.—We are at length at the end of our journey, and it seems like a dream to me that I should be again in this town, the scene to me of so much suffering. I this morning paid a visit to Count Partha, and was shewn into the little room so well known to me. I seated myself on the same sofa on which I was informed of the sentence passed on my poor brother. What harrowing emotions had I not suffered there!

'*May* 19.—Learning this morning from our ambassador that Prince Metternich would receive me if I called on him, I proceeded to his house, invoking Heaven to inspire me with words which should touch him. Encouraged by the kindness which beamed from the prince's countenance, I said, in a tone which came from my soul: "Will you interest yourself for a poor heart-broken woman who relies upon you?"

'"I have promised the Archbishop of Paris, madam," said the prince, taking my hand, and leading me to a seat by his side, "to use all my interest for you; and be assured I will keep my word. The Duke d'Angoulême has also strongly spoken in behalf of your brother. But it is the maxim of our sovereign always to be master in his own realms, and not suffer any potentate in Europe to intrude on what passes within them."'

Great as was this rebuff, the devoted sister did not give up all hope, until she learned from the Countess Confalonieri that there was at present no likelihood of mercy being extended to the captives. Prejudiced by the cruel misrepresentations of the priest Stephano, and full of the supposed necessity for making examples, the emperor would only concede that Andrayne, when sufficiently corrected, should be again restored to the world; and that in the meantime his family should have, every six months, a bulletin of his health.

When the wretch Stephano returned, it was to tantalise Andrayne by fresh assurances, that if he had furnished him with the revelations he tried to extort, his sister would have succeeded in obtaining his pardon; and henceforth the prisoner's contumacy, as it was called, was to be overcome by the withdrawal of every little comfort hitherto derived from books, all of which—the most precious possession of the captive, one ill-selected volume of devotion by a Jesuit, furnished by the priest, excepted—were reluctantly, at his avowed suggestion, confiscated by the governor of Moravia.

The winter which ensued was felt severely by the prisoners, whose hands were swollen by the frost. Against the intenseness of the cold no provision was made by artificial heat, nor by clothing. The dress, which was the same as in the middle of summer, consisted only of a scanty jacket, and a thin and tattered pair of trousers. Hunger, too, added its pangs to other physical evils; and but for vague hopes, resting on the rude kindness of Schiller, who often brought, hidden under his greatcoat, a porringer of potatoes, the stoutest spirits would have sunk under the hardships of the severe winter of 1825–26.

The loss of Schiller, whom the suspicions of Don Stephano caused to be removed from his post, and whose soldier-spirit not long after sunk under the disgrace and vexation, was a cruel blow to the prisoners. But the malice of their disappointed tormentor had devised a more dreadful revenge, in the separation of Andrayne from his beloved Confalonieri, now more than ever in need of his attentions, and giving him for a companion Judge S——, an indulged informer, whose duty consisted in ferreting information from the prisoners with whom he was put. The plan of resorting to such mean devices, marks the baseness to which the ministers of a despotic government are driven in the execution of their functions. In the case of Andrayne, this spy system was of little avail. He was aware of the character who had been thrust upon him, and was guarded in all his movements and observations. The reserve of Andrayne convinced S—— that he was suspected of treachery, and this roused in him the most vengeful sentiments. One day, when almost stifled with the air of the cell, Andrayne attempted to open the window; S—— rushed at him with fury, and they nearly came to blows. At length S—— was removed, to the great joy of his companion, who danced with exultation at the thought of being no longer under restraint. Some time after, he had the pleasure of being restored to the cell and company of Confalonieri.

Hopes of escape now intruded themselves; and these in time ceased to be absolutely chimerical, as, thanks to the countess, Confalonieri had been furnished with means for it; and he only postponed his flight from a lameness of Andrayne, which prevented his accompanying him. The idea, however, was finally given up, from the noble fear of compromising those involved in it. On one occasion, everything was arranged for the flight of *one;* and Andrayne pressed and besought Confalonieri to be the favoured party. But this noble-minded man refused. 'I will never profit,' said he, 'by any good-fortune that will injure my fellow-captives.' Neither, therefore, embraced the offer of making a clandestine escape.

Of the monotonous life which the prisoners spent during several melancholy years, it would be of little consequence to take any note. One particular source of misery need only be adverted to. The deprivation of books, and all means of literary employment, having induced the prisoners to petition for some occupation—even work on the fortifications with the convicts would have been embraced with transport—the cruel ingenuity of Stephano suggested, first, a daily and rigorously exacted task of lint-making from the filthy and disgusting rags of the prison hospital; and, after that had been long endured, the no less filthy knitting of coarse stockings from rank, oily wool, the odour of which kept them in a continual state of nausea and indisposition for food.

To the ordinary sufferings of the prisoners generally, there was added, in the case of Maroncelli, a disease in one of his legs—the result of the severities endured in this horrid receptacle. After weeks of solicitation, the gangrened limb was amputated; and this event cast a new gloom over the minds of the captives. Some time later (September 16, 1830), Maroncelli and Pellico were released from confinement, and allowed to return to their respective homes; Andrayne, Confalonieri, and the other Italians being still retained, without any prospect of immediate liberation. In the winter of 1830–31, Andrayne heard of the death of his father; and Confalonieri was agonised to learn that his wife, who had never ceased to intercede for his liberation, was now no more. She had died of a broken heart. The grief of Confalonieri was overwhelming. He wept like a child. All day and night Andrayne heard from him the exclamation of 'Theresa, my beloved Theresa!' mingled with sighs and sobs. The only consolation of the captives was, that they were permitted to share the same cell.

In the end of 1831 the cholera, in its progress through Europe, visited Spielberg, and imparted new horrors to the scene. With Andrayne and his companion life had ceased to be cared for; but the thought of dying unattended, like dogs, of this mysterious scourge, drove the prisoners almost to desperation. To their imaginations the disease had already fastened on their attenuated bodies. Swimmings of the head and intestinal pains seemed the prelude of dissolution. In Confalonieri other alarming symptoms soon appeared. Andrayne knocked at the door, and called loudly for medical assistance. The warders of the prison at first refused to reply; and when at length they came, it was to give the consoling report, that the commandant had the keys, and that no one could enter the cells till morning. Happily, Confalonieri recovered from the attack; and both had the good-fortune to escape falling victims to the epidemic.

The night, says the proverb, is never darker than when it verges towards the dawn; and the subsidence of the cholera, in March 1832, proved the prelude to an unexpected release. It may serve as a proof of the futility of omens, that, for some days previous, the incessant croaking of a raven had prepared Andrayne for a very different catastrophe; and his conversation, when broken in upon by the agent of his deliverance, was turning on a few more years of torture and a felon's grave. We resume his own language.]

MY RELEASE.

One evening, while engaged in conversation, Confalonieri suddenly said: 'Some one opens the iron gate of the corridor. It is the director of police: he can only be coming at this hour to set some of us free. May it please Heaven that he comes for you!' added he, pressing my hand fervently. I know not what ray of hope shot through my mind; my heart beat violently; and on hearing the words just then uttered by the jailer: 'The director of police is waiting for you,' I threw myself into the arms of Confalonieri, without having the power of speech; and he, the all-devoted, embraced me, exclaiming: 'I am happy!—I am happy!' Holding his hand in mine, I was at length able to mutter: 'May God reward you for all the good you have done me!' How distressing to leave this venerable man still a captive in an Austrian dungeon!

Too much stunned and bewildered to enter into the idea of freedom, even the striking off of my fetters by the same smith who, nine years before, had riveted them on, or the exchange of my convict garb for civilised apparel, caused me no sensation of pleasure; nay, I did not rejoice on passing the very outer gates. How much must I have been crushed by suffering, to have passed them now without any feeling of happiness!

But the springs of feeling, though frozen, were not yet dried up. On being informed that it was to the unceasing efforts of my sister, then at Vienna, who was to meet me on the road, that I was indebted at length for my pardon, I exclaimed: 'She? O, my God! I thank thee!' and I wept. The emotion and joy I had not felt till now, unfroze my heart. Tears flowed, sweet and salutary, as in the days of happiness; and I blessed my sister from my heart.

This reunion, brought about by the benevolent interposition in her behalf of the good Queen of France and the Empress of Austria, was not one of unmingled joy and exultation. The change in my appearance, which, on my first view for ten years of a mirror, appalled even myself, may be best told in my sister's touching words, written on the day which brought us together.

'*Wednesday*, *March* 20.—Day of happiness! he is restored to us! My God I thank thee for having made me the instrument of restoring life to a being so good and unfortunate! At daybreak I was on the balcony. About two o'clock a postchaise appeared in sight. I called to my cousin, scarce able to speak: "Look! a tall man is getting out of the carriage! It is he, I am certain. Alexander, answer me!"

'A face, pale and emaciated, turned and raised its eyes on hearing my voice. I could not contain a cry of sorrow: "Great God! it is he. But how could I have recognised him?" and I fell on a seat, deprived of strength and speech.

'My cousin flew out, and returned leading and supporting my unfortunate brother, who threw himself into my arms, repeating only, with sobs: "Old! old!—dead yonder without you!"

'I had to retire for a short time and relieve myself by a flood of tears. Nothing had prepared me to see him thus—dying, and presenting the appearance of an aged man by his bent figure and cadaverous complexion. When I returned, I thought I saw a faint spark of joy animating his countenance on looking at me sufficiently near to distinguish my features.

'"My poor sister!" he exclaimed; "the wind of adversity has passed over your hair and turned it white; but you are not so much altered as I expected, when I consider all the tears I have cost you!"'

Thus, after a confinement from January 1823 to March 1832, a period of nine years and two months, the unfortunate Andrayne was set at liberty: his sufferings, as he says, having made him prematurely old, while the loss of so much valuable time had ruined his prospects in life. And all this, as we have seen, alone arose from the well-meaning but imprudent act of carrying a few papers from some acquaintances in Switzerland into Italy. While execrating the detestable tyranny which could impose so frightful a punishment for so insignificant an offence, we must also feel that Andrayne was guilty of culpable rashness, in allowing himself to be used as an engine for stirring up sedition in a country with whose government he had no proper concern; and was on this account less excusable than Confalonieri and the other Italian patriots. Well may we remind our young readers, in reference to this, as also many other misfortunes, of the wise advice conveyed in the Eastern proverb:

Begin nothing of which
thou hast not well
considered the end.

HELEN GRAY.

I.

IT was an afternoon in November; the sun was set, but, through the dull twilight, objects were still dimly visible, while a thick, wetting rain, from the unbroken canopy of cloud, fell slowly but heavily on the earth, which seemed so completely saturated that it would absorb no more. No sound was to be heard save that of the measured, melancholy fall of the rain, as it dripped from the leafless boughs on the dank fallen foliage beneath, or as, from the eaves of the houses, it plashed on the dirty, ill-paved streets of Ruthersholm—a small town in one of the inland counties of Scotland. In the outskirts of this town was a little row of cottages, belonging to the humbler class of the inhabitants, having the road in front, and behind, market-gardens, and crofts or meadows, where cows pastured in the summer-time.

At the door of one of these cottages, on the evening above mentioned, stood, as if on the look-out for some one, a young and comely girl. She appeared to be about twenty, had a plump, tight, tidy little figure, and a bright, blooming, kindly face, with the fair skin, rosy cheeks, and yellow hair which compose the favourite type of beauty among her own class in the country to which she belonged. Her merino gown, rather too fashionably made for a servant, and her coquettish little cap, trimmed with blue ribbons, shewed that Jessie Gibson was not without some idea that she was a beauty.

'He's no coming, mother; he'll no ha' been able to ford the water, an' the ferry-boat wadna gang out sic a nicht as this.'

'Come in, hinny,' cried a voice from the interior: 'it's nae wyte o' Robin's, I 'se warrant that.'

'I think I see him, though—I see something doon the road,' Jessie responded joyfully. 'It canna be onybody else sic a nicht as this.'

And, indeed, no living creature, save a criminal fleeing from detection, or a lover hastening to his mistress, or some one urged by a passion as strong as these, would have been voluntarily exposed on so inclement a night. But for the moment Jessie had forgotten that some have no choice—that there are those who have not where to hide their heads even from the pelting of the pitiless blast of November. But the night was now so dark, and the rain so thick, that the individual in question was almost close to the door, at which Jessie was standing, ere the latter perceived that instead of Robin Rae, her lover, it was an unfortunate person of this class. The new-comer looked between twenty and thirty; her poor, thin, wet garments were clinging to her emaciated figure; and her wan, sickly face, and unearthly dark eyes, were hardly shaded by her battered bonnet. She held, wrapped in a ragged petticoat of blue flannel, an infant folded to her bosom, as if she sought to give it thus a little warmth.

The momentary feeling of irritation produced in Jessie's mind by the disappointment of finding that, after all, it was not her lover, vanished on seeing this miserable object, for her impulses were naturally both benevolent and active. The wanderer told a piteous tale. The infant, she said, was the child of a dead sister, who had been the wife of a respectable workman in a large town in Yorkshire. A depression in trade had thrown him out of employment, and while endeavouring to obtain work, he had been seized with inflammation of the lungs, which had terminated fatally. His unhappy wife, just on the eve of her confinement, had written to her sister—her only living relation—begging the latter to hasten to her, as she felt convinced her own end was at hand. This girl, who lived in Ayrshire, gaining a poor livelihood there by working the much-admired embroidery on muslin, had not hesitated to set out, expending her little all on the journey to Yorkshire. She had arrived just in time to receive the poor widow's last breath, and the charge of the babe—her dying sister's legacy. She was now on her way back to Ayrshire with the little burden. Her money being long since spent, she had come nearly all the distance on foot, and for the last two days had begged her way from door to door. 'But,' she continued, being now under the shelter of the narrow passage, into which, while she spoke, Jessie had drawn her—'now my strength has failed me; the babe, the dear, dear babe is dying, if not dead, and this night I know not where to seek a roof to cover us.' Here the poor girl, overcome by grief and fatigue, burst into a fit of low hysterical weeping. Jessie drew her into their outer room—a sort of kitchen—a decent, cleanly, tidy apartment with a blazing fire, and a row of cups set for tea on a deal table at the window.

The rest of the family, consisting of the mother and two or three children, a great deal younger than Jessie, crowded round the stranger, who, in a fainting state, produced by the sudden warmth of the apartment, had fallen into a great wooden chair, somewhat the shape of a half-circle, with a railing round the bow. Mrs Gibson took the baby, while her daughter administered some tea to the poor woman.

'I am dying; I can do no more—God help us!' sobbed the latter in a tone almost inaudible, and then, from sheer exhaustion, relapsed again into insensibility. Meanwhile Mrs Gibson had the infant on her knee. It, too, seemed hardly to live; and its small, pinched features, and fingers like straws, told a tale of suffering which excited in the hearts of the mother and daughter feelings of the most painful commiseration.

'Better send for the doctor,' said Mrs Gibson.

'I will rin mysel' this minute,' cried Jessie; and seizing an old shawl, without one thought of the 'best gown,' which had been put on to do honour to Robin, she rushed out into the rain, and in a few minutes returned with a surgeon who lived near. He shook his head mournfully when he saw the baby; and having felt the pulse of the poor woman, pronounced that she was in a fever, produced by exposure to cold, fatigue, and hunger. She ought, he said, to be put to bed immediately. Mrs Gibson and Jessie regarded one another in consternation. To turn out a sick, and perhaps dying stranger on such a night as this, was an impossibility to their compassionate natures—yet how to keep her, perhaps through a long illness, they knew not, for they were poor.

Mrs Gibson was a widow, who, in addition to a very small income left her by her husband, drove a trade in apples, gingerbread, wooden dolls, and other such matters, to enable her to maintain her family. Her three eldest children could now, however, support themselves. Her two sons obtained wages as journeymen carpenters in a neighbouring town; and Jessie, who was her eldest child, was at service as housemaid in the family of a gentleman-farmer in the neighbourhood. She was at present at home on a visit for a few days. She had been engaged for some time to a highly respectable young man, a gardener, but who had not yet obtained any permanent employment, and consequently could not afford to marry. But they were both young, and had all the world before them; so they were quite happy, and looked forward to the future with mutual confidence. But to return to the sick girl and the dying infant. What was to be done? All looked blank. At last, Jessie exclaimed with a brightening face: 'I ken what, mother! I have a pound saved frae my wages, an' that will keep the puir lassie or she gets better. Maybe, she will can pay me some time—if no, never heed. I ken Robin wad be pleased.' Mrs Gibson was at first doubtful; but she, too, saw no other way, and she felt that the stranger *must* be succoured. Once, too, taken possession of by this generous idea, Jessie would hear of nothing else. Besides the really compassionate and generous impulses by which she had been actuated in the first place, there was something pleasing to her imagination, and flattering to her vanity, in the idea of being capable of making such a sacrifice, and of the praise which would redound to her from all sides on that account. Distressed as she was at the condition of their forlorn guest, disappointed as she had been by Robin's non-appearance, Jessie had seldom felt in better spirits, or more pleased with herself, than she did to-night. Despoiling herself of the 'best gown' and gay cap, in her own active, business-like way, she helped the poor stranger, who was now restored to a state of partial sensibility, to her own bed. The latter, who, in answer to a question from Jessie, had said her name was Helen Gray, murmured blessings on her benefactress, mingled with inquiries for the infant. In accordance with the advice of the surgeon, who had now left, Jessie began to prepare a few spoonfuls of food for the patient.

'I had better take the arrow-root, dinna ye think, mother?'

'Yes, hinny. It was a gude thing ye happened on that.'

'Oh, there was sic a heap o 't, it will ne'er be missed. Naebody takes it but Miss Ann whiles, for she 's no vera strong. I thought it wad be the very thing for our ain little Katie. An' I ha' gotten some oatmeal an' a wheen eggs. What is 't to them? An' it makes an unco difference to the like o' us.'

'I am sure,' returned Mrs Gibson, 'there can be nae ill in folk minding their ain, an' what the waur is onybody o' what they dinna miss? An' ye might ha' eaten a' thae things if ye likit. It wad be an unco heartless-like thing for a lassie to ha' plenty hersel', an' see her mother and sisters want. But my Jessie 's nane o' that kind. What is a bit egg or a neffu' o' meal to rich folk? An' then, ye ken, ye dinna get sae muckle wage by a pund as Betsy Miller, an' she is no half sic a clever servant. If it wasna that ye had an easy, comfortable place wi' the Youngs, I wadna hear o' your biding. So ye 're quite right to make it up wi' a wheen things ye might eat yersel'. My word! Mrs Young wad like ill if ye was to flit.'

'I dinna think Robin wad like it, though. He 's very strict.'

'But how is he to ken? An' it 's fair nonsense o' him. Naebody is mair partikler nor mysel'. I am sure, if I saw a housefu' o' gold an' silver, I wadna touch a sixpence that didna belong me.'

'Nor me, mother. I fand a gold sovereign Miss Ann had droppit i' the gairden ae day, an' brought till her or she missed it, an' they have aye trusted me wi' a'thing sin syne. I ken what 's right as weel as Robin.'

'To be sure, hinny. An' what wad we ha' done wi' that puir lassie, if it hadna been for the arrow-root? We're as ready to gie as take. Ne'er fash yersel' about Robin, hinny. He'll ne'er ken a word about it; an' wha's a preen the waur, I wad like to ken?' asked Mrs Gibson triumphantly.

And now I fear that, to some of my readers, there may appear an inconsistency between the humane, nay, generous and self-sacrificing conduct, and the accommodating honesty of Mrs Gibson and her daughter. But such inconsistencies are not uncommon; nay, they are only apparent, not real inconsistencies. Some persons judge of character as, in the infancy of science, doctors used to judge of diseases—merely by the symptoms. Now, sometimes, morally as well as physically, different diseases have similar symptoms; and as physical anatomy is necessary in the one case to enable us to ascertain the originating cause of the evil, so is moral anatomy in the other. Many excellent persons would at once have jumped to the conclusion, that Jessie Gibson was a girl altogether devoid of principle; but such was not the case. She and her mother only spoke the truth when they said, that if a houseful of gold and silver were in their power, they would not touch a sixpence. To take money or wearing-apparel, was stealing; to take food, was not; and then, 'it would never be missed.' Moreover, Jessie was led still further astray by her really strong feelings of family affection. She did not reflect that she was only selfishly indulging her own feelings, and pampering a vain passion for praise, and an egotistical desire to be considered generous and kind-hearted at the expense of justice. Hers was not so much wilful wickedness as a moral obliquity of vision, not uncommon among those whose feelings have not been trained, and whose reasoning powers have not been cultivated. But it is never easy to break down the barrier of habitual ignorance, more especially when its foundation is a settled self-indulgence of any kind—even of our good impulses. I say habitual ignorance, for some, I hope, having already made a breach in that Chinese wall—the most effectual hinderance to the entrance of all improvement—are in the habit of having from time to time a little of the broken rubbish cleared away; while with others, Jessie among the number, the wall was yet in its pristine strength and solidity. Now, it is much easier to clear away the broken rubbish, than to make the breach while the wall is still hardened and compacted by the strong cement of habit.

II.

Jessie watched all night by her protégée, feeling like a heroine, and her spirits quite elated by the consciousness of her own magnanimity and generosity. It was while poor Helen Gray was in a heavy feverish slumber, that her dead sister's infant drew its last breath. Poor babe! its sad little race was quickly run; but one can hardly call such a death premature. Even Mrs Gibson and Jessie, as they dropped a few natural tears over the innocent clay, felt somewhat of this sentiment.

Mrs Gibson then took down the Bible, and read a chapter to Jessie. They never omitted to read the Bible every day, though, strange to say, there were some of its lessons at least they did not seem to lay to heart. And there are not a few persons of the same kind—persons who hear sermons, and read books of instruction, in the unthinking belief that having so done, they have accomplished their duty. Jessie's and her mother's reading of 'good books' was a duty quite apart from other duties, and the affairs of their daily life; yet, though never influencing their understandings or conduct, their consciences would have been quite uneasy if they had omitted their 'chapter.'

Helen Gray's first thought, when she awoke at last from her heavy slumber, was of the baby. She soon divined what had happened, and for some time seemed overwhelmed with grief. She then spoke of rising, that she might seek some means of having the child buried, and try to move on her way homeward; but Jessie would not permit her. She strove to comfort her with the assurance that the child should be properly buried. The doctor, she added, said it was impossible she could walk for a week or two. 'Then God help me!' cried the unfortunate creature: 'what *shall* I do?' Jessie hastened to console her, by telling her she should remain where she was, and be nursed till she was well. Poor Helen Gray could only evince her gratitude by tears, and by pressing Jessie's hand to her lips. But she made the most fervent resolutions to shew her gratitude one day to her generous benefactress, if it should please God to restore her to health and strength. And then Helen told Jessie she was the good Samaritan, and Jessie's heart was prouder and more self-satisfied than ever. She was to return to the duties of her place the following evening.

The weather was now somewhat improved. The clouds were lighter, and broken into masses; the rain had ceased to descend in a constant deluge, but only came in occasional drifting showers, for the wind had now risen. Jessie began to hope it might be fine, at least overhead, for her five miles' walk to Todlaw Mains. She had another hope too, with regard to which she was more silent—namely, that Robin would come to her that night, as he had been prevented fulfilling his engagement the previous evening. The hope was fulfilled. Robin arrived with the *gloaming*, and was welcomed at the door by his betrothed—once more in her 'best merino,' and cap with blue ribbons. Robin Rae was a young man, two or three years older than Jessie Gibson, tall and strongly made, with a healthy, honest, manly face, a fearless brown eye, and locks of curling dark hair. His face brightened with pleasure at the sight of Jessie. She stepped out on the wet road to meet him.

'I'm sae glad ye've come, Robin!'

'Are ye, hinny?' said the young man with brightening eyes. 'It's unco weather keeps me frae my Jessie; but I was amaist drooned trying to ford the water yesternicht. An' sae ye was wearying on me, lassie?'

They were now in the little passage, and the door of the outer apartment was closed, lest the damp wind should blow through to the inner one where the invalid lay. As the opportunity seemed favourable, and Jessie in a kind mood, which was not always the case, the lover sought to accompany these words with a kiss, for which he was instantly rewarded by a box on the ear—not a very hard one, however.

'The concait o' some folk! An' so ye thought I was greeting my een out because ye didna come! Na, na, lad; I ha' something to tell ye, that's a'.' And as shortly as possible, Jessie narrated the incidents of the preceding evening, concluding by asking Robin, if he would take charge of the burial of the infant, as she must return to Todlaw Mains, and her mother would have her hands full with the invalid. As Jessie proceeded with her tale, her mood again changed; and as she described the death of the baby, her eyes filled with tears, and her voice became hoarse with feeling. Robin's eyes, too, glistened—partly with sympathy, and partly with admiration of the conduct of his Jessie. His answer was: 'I'll do that, Jessie—onything ye like, darlin'.' And then Jessie bade him: 'Come in till yer tea. Mother has it a' ready.'

On the deal table stood a row of tea-cups, with a tempting scone of Jessie's making, just hot off the girdle—a flat iron plate, upon which, suspended over the fire, it is the custom in Scotland to bake various kinds of thin bread and cakes, most of them included under the generic appellation of scone. Two or three eggs completed the luxuries of this dainty repast, which Robin declared to be quite a feast, and which, to judge by his prowess, he enjoyed exceedingly. As he finished his egg, he exclaimed: 'What a fine egg! Where did ye get it, Jessie? I thought eggs were owre dear for puir folk at this time o' year.'

'Jessie brought them hame wi' her frae Todlaw Mains.'

'The mistress gae her them, I fancy. She maun think a dale o' Jessie, an' nae wonder!'

'She does that,' answered Mrs Gibson quickly; 'an' nae wonder, as ye say. She gies her a hantel o' things forbye eggs.'

Mrs Gibson maintained, while she spoke, the most composed countenance, her expression merely testifying the pleasure a mother would naturally feel in knowing her daughter was appreciated; and such, indeed, was perhaps partly her feeling, for, from long habit, Mrs Gibson's moral sense was much more completely blunted than that of her daughter. Jessie, meanwhile, blushed crimson, and fidgeted on her seat. She had never felt more uncomfortable in her life, and at that instant would have given anything not to have taken the eggs. But Robin attributed her blushes to quite another cause, which only made her fairer and dearer in his eyes. Though the night was chill, and the roads wet, he looked forward with delight to the walk to Todlaw Mains, when he should have her all to himself. He had some pleasant news, too, to tell, which he reserved till they should be alone. Meanwhile, he continued to compliment her on the high estimation in which she was held by her mistress and by everybody, and most, he said, by those who knew her best. At first, his praise only made Jessie feel more embarrassed, but she was not naturally of a reflective disposition, and was much inclined to be on good terms with herself; so by degrees the disagreeable feelings were forgotten, and she yielded to the pleasing belief that she was one of the most meritorious of her sex. She was still further confirmed in this flattering opinion when, going into the inner room to bid adieu to the invalid, ere setting out with Robin, the poor girl called down on her head the most fervent blessings—the glances with which she accompanied her expressions of gratitude saying still more than the words, for Helen Gray's was not a very demonstrative disposition. Jessie departed with her lover in excellent spirits, and in a state of thorough self-satisfaction.

Their path lay, part of the way, over a wide open moorland. The roads were not quite so wet as might have been expected; and the moon, wading through the cloudy masses, shed fitful gleams of pale brightness over the brown moss and shaggy whins, while a star glimmered now and then from a rent like a deep-blue pit in the lead-coloured sky. It was still cold, and a damp wind blew bitterly over the open moor; but to Robin and Jessie the weather seemed almost pleasant. The joy within their hearts seemed to diffuse a portion of its warmth and brightness even over the bleak outward world.

'I ha' grand news for ye, Jessie. Only think, lassie: Mr Oliver o' Springsyde House's gardener is gaun to flit, an' Mr Somerville o' the Ha' an' James Hardie ha' spoken for the place for me, an' I am amaist sure to get it, for Mr Oliver has a great notion o' James Hardie's skeeliness, an' Mr Somerville is to speak for me being a decent lad. An' I wad be to ha' the lodge-house. Sic a bonnie place, Jessie! A bit nate white-washed house, a' growin' owre wi' roses, an' the grass park in front, an' a brae kivered wi' trees at the back, an' a' glinting wi' primroses in the spring-time; an' a nice bit garden at ae side, wi' bonny pear an' apple trees in 't. It wad be jist the place for you, Jessie; an' ye wad hae naething to do but open the gate for the carriages. O Jessie!' cried Robin, altogether transported with delight, as in his mind's eye he beheld his Jessie, in one of her neat, bright dresses, rushing out of their pretty cottage to open the gate for a carriage full of ladies and gentlemen, and thought how they must all admire the gardener's pretty wife.

But they had now arrived at the gate leading through the farmyard to the back premises of Todlaw Mains, at which place the lovers always parted. On the present occasion, they lingered a minute. Robin whispered something: 'If he got the place, wad she'—— The rest of the sentence was almost inaudible; but Jessie seemed to understand it. She answered in a tone equally inaudible, but which seemed equally comprehensible and satisfactory. Robin for a second pressed her to his heart, which beat tumultuously with joy and hope. Then he watched her figure as it vanished among the stacks. 'O Jessie—my ain Jessie! May the Lord bless her dear heart! sae bonnie an' sae gude,' he whispered softly and fervently.

III.

Jessie was kindly welcomed back by her mistress and the young ladies: they had missed her much. The house looked quite dirty and untidy, and not like itself; and as for the bedroom stairs, they were not fit to be seen. Jessie, in a fit of good-humour, for her heart was dancing with joy, slipped on her working-dress, and washed them down that very night, and by twelve o'clock next day the house had assumed its ordinary aspect of cheerful, shining tidiness. And then Miss Ann, who was Jessie's principal friend among the young ladies, and to whom the latter was in the habit of imparting various confidences, came up to the upper lobby, where Jessie was dusting the walls, to have a gossip with her about the events of her visit to Ruthersholm. Jessie had a great deal to tell her young mistress this time. She described pathetically the death of the infant, and the sad condition of poor Helen Gray, whose touching, though too common history lost none of its interest by Jessie's simple, naïve style of narration. Miss Ann's feelings were interested. She ran to tell the tale to her mamma and sisters, eager to do something for Jessie's protégée.

Mrs Young was a sensible, rather clever woman, not deficient in kindness of heart, but very strict in her notions, exacting from her dependants, and apt to judge harshly of those whose cast of character differed from her own. Jessie was a great favourite with her. She had never had so active, cleanly, and 'biddable' a girl before. Though not so enthusiastic as her daughters, she was therefore quite willing to lend any aid in her power to Helen Gray, for Jessie's sake, and to promote the well-being of the former on her recovery, should she find, on inquiry, that she was a well-behaved girl. She knew a lady in the same part of Ayrshire from which Helen said she came, and she would get her to make the necessary inquiries about the girl's character. When Mr Young came home for the evening, the tale was told to him likewise. Mr Young was a good-tempered, kind-hearted man, who, with the exception of the affairs which appertained to his farm, left the management of most matters to his wife, for whose abilities he entertained the greatest possible respect. Jessie was a prodigious favourite with him, not so much because of the various good qualities which called forth his wife's commendation, as on account of her pleasant face, tidy figure, neat dress, and cheerful, civil manners. He now proposed sending some money instantly to the Gibsons for the benefit of the stranger; but this proposal was overruled by his wife. 'Jessie had already given a pound for the purpose, and the sum was quite ample.' Mrs Young did not approve of rewarding people for being generous; such a proceeding ran the risk of destroying the virtue it was intended to foster. No; let Jessie feel the sacrifice she had made. Helen's well-being and gratitude were her only suitable rewards.

But I must now return to the invalid.

Mrs Gibson attended her most assiduously; and Robin, for Jessie's sake, did all that lay in his power to serve her. At last their cares were rewarded. Helen was pronounced out of danger, and was able to sit up. Mrs Young, meanwhile, had made the promised inquiries of her Ayrshire friend. This lady had had some difficulty in finding any trace of the girl; but she had at last discovered, that she had resided some years in a village in the immediate neighbourhood of Kilmarnock, and, as she had said, gained a scanty livelihood by embroidering muslin. The neighbours knew little about her; but said she was a very quiet girl, who lived alone, and seemed to have no friends; that she mixed very little with the other people of the place, but was always very kind to any one in distress; and had always conducted herself in an irreproachable manner. It was believed that she came from Glasgow. This was not entirely satisfactory; but as it was good as far as it went, Mrs Young resolved to befriend the girl, provided she could give an account of her parentage and her previous history. For the purpose of making these inquiries, and also as an indulgence to herself, Jessie was one evening permitted to pay a visit at home. When she arrived she found her protégée clothed in one of her own dresses, and seated in the wooden chair with the railings by the 'ingle neuk.' Jessie surveyed with considerable interest the appearance of her new friend.

Even in full health, Helen Gray could never have been pretty. She had a tall, thin, fragile figure, with a hollow chest and stooping shoulders. Her features, in general, were not good, and her mouth much too large. She had, however, a mild, smooth forehead, soft, though thin brown hair, and immense dark eyes, which lighted up her pale face with a wondrous lustre. Her expression altogether was gentle and melancholy. Her countenance became animated as Jessie entered, and seizing both the hands of the latter, she pressed them without speaking. Jessie then opened the subject of her message.

Helen's eyes were full of tears as she answered: 'Jessie, I do not know how to thank you. I cannot even attempt it. I am glad to say, however, I can give the information your mistress very reasonably requires. My father was a respectable tradesman in Glasgow, who kept a small grocery-shop near —— Street. My mother died when I was twelve years old, leaving only my sister and myself. My father was very fond of us; and as he was well to do in those days, he kept a servant, and sent us to a ladies' day-school. I was always fond of reading and sewing, particularly flowering, and used to work collars and veils, and such things, for myself and my sister, who was very pretty. My father died suddenly two or three years before my sister was married. I then went to Ayrshire, where I gained a living for some years by working muslin.'

'Ye wad like to gang back to Ayrshire, I fancy?' said Jessie. 'Ye wadna like to be a servant?' glancing at Helen's small, thin hands, which did not look as if they had been accustomed to rough work.

'No, I do not care about going back to Ayrshire, if I could maintain myself here. I have no friends in Ayrshire—no one anywhere who has been so kind to me as you have. I am one of those people who do not easily make friends. I would take any place, if I thought I could do the work; but I am not very strong. I could be nursery-maid, or to wait on a sick person. I am good at the sewing, and would take a very small wage.'

The report which Jessie took back to Todlaw Mains proved so satisfactory, that Mrs Young set about forthwith looking for a nursery-maid's place for Helen Gray. But it was a season of the year when places were difficult to be had. Three weeks had elapsed; and as Helen's health was quite restored, she was beginning to feel very uncomfortable at continuing to be a burden on the Gibsons, when a place turned up for her in a sudden and rather lamentable manner. One day, when Miss Ann Young was riding, she was thrown from her horse, and her spine severely injured in consequence of the fall. In the delicate state of health to which she was reduced, it was found necessary to have a person on purpose to wait upon her. It struck all the family as well as Jessie that Helen Gray would answer exactly; and as the latter had no difficulty in undertaking the duties required of her, she was at once installed as nurse to Miss Ann. It would have been impossible to find a nurse more gentle, quiet, and cleanly than Helen; still, she was not so great a favourite with any of the family as Jessie was. She was neither physically nor mentally of the stamp that most pleased Mrs Young. Although she got through her work by dint of determination and perseverance, she was not naturally active, and often looked languid, and as if she felt that she had to do a task. Then, though always obedient and civil, she seemed incapable of being delighted with anything. Mrs Young would rather have seen her occasionally a little 'put out' and cross, like Jessie, when anything annoyed her, if, like Jessie also, she would sometimes have looked lively and joyous. 'She has been unfortunate, no doubt,' said Mrs Young; 'still, she has been in great luck to get a place like ours, and ought to feel and look thankful and happy instead of miserable. I cannot help thinking there must be something under that low, downcast look. I do not like your close, reserved people: I can never quite trust them.' And thus a sort of vague prejudice grew up in the minds of Mrs Young and her family against poor Helen, who, after all, was only guilty of having a different class of faults from themselves. She was slow, and she was reserved. Bodily exertion was always an effort to her; and her disposition, naturally shrinking and pensive, had been rendered more so by the events of her life; but as she made the effort, and never murmured at her lot, perhaps she deserved praise rather than blame.

IV.

The dark months had now passed by. It was spring. Robin Rae had obtained the situation of gardener to Mr Oliver of Springsyde House, and was to enter upon his new duties and take possession of the lodge at Whitsunday. He and Jessie were to be married as soon as the month of May was over—it being a popular superstition in Scotland that it is unlucky to marry in that month. The prospective departure of the latter was loudly lamented by the whole family at Todlaw Mains, who rejoiced, nevertheless, on Jessie's account. Every member of the family gave her a present, while Helen sat up at night to work her a set of collars, which Mrs Gibson pronounced to be 'fit for ony leddy i' the land.'

Instead, however, of becoming more cheerful as the days became longer and brighter, Helen became even sadder; it was not, however, that she was insensible to the charms of this loveliest season. Far more than Jessie, who liked them too, as she liked everything that was cheerful and sunny, she felt their beauty, and sympathised with their deeper spirit; yet, except at occasional happier moments, a settled grief seemed to prey upon her mind. Miss Ann said one day to her mother, that she gave her the idea of a person who had a troubled conscience. This was a hint sufficient to engage the attention of the active-minded and somewhat suspicious and prejudiced Mrs Young. She 'would watch her,' she said, 'and keep an eye upon everything. It had struck her lately, that the tea and sugar had been vanishing rather quickly, and, except the family, nobody ever had the key but Helen and Jessie; and Jessie was of course above suspicion. The disappearance, too, of that gold brooch was a very mysterious affair; she was almost sure it was in her dress when she came in from the field. She wished there might be any truth at all in Helen Gray's story. Very likely, after all, the infant was her own, and she might have another to support she did not choose to tell of. In short, there was no saying; but she would keep a strict watch.

Leaving Mrs Young for the present to set on foot the system of espionage she meditated, I shall now proceed to unveil to my readers the true cause of Helen's increasing melancholy. The truth was, she had begun to discover the system of petty depredation which Jessie carried on. Helen Gray was a girl of the very highest moral principle—as conscientious in trifles as in greater things. The smallest act of her existence was with her a matter of conscience. With affections less warm, but not less true or lasting than those of Jessie, and with far less natural industry and activity, Helen's more earnest convictions and higher and steadier principles supplied the comparative deficiency of both. Never had she felt herself in so painful a dilemma as now. Hitherto, it had always been clear to her how she ought to act; now, opposite duties, as well as opposite feelings, seemed to call her with peremptory and conflicting voices. She knew not what to do. She could not satisfy her conscience that it was right, even by mere silence and passiveness, to connive at robbing her mistress; but how could she repay the heavy debt of gratitude she owed to Jessie by denouncing her as a thief? It was this painful struggle going on in her mind, combined with distress on account of the latter, that oppressed her spirits with a melancholy such as she had never felt before, even in the severest distress. After much deliberation, she at last decided on remonstrating with Jessie herself. It was a terrible effort for a shy and reserved girl like Helen Gray to make; but she was nerved to it by the paramount obligations of conscience.

Violent was Jessie's indignation at poor Helen's kindly meant remonstrance—all the more violent, perhaps, that a faint glimmer of its justice pierced through her darkened understanding. 'It set her weel to cast up to her that she wasna honest, her that awed her a'thing. If the mistress was pleased, what right had she to find faut? Her no honest! she wadna touch a penny that didna belang till her if she was starving.' So said Jessie, like many people in the world, healing the wound one sin inflicted on her conscience, by applying as an anodyne the idea that she would not commit another. Poor Helen Gray felt that further remonstrance was vain. Her spirit was bowed down with the weight of an obligation to a person whom she could not respect, and with the sad alternative of either being an accomplice in defrauding her mistress, or the instrument of ruining and disgracing her benefactress. Oh, if she could only have been the means of reforming her! Fervent and eager were her prayers that some way of attaining this object might be presented. Helen felt that there was no desire so near her heart. Henceforth, it should be the grand aim of her existence. When Jessie's ruffled temper had regained its ordinary equanimity, she felt sorry she had reproached Helen Gray with the services she had rendered her, and testified her regret by many acts of kindness, which only plunged poor Helen into the deeper distress. From that day forward, however, all confidence and cordiality between the two girls were over. Helen frequently found part of her work already done by the active Jessie; but the latter shunned as much as possible, without being absolutely rude, all communication with her. If Helen's remonstrance had at first given her slightly uncomfortable feelings, they quickly vanished beneath the soothing influence of Robin Rae's visits and attentions, the high estimation in which she was held by everybody, and the general brightness of her prospects. In her moments of elation, it appeared to her highly presumptuous in a person so much her inferior, in every one's opinion, as Helen was, to have dared to have found fault with her; but she could easily forgive her in the magnanimity conferred by her own superior happiness and consideration.

Meantime, the estrangement of the two girls did not escape the lynx eyes of Mrs Young. She questioned them both on the subject, but could obtain no satisfactory answer from either. The scrupulous Helen looked sad and confused, and returned an evasive reply. She was not used to deception of any kind, and the slightest shade of it made her awkward. The bolder and more practised Jessie answered at once, that they 'didna gree about a thing or twa; but they were gude freends, for a' that.'

'It is a shame for Helen to quarrel with you.'

'Oh, we dinna quarrel. Helen has a wheen queer notions, that's a'.'

Nothing further could be elicited from Jessie; but her manner was perfectly frank and unembarrassed. 'Queer notions!' thought Mrs Young; 'I wonder what about. Servants always think they should not tell tales of one another. That Helen is a sly slut; I do not like her quiet look.' And with all her former suspicions renewed and strengthened, Mrs Young watched more narrowly than ever. She soon became certain that the supposed disappearance of eggs, meal, tea, sugar, and various other things was no mere fancy. There was a dishonest person in the house; so much was certain. It only remained to bring home the theft to the guilty individual. Mrs Young would not inform against any one on mere suspicion, however certain she might feel in her own mind; but she was not a person to let such a matter rest without endeavouring to bring it to an issue.

Mrs Young had a brain fertile in expedients, and was not long in devising a plan by means of which the criminal might be detected. A large basket of eggs usually stood in a cupboard in the bedroom story, to which, besides the family, only Helen and Jessie had access. Besides eggs, this cupboard contained tea, sugar, arrowroot, and preserves—all of which articles, Mrs Young felt certain, were greatly diminished beyond what they could have been by the consumption of the family. Mrs Young now resolved, on a certain day, to replenish this basket with eggs, counting them as she put them in. To make doubly sure, she marked each egg, as she placed it in the basket, with a tiny cross of pink dye. She then set the basket in the cupboard, remarking the next morning that ten were boiled for breakfast; she resolved to count them again that night.

But before I proceed further with my narrative, I must explain that Helen Gray slept in a small room close by this cupboard, the door of which, as well as the door of her room, and all the bedrooms on that floor, opened upon a sort of long gallery or passage, which was separated from the staircase by a railing. At the further end of this railing were the stairs; and any one going thither from the cupboard, had to pass the doors of all the bedrooms on the way. Now, Helen's room being next to the cupboard, it would have been easier for her than for any other person to have secreted anything abstracted from it, as she was the only one who had at hand the means of concealment. All these circumstances strengthened in Mrs Young a suspicion that Helen was the thief—a suspicion which, from being dwelt upon, was in her mind now converted into a certainty.

As usual, Jessie, who was always on the watch for the basket being full, as there was then less chance of what she took being missed, had remarked that it had been replenished. As she had got leave to drink tea that evening with her mother, the occasion seemed altogether tempting. Accordingly, when she was up-stairs making the beds, and all the family—with the exception of Miss Ann, who was a prisoner to a couch in her own room—were, she thought, at breakfast, she stole along the gallery to the cupboard, which was open, but with the key in the door. She had just abstracted half-a-dozen eggs and a handful of tea, carrying them in her apron, when she heard her mistress's step upon the stairs. For an instant, all seemed lost. She had not time to replace the eggs, and she knew not where to escape to. She trembled from head to foot, but it was only from the dread of detection. Another instant's hesitation, and she was discovered: her mistress would be in the gallery. Suddenly an idea struck her. Quick as thought, she darted into Helen's room. Even if Helen were there, she felt convinced she would save her. Helen, however, was not in the room; and Jessie, greatly relieved, was just beginning to breathe again, when she heard herself called by her mistress from Miss Ann's room. What was to be done with the eggs?

There was in the little chamber a small, old-fashioned chest of drawers, where Helen kept her scanty supply of clothes; but they were all locked. Jessie was almost at her wits' end. At last she descried an old worn-out trunk in the window, which served as a seat, and to keep odds and ends in. Into this trunk Jessie now put the eggs and the tea, then taking off her shoes, with a palpitating heart she glided along the passage, past Miss Ann's door, to one of the rooms at the further end. Then waiting till her mistress called again, she answered as if she had not heard the first time, and quickly obeyed the summons by appearing in Miss Ann's room. Helen was not there. Mrs Young inquired if Jessie knew where she was, for she had not been with Miss Ann for half an hour. The latter had heard her about half an hour ago in the cupboard, and then in her own room.

'In the cupboard!' cried Mrs Young. 'Go, find her, Jessie, and see what she has been doing.'

Jessie was half-way down-stairs, in obedience to her mistress's order, when she met Helen. The latter said, that seeing Miss Ann was lying quiet, and not seeming to need anything, she had taken the opportunity to wash one or two collars, in her own room, for the other young ladies, who had desired her to do so, and that she had now been in the garden laying them out to dry.

'And what were you doing in the cupboard?' inquired Mrs Young.

'Getting a piece of soap, ma'am, that Miss Mary said I should find there.'

As Helen spoke, her face betrayed no sign of conscious guilt; but had its usual expression of calm sadness. For an instant—but an instant only—Mrs Young was staggered in her belief in Helen's guilt. 'What a consummate hypocrite the girl is!' was her next thought. As it was clear, then, that Helen had been once at the cupboard alone, while all the rest of the household were down-stairs, Mrs Young determined not to put off counting the eggs till the night, but to do it as soon as Jessie's work was over, and she could find an excuse for sending both the servants down-stairs. About noon, the desired opportunity occurred. Mrs Young counted the eggs; and, as she expected, found six wanting. Instantly she ordered the gig, and ringing for Jessie, told her she might accompany her to Ruthersholm, as she found that business unexpectedly obliged her to go thither immediately. She added: 'I find I cannot let you remain to drink tea with your mother; however, you shall go another night.'

Jessie would have excused herself from accompanying her mistress, as she foresaw that in the bustle consequent on the departure of the latter, it would be impossible to get the eggs and the tea out of the trunk; but Mrs Young cut her short with: 'Your work is over, Jessie; and I would advise you to go, as I expect there may be more to do soon than any of us were looking for, and it may be long before I can spare you again. You may invite Robin Rae, however, to drink tea with you here to-morrow night. He is a respectable young man, and has shewn himself so in having chosen an industrious, well-conducted young woman for his wife.'

Jessie had no excuse ready, so she was forced to signify her acquiescence with apparent gratitude. The idea, moreover, of inviting Robin on the morrow was almost irresistible. She said to herself: 'There wasna the least chance o' onybody looking into the trunk or she cam' back.'

Immediately on arriving at Ruthersholm—having deposited Jessie by the way at her mother's—Mrs Young drove straight to the residence of the procurator-fiscal, or public prosecutor for the district. There she lodged an accusation against a person calling herself Helen Gray, at present in her service, for stealing a gold brooch, a number of eggs, and various other articles. Ere she left, she had the satisfaction of seeing a warrant issued for the apprehension of the supposed culprit. In order that she might be at home when the peace-officers arrived, she drove straight back to Todlaw Mains, only stopping to pick up Jessie as she went. On their return, they found Helen Gray still in Miss Ann's room—Mrs Young having desired her daughter to keep her there till her own return. In about a quarter of an hour the train exploded.

To the horror of the whole household, two constables arrived, shewing a warrant to take into custody the person of Helen Gray, suspected of theft, and also to search her effects. Helen had just left Miss Ann's room, and was in the gallery on her way to the stairs. Mrs Young came out of her own apartment on hearing the bustle, for she guessed at once what it meant.

Helen started in amazement when she beheld the constables; and on hearing their errand, became more deadly pale even than usual. For an instant, she looked as if she should faint; but quickly recovering herself, she said in a steady voice: 'I am innocent!'

At this instant, Jessie rushed wildly up-stairs, distraction painted on her countenance. Her usual presence of mind and fertility of resource had completely deserted her. She stared round in amazement; and when she met the half-reproachful, half-pitying glance of the prisoner, she turned away her head, her heart pierced through by an agonising sting of remorse. Then, as the men proceeded to search Helen's room, she screamed out in desperation, and quite incoherently: 'Nae need o' looking the room; there canna be naething there. She's innocent, I ken—as innocent as the babe unborn. O Helen, Helen!'

'Don't take on so, Jessie,' said Helen. 'There is nothing in my room.'

But Jessie's agony was incontrollable. Mrs Young herself attempted to calm her, but quite in vain. The constables were now in Helen's room. The drawers had been searched, and nothing found; the trunk was the next object. As they approached it, Jessie's heart died within her. She trembled all over; her head swam, the blood rushed violently to her face, and then instantly forsook it, leaving it almost livid. The tea and the eggs were at once discovered; the latter marked, as Mrs Young had described, with a small red cross When they first appeared, Helen uttered a faint scream of surprise; she then said firmly, but with a face of deep distress: 'I never saw those eggs till this moment. Whoever put them there, I did not.'

'She would accuse somebody else, the impudent jade!' cried Mrs Young.

'I accuse nobody,' answered Helen, who all this time forbore to look at Jessie. Meanwhile, the latter kept exclaiming, with the energy and incoherence of insanity: 'She speaks the truth. O ma'am—I am sure—oh, for God's sake!—she is innocent.' But though the words were once or twice on her lips, she had not the courage to say: 'I am guilty.' Nor could she remain to see Helen carried off. In a state of anguish indescribable she rushed from the room, and throwing herself on a bed in the apartment she usually occupied, she fell into violent hysterics. In the course of a few minutes she heard the house-door close, and wheels move away on the gravel-path. It was the departure of the carriage which conveyed Helen to the county jail. Jessie instantly started up, and not knowing very well what she wanted, or what she meant to do, flew out of the house after it, her dress all disordered, and her hair streaming in the wind. She was brought back by the cook and her mistress; the latter giving directions that she should at once be put to bed. 'I did not think she would have taken it so very much to heart,' she said. 'I have no doubt she is vexed at having been the means of introducing such an ungrateful, dishonest creature into my house.—But I don't blame you, Jessie; it was all your own good feelings. All I beg is, you will not maintain she is innocent; for though the brooch has not been discovered, we have had abundant evidence of the contrary. Wicked, good-for-nothing creature!'

Jessie was put to bed: all the family came by turns to visit her —each and all, by way of consolation, expatiating on Helen's wickedness and ingratitude as contrasted with *her* merits. Jessie felt that, among them, they would certainly drive her mad. All night she lay awake in a fever of mind and body. She dreaded, yet longed, for the next evening, when she was to see Robin Rae; she felt that this interview would be the turning-point of her fate and Helen's.

All this time Jessie had never once thought of the crime of which she had been guilty. The events which had occurred she regarded merely as misfortunes—misfortunes, however, of which her own mismanagement had been the cause, and of which Helen Gray ought, therefore, not to have been the victim. Her conscience stung her for permitting the latter to be carried off to jail, but for this only. She rose the next morning, and went about her work as usual, but she was no longer the same girl. In one night, her clear, healthy colour had given place to a feverish flush, her hand burned, her head ached, her heart throbbed, and her eyes looked hot, wild, and anxious. As the time for Robin's arrival drew nigh, she became still more restless and excited. At last, unable longer to endure the suspense of waiting, although it was not past the hour when he might reasonably have been expected, she set out across the fields to meet him.

It was a sweet afternoon in May. There had been a few showers during the day, and the green hedges and the glittering fields were jewelled with raindrops, on which the evening sun shone brilliantly. The fresh, mild air was fragrant with hawthorn and sweet-brier, and the thrush and the black-bird sang sweetly and cheerily among the blossoms. But neither their melodious strains, nor the rejoicing beauty of the evening, could lighten poor Jessie's restless, laden heart. She had not gone far when she perceived Robin at the other side of a field she had just entered by a stile. Trembling in every limb, she could not proceed, but was obliged to sit down on the stile. When Robin reached her, somewhat in surprise at her not having come towards him, her agitation became so excessive, that, on rising to receive him, she would have fallen, had he not caught her in his arms.

'Jessie!' he cried, shocked and astonished at her appearance: 'my Jessie!' He then muttered something almost like an imprecation, coupled with the name of Helen Gray.

Jessie started as if she had been shot. 'Dinna, Robin; dinna misca' her, if ye wadna kill me.'

'The jade! to think o''——

'O Robin, Robin!'

'Ye're far owre gude, Jessie.'

'Gude!' with a sort of scream; 'na, I'm no gude; I'm no sae gude as Helen.'

Robin looked anxiously at Jessie, as if he feared she were losing her senses. They were now both sitting on the stile. Jessie became somewhat calmer. 'Hinny,' he answered gently, 'ye are talking fair nonsense now. Ye wadna say, I'm sure, that ye are no as gude as a thief?'

'But Helen's no a thief,' Jessie answered quickly, and with a strange, terrified expression of countenance. 'She didna take the brooch. I'm certain the mistress lost it ae night when she was out walking in the field.'

'Weel, Jessie, that may be, or it mayna; but that she's stown the eggs an' the tea, there's nae doubt. I see nae difference atween stealing ae thing an' anither.'

Jessie felt ready to faint. In a low tone, however, she murmured something about 'a pickle tea, an' a wheen eggs that wad ne'er be missed.'

'No missed!' cried Robin indignantly. 'An' what difference does that make? But it was missed. Na, na, Jessie; stealing is stealing, if it were but a bodle's worth. Dinna ye let yoursel' confound right an' wrang for the sake o' that ne'er-do-weel. *Ye* wadna take a preen that wasna your ain, I ken that; so dinna excuse *her*. As she took the eggs, it 's mair than likely she 's ta'en the brooch.'

'Ye 're vera hard, Robin,' sobbed Jessie: 'there 's an unco difference atween a wheen eggs an' a gowd brooch.'

'Nae sic great difference, Jessie. A wheen eggs every week wad sune come to the value o' a gold brooch. But it isna that: it 's as great a sin to take ae thing as anither. The commandment disna say: "Thou shalt not steal muckle things;" it says jist: "Thou shalt not steal;" an' a thief besides maun aye be a liar.'

Every instant added to Jessie's terror and distress. Robin had spoken the last few words in a stern, reproving tone. She began to weep bitterly. Then her lover, drawing her towards him, said soothingly: 'Dinna greet, my bonny Jessie—my ain lassie; I am no quarrelling *you*. Let 's ne'er speak o' that creetur again. We ha' plenty o' ither things till say.'

A few minutes' silence succeeded these words, during which Jessie was screwing up her courage to ask a question. At last she asked, in a low, stifled tone, as if her breath failed her: 'Gin it had been —me—Robin, had ta'en the eggs, what wad ye ha' said?'

You might have heard Jessie's heart beat as she asked this question. Her anxiety for the answer was intense. 'You, Jessie! What for do you ask siccan a thing? Gin I was to break into Springsyde House, what wad ye say? Dinna speak o' what 's no possible.'

Jessie groaned in the pain of the moment. 'But tell me, Robin—jist fancy.'

'I canna fancy sic a thing o' my Jessie.'

'Ye wadna marry onybody that had—had stown' (it was the first time Jessie had so applied the verb to steal, and the word nearly choked her), 'if it were but a wheen eggs?'

'Nae thief should e'er be my wife! I can tell you that,' he answered sternly. 'But let 's say nae mair aboot it.'

As Robin uttered these words, a deep despair fell upon Jessie's spirit. She neither spoke nor moved. She felt that peace and happiness had passed away from her for ever.

She had begun this conversation with the intention of confessing all to Robin, had she found him in the least leniently disposed, which, poor girl, she had hardly doubted she should find him. She was prepared to submit to severe reproof, and to make promises of future amendment; and she had hoped he would have been able to devise a plan—for her faith in Robin's abilities was boundless—to liberate Helen without implicating herself. But now the hope on which she had leaned had given way entirely. She had no alternative between leaving Helen to her fate, and seeing herself thrust from Robin as a thief, as one whom he, an honest man, could never make his wife. Jessie felt that she could have resigned him; but to have all his proud affection for her changed into scorn and contempt, was more than she could bear. Oh, if she could only have died!

And now Robin began to speak on other subjects. Jessie seemed to listen, but the words fell on her ear like strange sounds. He spoke of the pretty lodge they were to live in, and how Mr Oliver was making in it new latticed windows, and building a room at the back; and how Mr Somerville of the Hall, the gentleman with whom he was now working, had said that, as a mark of his approbation of his conduct, he meant to present *Mrs Rae* with a handsome mahogany chest of drawers. And then Robin's honest face became radiant with glee as he looked up in Jessie's, to see how she looked when she heard herself called *Mrs Rae.* But Jessie neither blushed nor laughed, nor was angry, nor did anything Robin expected: a faint smile, sadder than any sigh could have been, alone shewed that the words had not passed unnoticed, while the rising tears forced themselves into her eyes. She felt that Robin alluded to a happiness with which she could have nothing to do. Then he spoke of their wedding and their wedding-day; but nothing he said seemed to have power to interest or give pleasure to his betrothed. Every moment Jessie's conviction became stronger that her happiness was gone for ever. She seemed to herself to have suddenly become a different person from what she used to be. Praised, flattered, and liked by everybody, she had lulled herself into the pleasing belief, that she really was what everybody seemed to think her: now the mask she had worn to herself had dropped; and in Robin's words, as in a mirror, Jessie seemed to see herself no longer the perfection of womankind and of faithful servants, but to catch a glimpse of herself as a dishonoured thief and liar—one not fit to be the wife of an honest man. As yet, however, it was but a glimpse; she could not look steadfastly at that horrible image of herself. At present, she felt incapable of thinking at all.

Robin, meanwhile, became partly aware of her state: he attributed it solely to distress on her friend's account, and perhaps to want of rest. He did not doubt that he should find her quite restored on his next visit. He took leave early, recommending her to go to bed, while with even more than his usual tenderness, he bade her adieu.

Though without much apprehension on account of his betrothed, his heart was filled with indignation against the dishonest and ungrateful Helen.

V.

Jessie's mind became, on the following day, calmer and more collected. She was naturally possessed of great energy and resolution of character; hitherto, these qualities had only displayed themselves in outward things; they had never been in any way trained or directed so as to act in the government of the mind. Her moral qualities, as well as her understanding, were both above the average; but the rich soil nourished only weeds, though, it must be confessed, some of these weeds bore pretty wild blossoms. Now, however, her slumbering powers were awakened. Almost for the first time in her life, she began to think, for except when she was arranging her work, or laying plans for the distribution of her time, her thoughts were mere mental ramblings. She never examined her own motives—never asked herself if she were right or wrong: habit and example had induced in her a kind of routine of thinking and acting, containing much evil and a little good, but with which she had been heretofore uninquiringly satisfied. But now that the storm had actually burst, and that Jessie saw what terrible consequences had resulted from her supposed innocent conduct, she did begin to suspect she might have been mistaken in so esteeming it. She had a confused, vague sense of the great truth—that sorrow is always the offspring of guilt somewhere. Where? in the present case, was now the important question. The fault was not with Helen certainly. Throughout she had behaved nobly. 'Oh,' thought Jessie, 'if I had only taken her advice!' Neither was it Mrs Young's. Jessie would fain have believed it was; but she remembered Robin's words: 'Stealing is always stealing, an' a thief maun aye be a liar.' And now Jessie saw how true this was. She could recall many falsehoods she had told which at the time had not wounded her conscience, but which came stinging back now with redoubled pain. And besides these absolute falsehoods, what a system of deceit had her whole conduct been! Her understanding no longer obscured by pride, passion, and selfishness, to her own judgment she now stood convicted—a thief! Jessie, who had been so proud, so self-satisfied! The revulsion of feeling was overwhelming. Life itself seemed scarcely supportable under the load of self-contempt beneath which she was fallen. Then what was to be done? Was she to become yet more utterly base and selfish, by permitting the magnanimous Helen to suffer the punishment and disgrace which were due to her alone? and all her life long, as she was now doing, play the hypocrite, and receive from all around her praises and caresses which bowed her soul to the dust with a sense of falsehood and shame? Or was she to submit to be treated as Helen had been treated—to be dragged to prison as a felon—to be tried in open court as a thief—to be disgraced in the eyes of all who had hitherto admired and praised her—to be cast off with horror and contempt by Robin, who so loved her—whom she so loved?

Anything but this! Death rather than this. Death rather than see him look at her with such a look as his face had worn when he had denounced the possibility of his marrying a *thief*. As these thoughts chased one another through Jessie's brain, as hour after hour, and day after day, they tortured it unceasingly, she feared that in some moment of passion she might be hurried to some desperate deed. At one instant, she had resolved on one course of action—a resolution which the next instant overturned. Several times she had been on her way to the parlour, to confess all to her mistress; then at the very door the idea of Robin had checked her. It seemed impossible that this state of agitation and indecision could continue much longer. No mind was capable of supporting so incessant and painful a tension of all its faculties and feelings.

Meanwhile Jessie's deplorable condition did not altogether escape the notice of those around her. Daily she became paler and thinner; her step lost its elasticity; her eyes their brightness, except occasionally when they shone with a fitful, unnatural glare, like that of fever or madness. Her once lively, steady, energetic spirits had completely forsaken her, and were succeeded by despondency and abstraction, varied only by an occasional wild elevation, which appeared to border on delirium. Her work was no longer done with the exactitude and completeness of old times, and the least word of advice, or hint that any part of it might be improved, made her moody and irritable. Mrs Young bore with her conduct with unparallelled patience, and laid the chief blame on Helen Gray, who seemed at present to be the scapegoat for the sins of the whole household. As for Robin Rae—good young man though he was—he cursed in his heart that unfortunate girl, and the day on which she had first darkened the door of the Gibsons' hospitable cottage. His wrath and distress reached a climax when Jessie requested that their wedding might be put off, without even naming another day for the performance of the ceremony.

Another strange feature—in the eyes of the Youngs and her lover—in Jessie's mental malady was, that she seemed to have no wish to see her mother or any of her own family. This was the more remarkable, that she had hitherto seemed a very affectionate daughter, and the whole family were quite conspicuous for the apparent strength of their attachment to one another. Since Helen's imprisonment, Mrs Gibson had been two or three times at Todlaw Mains. She had always gone home weeping; but considering the state her daughter was in, this did not much surprise any one. During these interviews with her mother, Jessie had generally been sulky and silent; and when the former entreated her to speak, had reproached her bitterly for having brought her up as she had done. Mrs Gibson had sought to defend herself with the arguments of former days, accompanied by tears and endearments; but these would not satisfy Jessie now. She treated all her mother said with scorn and mockery, for her heart in its misery was bitter against her whose teaching she believed was the principal cause why her conscience now lay under so heavy a load. It was in vain that the poor woman sought to obtain any of these demonstrations of affection of which her daughter used formerly to be so lavish; it was in vain that she appealed to the feelings of the latter, and reproached her with being undutiful and ungrateful—Jessie only answered: 'You hae me o' yer ain bringing up.' Sometimes, after her mother was gone, Jessie's heart would reproach her for this harshness; but somehow or other, the sight of the former, or perhaps the style of persuasion she employed, never failed to recall to Jessie's memory that from her lessons had sprung all the guilt and anguish she now endured.

Often the wretched girl, in her solitary misery, longed for some one on whose principles and affection she could rely, to whom she might dare to unburden her mind, and apply for comfort and counsel. She could think of no one to answer the picture her wishes drew of this friend and counsellor save Helen Gray; but to apply to her was impossible; and even if it were not so, Jessie felt that one sorrowful glance of Helen's mild dark eyes would be more terrible to her than a torrent of reproaches. Even the idea of the woman she had wronged was terrible to her; yet it was rarely absent from her thoughts, and, in spite of herself, Helen continued to appear more and more as the only person who could counsel her.

It was on the day previous to that which had originally been appointed for Jessie's marriage, during one of the interviews between the mother and daughter which I have already described, that a note was brought for the latter by a private hand. Jessie saw at a glance that it was from Helen Gray, and with fingers trembling with impatience and dread, hastily broke the seal. The contents, which were brief, ran thus:

'MY DEAR JESSIE—I am afraid you are unhappy, and I have found means to write these few lines, to beg you not to be so on my account. I do not say, Jessie, that I shall not feel the disgrace of a public trial; but I only speak the truth when I tell you, that from my heart I am glad to be able to render *you* a service, that you may know I am not ungrateful. I feel sure, too, Jessie, that you will now be of my mind about what we once spoke about; but I don't say this to reproach you. I have nobody to be distressed or disgraced by my shame, and you have Robin and your mother. So do not be unhappy about me, dear Jessie. Believe me, my mind is more at peace than it has been for a long time. Your sincere friend, HELEN GRAY.

'*P.S.*—Don't forget to look for the gold brooch. The gentleman who is to speak for me at the trial says it would be much in my favour if it was found.'

After Jessie had finished reading this letter, she sat for a long time silent. Meanwhile, her mother, snatching it out of her hand, and hastily perusing it, broke forth into exclamations of satisfaction with the contents, and loud praises of the writer. 'Haud up yer head noo, Jessie, hinny. Ye see it's a' owre, an' Helen disna mind. She's sensible o' what she awes ye. As she says, it's no like as if she was gaun to be marrit. She's a fine cratur. My word! gin she was aince out o' the hands o' these wretches, I'll take her hame to live wi' me, an' I'se work my fingers to the bone but she shall be served like a leddy a' her days.—Now look up like yersel', my bonnie Jessie; it's no sae bad as ye thought.' But Jessie would not look up. Her face remained fixedly sad and grave; but she shewed to her mother rather more kindness and warmth than she had yet done since the day of Helen's arrest. From this the poor woman drew a favourable augury for the success of her persuasions, and prepared to go home with a lighter heart than she had done for a long time past. She was outside the door, when her daughter called her back: 'Ye maun gang round by Springsyde, mother, an' tell Robin he maun be here the nicht.'

'Ay, dearie,' she answered; 'I will be blithe to do that.—Do ye want onything partikler wi' him?' she then inquired, in the hope that Jessie might be thinking once more of her marriage.

'I want him to look for the gowd brooch,' Jessie answered hoarsely.

'O ay—to be sure—we maun a' look for that.' And kissing her daughter tenderly, Mrs Gibson departed.

For a long time after she was gone, Jessie sat motionless in deep thought; then she read over and over again Helen's simple, earnest letter. By degrees, the mists began to clear away before her. A vague idea, which had dimly glanced across her mind on first reading the letter, began to assume form and substance, and to grow into an energetic resolution. From the despised Helen Gray she at last began to learn what true generosity really was. She perceived now that what had been so much lauded as generosity in herself, and what she herself had fondly believed so to be, was not in reality that somewhat rare virtue, but chiefly a desire for the approbation and praise of others. She felt that it was out of her power to be generous now; but she might still be just. Though despised by all the world, she might still, like Helen Gray, have a mind at peace. Helen's gentle, forgiving, generous epistle had touched to the very quick all that was yet true and noble in Jessie's heart. Her better nature was awakened. Though late, her resolution was taken.

No sooner was her mind made up, than she felt a sense of repose, such as she had not known for many weeks. The heavy burden fell from her conscience, and her weary, agitated spirit found at last one point whereon it might rest. She no longer loathed and despised herself; for though humbled to the dust in her own estimation, the determination to be true, cost what it might, had restored her self-respect. She was free in the consciousness of repentance, and strong to suffer the penalty of her own misdeeds.

Not even when Robin came that night, according to her own request, and her heart was wrung by the consciousness that it was her last interview, did her resolution waver. She looked more composed than he had yet seen her; but her face was deadly white, and her manner, though calm, was strange. It seemed to Robin that her previous agitation was even less alarming. She appeared almost unable to speak to him.

They had gone out together to walk in the fields, when Robin, unable longer to endure the oppressive silence which seemed to have fallen on both, said: 'Ye sent for me, Jessie; can I do onything for ye? God kens, I wad shed my heart's blude to do ye ony gude.'

'Ay, Robin, I sent for ye to ask ye a favour.'

'Favour! dinna speak o' a favour.'

'Will ye promise to do what I ask—solemnly?'

'I promise, Jessie.'

'An' will ye do it even if'——

'If what, Jessie?'

'Even if you an' me should never see ilk other mair—even if some time ye should think nae better o' me nor ye think now o' Helen Gray?'

'Dinna speak that gate, Jessie: it gangs till my very heart to hear ye.'

'Ay, Robin—but do ye promise?'

'Yes, Jessie.'

'Then, will ye seek in this field for the gowd brooch or ye find it?'

'But if it shouldna be here?'

'But it maun be here.'

'That deevil—that I sud say sic a word—that Helen has cast some glamour owre ye.'

'O Robin!'—with a look of pain and anxiety—'an' will ye no haud to yer promise?'

'Ay, Jessie, that I will, for a' that, or ye lowse me frae it yersel'. And now, Jessie, will ye do naething for me? Our bit hoos is a' ready. It's no kind o' ye, Jessie, for the sake o' a wretch like Helen Gray, to behave as ye do to me—me, that wad lay doon my life for yer dear, dear sake. O Jessie, ye are mair to me than a' the warld! A' the gear, an' the bonny hoos, I ha' nae pleasure in but for you'——

Here Robin suddenly stopped in the middle of his sentence, on catching a glimpse of Jessie's face: the expression terrified him. 'Robin,' she said slowly, her heart torn with unspeakable love and anguish, but her resolution still unshaken—'I sent for ye the night for another reason: I wanted to see you aince mair.' Here she stopped, as if her breath failed her.

'*Aince* mair!' he repeated, almost doubting the evidence of his own ears.

Without noticing the exclamation, she continued in a tone which at once betrayed the grief of her soul and the strength of her purpose: 'Maybe it wad ha' been better no, but I couldna pairt or I had seen your dear een looking kind at me aince mair, Robin. Dinna ask me now ; ye 'll ken a' sune. Oh, fare-ye-weel !' As Jessie spoke, she hastily seized Robin's hand, pressed her burning lips to it for a moment, then letting it drop, fled towards the house with the fleetness of a roe.

Robin gazed after her for a second, dumb and motionless with amazement and terror. He now believed what he had once or twice before vaguely dreaded—that her mind was touched with insanity. He hurried after her, and as she reached the yard-gate, he had nearly overtaken her. Suddenly she turned round : her face was pale, wild, and determined. 'Dinna !' she said in a tone of command, which, strangely to himself, he felt forced to obey—'dinna, Robin ! I 'm no mad. Ye 'll sune ken.' And without trusting herself to bestow one parting glance, she vanished into the house. Robin did not dare to follow her : he sank down on a large stone behind the wall of the farmyard, and bowing his head on his knees, sobbed aloud in the desolation of his heart.

VI.

Since the imprisonment of Helen Gray, Jessie had occupied the little room next to Miss Ann's, that she might be ready to attend her during the night.

On the morning succeeding her last-mentioned interview with Robin Rae, Miss Ann rang her bell twice ; but no Jessie answered. Mrs Young hastened to her daughter at the last summons, wondering what could have become of the usually prompt and active Jessie. Supposing that she must have overslept herself, her mistress went to call her ; but, to her surprise, the room was tenantless ; and although the bed looked as if some one had lain above the clothes, they had never been turned down. Mrs Young, much surprised, immediately alarmed the rest of the household, inquiring of the other two female servants if they knew where Jessie was. Both answered, that they had supposed she was in her own room ; neither of them had seen her that morning. She was not to be found in the house or about the yard. The cook then stated, that on going to open the back-door, she had been surprised to find it on the latch ; but that although she could not remember that she had forgot to lock it, she had at the time supposed she must have done so.

Mrs Young was seriously alarmed, and her alarm was increased when she recalled the unsettled state of Jessie's mind for some time past. The household were now dispersed in search of her, Mrs Young returning to the poor girl's room, to try to discover some trace of her, and to see if she had taken her bonnet or any part of her dress with her. She found that her bonnet and shawl were both gone, and that her working-dress was left behind. More and more surprised, Mrs Young was proceeding with her examination, when she noticed an awkwardly folded epistle lying on the top of the drawers. It was addressed to herself. Not without a feeling of dread, she opened it, in the expectation that the contents might elucidate the mystery.

For the elucidation they offered she was not prepared; and when she had finished the awkwardly but ingenuously penned epistle, she stood with it for some minutes in her hand, motionless with surprise and consternation. As the reader has of course guessed, it contained Jessie's confession and Helen's justification, accompanied, however, by a protest on the part of the former, that she had not taken the gold brooch. She knew now, she said, she had been guilty of as great a sin, but she did not think so at the time. Before Mrs Young was out of bed, she should, she said, be on her way to prison.

Leaving the family at Todlaw Mains in the greatest astonishment and in no little distress, I shall return to Robin Rae, who, although he went to bed on returning home, did not once close his eyes during all that dismal night. Some terrible misfortune—all the more terrible that it was vague and undefined—seemed ready to burst upon him. Jessie's pale countenance, and wild, despairing, yet resolute glance haunted him all night. He resolved to return to Todlaw Mains in the morning: he could not rest till he had seen her again. Unable to sleep, he rose early, and, by way of occupation, began to nail some roses and honeysuckle to the walls of the cottage, till it should be time to go to Todlaw Mains.

It was a beautiful morning in early summer: the wide lawn glittered with dew-drops in the pleasant sunshine; the birds sang blithely in the trees; the rosebuds blushed brightly in the clear morning light; and the blue smoke, curled by the breeze, rose peacefully from Robin's cottage-roof, while the breath of a thousand flowers shed around a delicious fragrance. Suddenly Robin remembered this was to have been his wedding-day, and as he thought of how bright and joyous this morning ought to have been, and how sad it really was, the heart of the young man chafed at the incomprehensible sorrow which had so strangely overcast his gay prospects. He was yet brooding, half gloomily, half angrily on this subject, when a little boy arrived breathless at the gate. 'Hae,' said the child; 'here 's a letter Jessie Gibson gae me a penny to bring till ye. I met her walking like mad to Ruthersholm a while syne.' Robin eagerly opened the letter. It ran thus:

'DEAR, DEAR ROBIN—Forgie me for calling ye sae once more. I dinna call ye my Robin, for that, I ken weel, ye can never be. Ye said yoursel' that nae thief should ever be your wife, and ye are right; and O Robin, it 's no Helen Gray that is the thief. I havena kenned a moment's peace sin' she was ta'en up. Or ye get this letter, I 'll be on my way to —— jail. Helen will tell ye a' about it; that is, if ye want to hear. O Robin, forgie me for a' the misery I ha' wrought ye; and for the sake o' what has been, seek the gold brooch; for, indeed, I never tuke it, and I wud like ill to be sent owre the sea. But, ony gate, I 'm no sae miserable now as I hae been. Fare-ye-weel, Robin. God bless ye for evermair.

JESSIE.'

A few minutes after the receipt of this epistle, Robin Rae might have been seen on the Ruthersholm Road, tearing along like a madman. He was just approaching the town when an open car passed him quickly, but not ere he had recognised his Jessie seated in it, and by her side a constable. She saw him too, for her head, which had been raised for a second, sank down again on her bosom in an agony of grief and shame. Robin threw himself down by the roadside. The sound of the wheels died away in the distance. It seemed that his heart must burst with the misery, too big to find any ordinary vent. He remained thus for an hour, motionless and speechless, then suddenly starting up, strode as if frenzied towards Todlaw Mains. Arrived thither, he began to search, as if more than life depended on his labours, in the field which Jessie had indicated, for the gold brooch.

He had many companions in his enterprise; even Mrs Young herself joined the party. She said she would willingly give every ornament in her possession to find the missing brooch; and it was found at last, and by herself, sunk in the earth by the side of a large stone.

That night, Mrs Young's own conveyance waited at the door of —— prison for Helen Gray. As soon as the latter arrived at Todlaw Mains, Mrs Young assembled the whole household, and publicly acknowledged her innocence, apologising for the treatment she had received. In the evening, by appointment, Helen met Robin Rae, who, since the brooch was found, had become somewhat calmer. The result of this interview was, that Robin wrote to Jessie the following morning.

The unhappy girl, although she did not for a moment repent that she had done justice to Helen, had spent the whole night in weeping. Everything terrified and shocked her in her new situation. She prayed that, if it were God's will, her miserable life might be shortened. Oh, how she longed through that long night for the sound of a kind voice—for one word of consolation and forgiveness! She was lying sunk and exhausted when Robin's letter was brought to her. Her eyes were so swollen with the tears she had shed, and so dim with those which still continued to flow, that it was with difficulty she read:

'MY JESSIE, MY AIN JESSIE—I dinna say ye havena sinned, for that wadna be true; but ye have repented. If I hae onything to forgie, I forgie ye; and, O Jessie! forgie me for the hard unchristian words that hindered ye frae telling me yer troubles. May God forgie us baith, my Jessie! I will not come to see ye where ye are, for I ken ye weel, Jessie, and that ye wadna like me to see ye there. But the gold brooch is found; and when ye are free aince mair, the first face ye shall see shall be that o' your ain ROBIN.'

Jessie wept different tears over this letter from those she had shed in the night; but she resolved not the less firmly that her lover should never share her disgrace. 'No,' she said to herself, 'nae ane shall e'er hae't to say o' Robin Rae that his wife was a thief.'

Slowly the weary weeks wore away to the poor prisoner; but sad though the time was, it was not profitless. Morally, her principles became clearer and stronger, and her spirit more resolute and more peaceful. She felt now that she should be able to endure the public trial with composure. During this period, she saw no one but her mother and Helen. Whether she ever convinced the former of the guilt of her conduct, still remains doubtful: there is nothing more certain, than that the continued indulgence of evil inclinations, whether in trifles or in greater things, blinds the understanding to a perception of their wickedness.

At last the dread day of trial arrived. Jessie pleaded guilty at once, and her counsel made a speech in extenuation of her conduct. The court was disposed to be lenient; Jessie's story, and her appearance, which was full of humility and ingenuous shame, having created an interest in her favour. She was sentenced to six weeks in Bridewell. Robin preferred an earnest request to see her before she was removed; but she positively refused. 'No,' she said to Helen, who was Robin's messenger—'no, Helen. I can ne'er be the wife o' Robin Rae; an' I wunna make it mair hard on myself by seeing him now. Tell him I pray for him nicht an' morning, but I will never see him mair.'

Jessie's residence in Bridewell was not so miserable as she had feared it might have been. Her industry and good-conduct gained the approbation of the superintendent, and attracted the notice of the lady-visitors. One of the latter, more especially, was so much interested in her, that she offered, on her being set free, to procure her a situation; but Jessie had already been offered one. Mrs Young, by way of making amends, in some measure, to Helen Gray, had promised to grant any request the latter should make. The generous and grateful Helen at once asked her to take back Jessie Gibson into her service, after the latter should be liberated from prison. 'I will answer for it with my life,' said Helen, 'that Jessie will never take a pin again that is not her own; and it is the best, if not the only way to restore her character.'

'But do you not think it will be an encouragement to vice, Helen?' asked Mrs Young, with whom the formerly disliked Helen was now a prime favourite. Mrs Young was a woman who neither felt nor acted by halves. Conscious of her former prejudice against poor Helen, and her consequent injustice, a complete revolution had taken place in her feelings. Further intercourse, too, with the object of her former distrust had made her aware that the mind of the latter was much more highly cultivated than is common in her station. She now treated Helen rather as a friend than as a servant, and frequently consulted her on subjects beyond the limited sphere of the situation she held in the household.

On the present occasion, Helen said, in reply to her patroness: 'No, ma'am, I do not think it would be an encouragement to vice. If I thought so, I would not ask you, even for the sake of the person who saved my own life. Jessie has been punished very severely, both in the eyes of the world and in what she has suffered in her own heart. Don't you think, ma'am, it might be an encouragement to repentance, to shew it is possible to regain a character after having lost it? O ma'am, I know by what I have sometimes felt myself, that it is hard, hard to be honest when one is starving and disgraced, as poor Jessie must be, if no one will have compassion on her, and give her a chance.'

Mrs Young said no more, but only signified her intention of complying with Helen's request. The latter went herself to communicate the good news to Jessie.

Jessie was at first much distressed at the idea of returning to the scene of her disgrace; but she herself, as well as her friend, the lady-visitor, perceived at once the advantage it would be to her character; and with heartfelt gratitude to Mrs Young and Helen, she accepted the offer.

At last the day of her liberation arrived. Jessie's heart, though touched with a sensation of that joy which a restoration to freedom naturally bestows, was full of emotion at parting with her kind prison-friends, while a feeling of shame pressed heavily on her spirit as she thought of those she should meet without the walls, and of the cold, strange looks she must encounter on every side. Helen Gray came to take her away at the appointed hour.

The prison was a little out of the town. It was a pleasant autumn day, cheerful and sunny, with the yellow corn waving in the fresh breeze, and the reapers talking merrily, as they cut it down with their glittering sickles. As Jessie stood once more beneath the broad free sky, and gazed on the trees and the harvest-fields, the face of nature seemed more friendly than the face of man. She would fain not have been obliged to go through the town. She had only proceeded a few steps when she met Robin Rae—instantly she covered her face with her hands; but he drew them asunder, and with gentle force placed one of them within his own arm. 'I ha' come to take ye hame, Jessie,' he said hoarsely.

'No, no,' she answered quickly, her face becoming crimson with shame and distress; 'ye maunna be seen wi' the like o' me!'

But Robin persevered, and Helen took his part. 'Jessie,' she said, 'I am sure you mean to be an honest woman all the rest of your life.'

'O yes, yes!' sobbed the poor girl, turning away her head to avoid meeting Robin's eye.

'Then Robin is right, Jessie. You need not be ashamed to accept his kindness, knowing that as he knows it too.'

I pass over Jessie's return: even supported by the presence of Helen and Robin, it was terrible: without them, she felt it must have been unbearable. At first, Mrs Young treated Jessie very coldly and severely: she trusted her with nothing, and locked cupboards and chests before her face, as if to shew her she had no confidence in her. This treatment was very trying to poor Jessie; but she bore it meekly, for she felt it was only what she deserved. By degrees, however, her mistress relented, as she observed the sincerity of her repentance. Jessie was trusted once more with the keys, and was placed almost on the same footing of confidence as Helen.

About the end of a year, Robin renewed his addresses; but for many months Jessie would not listen to them. 'She didna deserve sic happiness. Robin's wife should ne'er be pointed at wi' the finger of shame.' But at last, when she became convinced, by the persuasions of all, that Robin could be happy in no other way, she consented, but with the humble protest: 'She didna deserve sic happiness.'

And to the present hour, when occasion offers, she continues to express the same opinion.

FRANCE: ITS REVOLUTIONS AND MISFORTUNES.

A TRAGICAL DRAMA IN REAL LIFE.

PROLOGUE.

ENGLISH travellers who visited France between 1760 and 1785, and who have left a record of their observations, speak of the hopelessly miserable condition of affairs, and the probability of an impending political convulsion. What form the disturbance would take could not be precisely indicated; but in the apparent absence of any means of rational redress of innumerable crying grievances, it was in a general way obvious that some overwhelming national calamity was at hand. These anticipations were sorrowfully confirmed. Things arrived at a crisis in 1789. The convulsion took the shape of a revolution, so sweeping in character that the whole social and political fabric perished. The neglect and criminal errors of past ages were so frightfully avenged, that until this day, when more than eighty years have elapsed, France still experiences a tendency to disorganisation, and is seen to be hopelessly groping for a satisfactory and permanent form of government.

Let us glance at what are usually considered to be the causes of this extraordinary disaster. From their Celtic ancestry the Gauls, the French people inherited a certain heedlessness of character, or want of foresight as to consequences. The Romans communicated to them their language; the Franks, a Teutonic people, by whom they were conquered in the fifth century, gave them a national designation; but to neither Romans nor Franks were they materially indebted for those qualities which ordinarily stamp the national or individual character. We have therefore to keep in mind that, through all the vicissitudes of modern history, the French people have remained essentially Celtic. With many good qualities—bold, tasteful, quick-witted, ingenious—they have some less to be admired—impulsive, restless, vain, bombastic, fond of display, and, as Cæsar described them, 'lovers of novelty.' They have ever boasted of being at the head of 'civilisation,' but with all their acknowledged advancement in literature and science, they have at every stage in their political career demonstrated a singular and absolutely pitiable want of common sense. How these peculiarities were displayed in their revolutionary tumults will, in the present brief narrative, be painfully conspicuous.

It is not necessary here to go into an account of the different monarchical dynasties. A few prominent facts may alone be mentioned. On the occasion of a vacancy of the throne, and default of heirs, in the tenth century, Hugh Capet, Count of Paris and Orleans, was, by a species of usurpation, installed as king. Hence the origin of the Capets, whose line was continued in the branches of Valois and Bourbon. Henry IV., first of the Bourbons, died by assassination, 1610. The succeeding princes of this line were Louis XIII., who died 1643, leaving two sons, the elder of whom succeeded to the throne as Louis XIV., and the younger was Philip, Duke of Orleans. Louis XIV. had a long and magnificent reign. He died 1715, being succeeded by his great-grandson, Louis XV., who at the time was only five years old. Until he became of age, affairs were administered by the Duke of Orleans (son of the first duke) as Regent. Louis XV., noted for his profligacy, died 1774, and was succeeded by his grandson, Louis XVI., who was lucklessly destined to suffer the penalty due to the errors of his predecessors. This unfortunate prince was born August 23, 1754; on the 10th May 1770, he was married to Marie Antoinette, youngest daughter of Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany, and whose fate was as unhappy as that of her husband.

Readers of history are aware that the French sovereignty was for ages little else than a feudal superiority over dukes, counts, and other dignitaries, who exercised unlimited sway in their respective provinces—Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany, Picardy, Provence, and so on. By marriage, treaty, or military force, these provincial governments were at length absorbed by the French monarchy. The consolidation took place chiefly under the ministry of Cardinal

Richelieu, in the reign of Louis XIII., and it is customary to refer to Louis XIV. as the first who obtained an entire sway over the country. Louis XIV. certainly added an important territory to the kingdom, by unscrupulously taking Alsace from Germany, 1681. Lorraine, also, as a result of the war between France and Germany arising out of the election of a king for Poland (1733), was taken from Germany, given in liferent to Stanislaus, ex-king of Poland, and father-in-law of Louis XV. At the death of Stanislaus in 1766, Lorraine was incorporated with France. Among the latest acquisitions was Avignon, an old patrimony of the pope, which the revolutionists, who stuck at nothing, unceremoniously seized and incorporated. By whatever circumstances the several absorptions were effected, the country at large, at the outbreak of the revolution, had little of a homogeneous character. The provincial distinctions as regards local management, manners, and usages continued to diversify general society.

In Great Britain national stability has been secured, not only by centuries of considerate legislation, but by a variety of conditions which, from our very familiarity with them, we are apt to undervalue—the equality of all before the law, no matter what be the titular rank or wealth of individuals; freedom of meeting and discussion; the free municipal system in the boroughs; a body of landed nobility and gentry settled all over the country, taking a lead in public affairs, lending dignity to the social system, and having, by the rules of heritage, something of the nature of so many corporations; the scope offered to industrial enterprise and personal ambition, by which the humblest individual may be absorbed into the ranks of the aristocracy, and by his ability aspire to the highest offices in the state; the general spread of education, and thorough toleration in matters of religious worship and belief; along with all which we may include loyalty to the crown, a profound respect for law, and a habitual exercise of that degree of patience which trustfully waits for a remedy of alleged abuses through the efficacy of slow but constitutional measures. In France, every one of these conditions was absent. There was an aristocracy possessing privileges of an odious and exclusive character, who for the most part had deserted their possessions in the country, and spent their lives and fortunes in Paris, leaving the rural population a prey to tyrannical local officials and land-stewards. Only those in the ranks of the nobility were eligible for the superior offices of government, the law, the army, and the navy. The middle classes, however wealthy, could not rise out of their sphere or hope to attain social distinction. The humbler classes, kept in deplorable ignorance, were sunk as an inferior order of beings. The church was exclusive and aristocratical in its organisation—the dignitaries enjoying immense revenues, and living too frequently in total disregard of their duties. The working and more estimable clergy were poor and devoid of influence. There was no religious freedom. In 1598, Henry IV. had conceded toleration to Protestants by the famed Edict of Nantes; but this wise and generous decree was revoked by Louis XIV. in 1685, by which the exercise of Protestant worship was proscribed, and many thousands of respectable families driven into exile. Freedom of discussion was unknown. Personal liberty had no guarantee in law. By an arbitrary act of authority, any one could be seized and kept in prison for any length of time without trial. Torture and breaking on the wheel formed part of the judicial system. In the towns there were trade corporations; but being accessible only to those who could purchase their immunities, they were, like all monopolies, injurious to the community at large. All the burdens of the state fell on the industrious and productive classes. The nobility, a very numerous body, were exempt from taxation, and the clergy had the privilege of contributing only a small fraction. The most oppressive mode of collecting the taxes prevailed, as they were farmed by contractors, who were most rigorous in their exactions. These were called farmers-general, and were naturally objects of public detestation. Two-thirds of the whole land of the country were in possession of the nobility and clergy, who, not content with their fiscal exemption, imposed upon the cultivators feudal duties and services alike oppressive and scandalous. The right of killing game was reserved for the landlords; and tenants were forbidden, by special edicts, to till their ground, reap their crops, or cut their grass, if the preservation of the young broods might be thereby endangered. Manorial courts were scattered through the land, to take summary vengeance on delinquents in any of these particulars. In fact, the people in the rural districts were, to a certain extent, in a state of serfdom—continually exposed to galling and degrading oppression. One of the greatest vexations to which the peasantry were exposed was the *corvée*, a hateful obligation to labour on the roads for a certain time every year without payment. Wrongs such as this sank deeply into the minds of the sufferers.

While dissent from the state-religion was proscribed, there was, strangely enough, a perfect license in bringing religion itself into ridicule. The writings of several men of genius, particularly of Voltaire and Rousseau, tended to loosen all moral and religious restraints, and to prepare the minds of the people for overthrowing not only the whole ecclesiastical fabric, but to uproot the very foundations of Christianity. Besides these causes, there were others which fostered a spirit of revolution. The court of Louis XV. had been so disgracefully licentious and frivolous as to undermine any respect for royalty. The chief accomplishment of Louis XV., as we learn from contemporary memoirs, consisted in the petty art of dexterously cutting off the top of an egg. Breakfasting in public, crowds went to see his wonderful performances. When, by a quick evolution of his knife, the top of an egg was suddenly struck off, shouts of *Vive le*

Roi rewarded the singular adroitness. Following on the costly scandals of the court of Louis XV. came the war of American independence, into which Louis XVI. was rashly impelled, causing a heavy national outlay. In this war the youth of France imbibed the principles of republicanism, and an insatiable thirst for liberty. Several, including the Marquis de Lafayette, who had assisted the American colonists in the war against Great Britain, introduced anti-monarchical notions into France, without considering that what might suit the habits and feelings of an intelligent transatlantic community of Anglo-Saxon origin, was wholly at variance with a people unaccustomed to constitutional theories and usages, and among whom the barest elements of civil and religious liberty were wanting. Bad as things were, they might have drifted on for some time longer, but for a growing annual deficiency in the public revenue. In 1789, the expenditure amounted to about twenty-five million pounds sterling, while the revenue was only eighteen millions, leaving a deficiency of seven millions. Loans were resorted to, but these made matters worse. As the expenditure could bear no great reduction, the proper course was to increase the taxation. The whole deficiency could have been made up by subjecting the nobility and clergy to the ordinary taxation. To proposals of this kind these bodies offered the most determined opposition, and the king was powerless in bringing them to a sense of their obligations. Under a constitutional system, parliament overcomes all such difficulties ; but in France, there was at this time no parliament of the nature of a general legislative body to appeal to. The provinces had what were called parliaments, which consisted of magistrates, most of whom being nobles had purchased the right of membership. While the king could ordain taxes, it was the rule that they could not be imposed unless previously registered and sanctioned by these provincial bodies. By a stretch of authority, if the king appeared in person, and insisted on the registration of his edicts, it could not be withheld. No step of this extreme nature, however, could be carried out on a systematic plan ; and practically, as it happened in 1789, the parliaments, taking the part of the nobility and clergy, successfully set the king and his ministers at defiance. National affairs had come to a dead lock. The drama now opens.

FIRST ACT.—THE REVOLUTION OF 1789.

In his unhappy perplexities, caused by the short-sighted obstinacy of the nobility and clergy, Louis XVI. had one resource left. It was to call together the States-General, or parliament for the whole kingdom ; but it had been so long in abeyance, that nobody could exactly say how it should be constituted. Its last assembly had been in 1614. Necker, the minister of Finance, who had adopted the whimsical notions of human perfectibility put forth by the philosophers, strongly recommended the assemblage of the States-General. After some hesitation, the king rendered himself popular by summoning this body to meet, which it did with great ceremony at Versailles, May 5, 1789—a date which marks the beginning of the revolution. The members were of three orders—nobles, clergy, and *tiers état* (third estate) or commoners. An unhappy thing occurred at the very outset. There was no prescribed method of conducting business. The nobles and clergy wished to sit separately, while the tiers état, who were the most numerous, insisted on the whole sitting together and giving a cumulative vote. Unable to overcome opposition, the tiers état, in a paroxysm of indignation, illegally declared themselves as constituting a National Assembly, and took an oath, June 22, that nothing should prevent their meetings until they had settled a new constitution for the country. This event having taken place in a large tennis-court, is ordinarily referred to as the oath of the *Jeu de paume*. On the 27th June, the nobles and clergy, at the earnest solicitation of the king, united with the tiers état, a triumph which added fervour to the revolutionary mania.

One cannot peruse the history of this extraordinary convulsion without feeling that, in its earlier stages, it could have been averted, or at least modified, by firm and vigorous measures on the part of the sovereign. Louis XVI. was amiable to a fault. He would have adorned a private station, but he had not the qualities requisite for a sovereign at a time when gentleness and timidity only provoked to renewed outrages. He was often told, if he would put himself at the head of his troops, all might yet be saved. His only answer was, that no blood should ever be shed by his orders. The mob consequently, from first to last, had its own way. In point of fact, as a supreme magistrate and guardian of public order, Louis XVI. is chargeable with having shrunk from doing his duty. There are, nevertheless, excuses to be offered in his behalf. The courtiers who surrounded him, as well as the army, were not altogether to be depended on. His ministers were either irresolute or affected with revolutionary principles. For every act of concession to popular demands he was applauded, and he was not without hope that, by temporising, all would yet come right. Nor should we omit the treachery of his relative, Philip, Duke of Orleans (great-grandson of the Regent), who secretly aimed at his dethronement, and at being appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom; for which object he fomented intrigues and lavished immense sums on all who were disposed to further his criminal designs.

Terrified by the threats of insurrection, the king, by an unusual act of courage, drew around him at Versailles a tolerably strong military force by way of precaution. Necker, protesting violently against this measure, was dismissed. Forthwith, the inhabitants of Paris, moved by the municipality, prepared for resisting authority, and formed themselves into a national guard. So encouraged, an armed and ferocious mob, after pillaging the Hôtel des Invalides, attacked and destroyed the Bastille, July 14;* its defenders being massacred, and the heads of its principal officers barbarously carried about on pikes. As the troops at Paris declined to act, these excesses met with no interruption. To appease the populace, the king made various concessions. Necker was recalled. All in vain. The atrocities committed in Paris were imitated all throughout France. Châteaux were sacked and burned, persons in different grades were murdered, and cruelties perpetrated of unexampled atrocity. Where were those who, from their position if not for their own sakes, should have now rallied round the throne? They either gave their adhesion to the revolution, and participated in its follies, or, with despicable cowardice, fled to England and Germany, and for long afterwards emigrant noblesse might have been seen depending on charity, or labouring at humble employments in London for their daily bread. The practice of running away on the occurrence of political commotions, which was now initiated, has continued till the present time to be a fatal and humiliating feature in the different French revolutions. On the breaking out of the civil war in England, the royalists rallied round Charles I., and fought the quarrel fairly out. In France, Louis XVI. was abandoned to his fate by nearly all who were bound in honour to stand by him; there being perhaps a shade of extenuation for them in the fact that Louis had not the fortitude of Charles, and that from this and other causes there was less likelihood of success in an armed resistance. The civil war in La Vendée, however, shewed what might have been done to retrieve the misfortunes of the monarchy, had anything like a general resistance been presented.†

Among the nobles who remained at their post in the Assembly were the Count de Noailles and the Duke d'Aguillon, who, though possessing extensive estates, proposed, August 14, the removal of fiscal exemptions from their order, along with the remission of sundry feudal claims. This example of liberality met with an extraordinary response. Carried away by a fit of enthusiasm, all the members of the aristocracy present, in frenzied eagerness, vied with each other to renounce their rights, and strip themselves of every privilege or distinction. As a sequel to this remarkable movement, an act was passed stripping the clergy entirely of their revenues. A solemn *Te Deum* was decreed, in acknowledgment of this wonderful concession to popular feeling. These rash proceedings served only to aggravate public disorder caused by a bad harvest and dearth of provisions. Trade languished; the humbler classes were suffering from a want of employment; Necker's schemes of financial regeneration completely failed; taxes could not be levied, and nobody would lend money to carry on the business of the state. National bankruptcy was imminent. As usual in all cases of national misfortune in France, the blame was conveniently laid on the sovereign. The court was accused of extravagance, even while the king had given up his plate to help the public expenditure. At length, a debate which arose as to the king's right of veto led to a commotion as outrageous as any which had yet occurred. This was the marching of an infuriated mob from Paris to Versailles, October 6, and an attack on the royal family. Lafayette, who had the command of the troops, failed in protecting the palace from outrage. On the morning of the 8th, the mob burst in the doors, and seeking out the apartments of the queen, several murders were committed. Fortunately, by the interference of the gardes du corps, who appeased the insurgents, no personal violence was perpetrated on the royal family; but the cry 'To Paris!' arose, and the king and queen, with their children, were obliged to obey the command. With shouts and revolutionary songs, the mob escorted the royal family along the road to Paris, the savagery of the whole scene being aggravated by a party of ruffians carrying on pikes two heads of soldiers in the body-guard, killed at the assault on the palace. By a refinement of ferocity, the monsters stopped at Sèvres to cause a hairdresser to curl and powder the disordered locks of the two heads, which were borne aloft in front of the royal carriage.

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* See *History of the Bastille*, No. 132 in present series.

† See *Larochejaquelin and the War in La Vendée*, No. 12 in present series.

Shortly after the court had been established at the Tuileries, the Assembly removed to Paris—a fatal move for the members, for they were now liable to be overawed by popular intimidation. The municipal commune, elected by the populace, and supported by the National Guards, assumed a dictatorial authority. It exerted a powerful influence over the Jacobin Club, and this unruly body, demented with illusory notions about the abstract rights of man, possessed a like control over the Assembly. Practically, the government was regulated by the fluctuating will of the multitude, headed by desperadoes, many of whom were criminals liberated from the prisons and galleys. In the winter of 1789–90, a prodigious number of changes were effected by legislation, some of them beneficial, but, on the whole, of a very sweeping nature. All the old territorial divisions were abolished, and the country divided into departments. In reforming the penal code, a suggestion of Dr Guillotin was adopted as to public executions. An instrument called by his name was introduced for cutting off heads by the sudden descent of a knife. In June 1790, nobility of all grades was formally abolished; and at the 'confederation' or assemblage in the Champ de Mars, July 14, France was declared a limited monarchy. The clergy, whose revenues were already confiscated, and now depended on very slender stipends, were decreed to take an oath to the revolutionary constitution, November 27, and their refusal to do so resulted in cruel and widespread persecution. In March 1791, the Assembly abolished the law of primogeniture, and established the rule of compulsory equal succession, by which France has had the fatal legacy of a poor peasant proprietary, unfitted to take any part in public business, and who are usually a facile herd in the hands of a central authority. Mirabeau, a man of genius but profligate character, and a master-spirit in guiding the wild democracy, died April 2; his death being in some sense a loss to the king, for he had begun to foresee that the revolutionary spirit had been carried much too far. Fearful of what might occur, the royal family took to flight, June 20, but being discovered in their journey at Varennes, were brought ignominiously back to Paris, and again lodged in the Tuileries.

The sittings of the National, or, as it is sometimes called, the Constituent, Assembly, closed 29th September 1791. Its mission had been performed. It had, with the assent of the king, given a constitution to the country. In many respects the constitution was imperfect, but if it had been suffered to go on uninterruptedly, and amended only according to the suggestions of experience, all might probably have been well for France. One grievous error committed was a self-denying enactment that no member of the Assembly should be eligible for re-election; wherefore, the new body to be chosen were necessarily unskilled in the business of legislation. The Constituent Assembly, with all its shortcomings, possessed a degree of dignity, for it contained many men of good breeding and enlightened views. The Legislative Assembly, which succeeded it, and began operations on the 1st of October, was of quite a different stamp. It was composed, for the most part, of illiterate young men and country attorneys with little or no practice—persons who had all to gain and nothing to lose. It has been stated that not as many as fifty of them had £100 a year. The desertion of the nobles had materially contributed to this result. Under the demoniac influence of impulses communicated by the Jacobin Club, the cry was publicly raised for the abolition of monarchy. For this, however, the new Assembly was not yet prepared. It embraced a body of moderates, known as the Girondins, who for a time restrained the men of more extreme views. Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, Isnard, Brissot, and Roland were of this eloquent constitutional party.*

Danton, Marat, St Just, Barère, Couthon, and Robespierre were the leaders of the violent party in the Assembly; and ultimately, by their audacity, and possessing the support of the Jacobin Club and the municipality, finally attained the ascendency. To the last degree unscrupulous in attempting to carry out their notions of 'liberty, equality, and fraternity,' Marat, Robespierre, and some of the others were not naturally cruel and dishonest. They might be described as monomaniacs who laboured under certain preposterous illusions. Rousseau had turned their brains with his nonsensical doctrines about simplicity and virtue being alone to be found among lowly untutored human beings. All in a humble station were angels of goodness suffering under oppression. All who were superior as regards rank, education, or worldly possessions were robbers and tyrants. Carried away by these fancies, Robespierre emphatically declared that all that was wanted to purify society was to cut off two hundred and eighty thousand heads. Marat, though peculiarly viperish in his language, was more moderate in his claims. He would be satisfied with two hundred and sixty thousand. When the guillotine got fairly to work, the number of victims more than doubled these calculations. And yet Robespierre was not devoid of some respectable qualities. He lived simply and frugally on very slender means, did not get into debt, was unselfish and incorruptible, was fond of a dog which accompanied him in his walks, neat in his dress and decorous in private life, performed acts of kindness to poor neighbours, and was so great a lover of flowers as to be usually decorated with a rose at his button-hole—altogether, as one would say, a simple-minded, dandified gentleman, with an eccentric propensity to cut off heads for the general good of mankind—a strange compound of fanaticism, honesty, and wickedness. St Just was an unmitigated ruffian, the villain of the piece. His favourite function was that of fabricating lies for the benefit of the party; acting in which capacity he was a type of a class of frequent growth in France; for in every political convulsion there has been some one ready to concoct and disseminate falsehoods, to keep up the spirits of the people and maintain the credit of the party in power.

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* See *Madame Roland and the Girondins,* No. 78 in the present series.

During 1792, the condition of the royal family, shut up in the Tuileries, was unwarrantable and painful. The king was beset with subversive schemes, but he stuck to the letter of the constitution. He often spoke despondingly of what was likely to be his fate. On the 20th June, a mob from the Faubourg St Antoine, headed by Santerre, broke into the palace, and the inmates, expecting to be massacred, endured the grossest indignities. What a scene! The king, seated in a chair placed on a table, obliged by a drunken workman to put on a cap of liberty; the queen near him with her two children, the dauphin and princess royal; also the Princess Elizabeth, sister of the king! The tumult having lasted several hours, the mob were persuaded to disperse by some members of the Assembly.

The safety of the royal family was now greatly imperilled by the uproar which arose consequent on the advance of the Duke of Brunswick from Coblentz, at the head of an army of Germans, professedly to restore social order. Brunswick's ill-conducted campaign came to nothing, but the threats of invasion so infuriated the populace, that from about this time the revolution assumed a more determined character. Armed bands from Marseilles arrived in Paris, chanting the rousing stanzas of the *Marseillaise.* Crowds, with drums beating and flourishing swords and pikes, filled the hall of the Assembly. Commotion dreadful. The Duke of Orleans scattering money and secretly fomenting mischief. The Jacobin Club yelling like fiends all the hours of the night. The poor king and Marie Antoinette in calm despair. They expected death, but what was to become of their children? Foreseeing a murderous assault on the palace, some efforts were made to strengthen the defences, and reliance was placed on the Swiss guards, whose loyalty had never been impeached.

Now came the terrible 10th of August. A raging body of insurgents, organised by Danton and Robespierre, attacked the Tuileries. The Swiss, making a heroic defence, drove back band after band; and had they been properly supported, the monarchy might have been saved. The Assembly were appealed to, but no succour was afforded. The Swiss were struck down by a murderous fire. A frightful massacre ensued; the crowd rushing wildly over the palace, smashing the furniture, ransacking the cellars, killing all the servants and royalists who fell into their hands. The Place du Carrousel was strewn with the bodies of the Swiss, which were mangled in a horrible manner, and portions of them carried about on pikes. Upwards of five thousand persons perished in the massacre. The royal family were conducted to the hall of the Assembly, from which, after some wearisome discussions, the whole were transferred to the building of the Feuillants. On the third day they were carried prisoners to the Temple. We may date from this event the sanguinary course of the Reign of Terror. The Revolutionary Tribunal was established August 19, and immediately began to send victims to the guillotine. Five thousand persons had already been committed to the prisons of Paris on suspicion of being unfavourable to the revolution. Early in the morning of the 2d of September, drums beat and the signal was given to commence an indiscriminate massacre of the prisoners, all who were engaged in the work of destruction being each promised the sum of twenty-four francs. High and low, men and women, were dragged out and killed with relentless barbarity. Among the sufferers was the Princess Lamballe, an attached friend of the queen. The body, stripped of its clothing, was indecently exposed and mutilated; and her head, stuck on the point of a lance, was carried about the streets in savage triumph. The example set by these massacres was followed in different parts of France. The Legislative Assembly closed its sittings September 30, and forthwith was convoked the National Convention, a title assumed in consequence of the overthrow of monarchy.

The revolution had been promoted by a want of funds. In its progress things always grew the longer the worse. Necker had resigned office in disgust in 1790, and retired to his native Switzerland to ponder on the failure of his dreams of human regeneration. His successors supported the enormous public expenditure by the issue of notes assuming to be guaranteed by the national domains, and styled assignats. Two-thirds of the landed property in France, consisting chiefly of the estates of the emigrant noblesse and the church, amounting in value to nearly £400,000,000 sterling, were confiscated by the state, and it was partly on the credit of this huge mass of property, sold in morsels to individuals, that the revolutionists were able to encounter the civil and military expenditure. In proportion as fresh batches of assignats were issued, their value fell in the market. It being dangerous to refuse them in payment, tradesmen began to give up selling; but as the assignats were a legal tender, persons did not scruple to impose them on creditors in discharge of their debts. Both through the profuse issue of assignats, and the passing of a law which prescribed that not above a certain maximum price should be charged for articles of daily consumption, immense suffering was experienced. We may have some idea of the vigorous way in which the system of assignats was worked, in the fact that the annual expenditure rose to as much as £130,000,000 sterling. It was through the sheer force of a comparatively worthless paper-money, also compulsory loans and excessive taxation, accompanied with the terror of the guillotine, that the French republicans sustained the military conflict in the early years of the revolution. The Duke of Brunswick, as has been seen, did more harm than good by his menaces. The revolutionary forces under Dumourier were ill appointed and organised, but, moved by popular enthusiasm, they carried all before them in the north of France and the Netherlands. Acting under orders, they opened the navigation of the Scheldt, contrary to a treaty with Holland, to which England was a party. Inflamed by military successes, the Convention trampled down all international treaties and obligations, proclaimed the 'rights of man;' everywhere 'war to the palace, and peace to the cottage;' decreed the suppression of all constituted authorities; and charged their generals to yield assistance to all peoples struggling to obtain liberty, fraternity, and equality (December 15, 1792)—all which was nothing short of a proclamation of universal hostility. History presents no such example of political and military daring.

Step by step the revolutionists had abandoned everything like moderation; having deposed the king, their proposal was now to bring him to trial and condemn him. This extreme measure, after being faintly opposed by the Girondins, was at length resolved on. It would be difficult to say of what the unfortunate Louis was guilty, except that he had been much too gentle and confiding. The Mountain, as the violent party were termed, from being seated on a series of high benches in the Convention, had little trouble in hatching false charges against the monarch, the most absurd of these being that he had conspired to massacre the whole members of the Convention. After a discussion on the subject, a resolution was carried by Robespierre 'to summon the king to the bar to answer for his crimes.'

In the gloom of a winter day, Louis was brought from the Temple to undergo his trial, if trial it could be called, for neither witness nor documentary proof was produced to substantiate the ridiculous charges against him. The venerable Malesherbes acted as his legal counsel. Defence was in vain. There was a majority of fifty-three for his execution. When informed of his sentence, he craved a respite of three days to make certain preparations. The delay was cruelly refused, but his majesty was so far indulged as to be allowed a private interview with his family and dependants. The scene at parting with his family, and that at his execution in the Place Louis Quinze, are too painful to be dwelt on. He was beheaded on the 21st of January 1793. When the intelligence of the event spread abroad, the whole of Europe was moved with horror and astonishment.

Shortly before the outbreak of the revolution, a numerous and respectable party in England, including Burke and Pitt, had begun to conceive plans of parliamentary reform. The disorganisation in France at once turned the current of opinion. Alarmed by the spread of republican doctrines, by the audacious proclamations of the Convention, also by the encroachment on the treaty with Holland, the British government prepared for extremities. The execution of Louis XVI. left no room for hesitation. The French ambassador received orders to quit London, February 1, 1793. The Convention responded by declaring war against England and Holland. Thus the French war was begun that, with a short intermission, lasted for the space of twenty years.

To maintain the popular fervour, Jacobin Clubs were established all over France, and guillotines set up in the principal towns. A decree instituted a Committee of Public Safety, and considering that forms of law were unnecessary, the revolutionary tribunals were authorised to decide without calling witnesses or listening to a defence. The trial of an accused seldom lasted five minutes, and was a burlesque on justice. The number despatched by the guillotine daily in Paris, varied from about twenty to seventy. The executions became one of the public amusements. Bands of women seated themselves round the scaffold, where, in consequence of employing themselves in knitting during the spectacle, they were familiarly known as *les tricoteuses*. Not satisfied with dethroning and murdering the king, the anarchists proceeded to the public denial of God. Christian belief and worship were proscribed; the churches everywhere closed; over the entrance to the burying-grounds was inscribed: 'Death is an eternal sleep;' and a new divinity was ceremoniously consecrated—a female of depraved character being actually installed on a species of throne in the cathedral of Notre-Dame, and worshipped as the Goddess of Reason. A war seemed to be declared against all that was old and venerable. By a decree of the Convention, the Christian era and the ordinary arrangement of months and weeks were set aside. The weekly Sabbath—the oldest institution on earth—was abolished. A new era, that of the French Republic, was established, dating from the 22d September 1792, which was to be the first day of the year 1. There was to be a new division of months, with a group of five holidays in September. At an early stage in the Revolution, the old white flag of the monarchy was dismissed, and a new national flag, the tricolor, consisting of three vertical stripes—red, white, and blue—was adopted. In a word, utter havoc was made, not only of all the old institutions, but even of all time-honoured traditions and feelings. Surely, for these and other revolutionary excesses, the French were preparing for themselves a frightful Nemesis!

It would greatly exceed our bounds to give a history of the Reign of Terror. Marie Antoinette, the fairest creature who, it is said, ever trod the earth, and as guiltless as her husband, was brought to trial; neither her dignity nor innocence availing to shield her from condemnation. She died with the calmness of a martyr at the spot where Louis XVI. was executed, October 16, 1793. To this and some other horrors, the Girondins made a faint resistance. Their own time was come. They were accused, condemned, and executed about a fortnight after the death of the queen. Madame Roland, also Charlotte Corday (for having stabbed Marat), soon after perished. The Princess Elizabeth had already died by the guillotine along with a number of ladies of rank.

In every case of political delirium in France, there arises a strange fancy for altering the names of streets and other places of public resort, as well as for destroying emblems likely to commemorate a fallen dynasty. While heads were daily falling under the guillotine, there was much of this petty war of demolition. All emblems of royalty were removed, and statues of historical significance pulled down and shattered in pieces. Under the authority of the Convention, and aided by a military force, a mob visited St Denis and destroyed the tombs of the kings from the earliest ages of the monarchy, also those of the most distinguished generals in French annals, and scattered their contents to the winds. Rather extraordinary proceedings these for a people aspiring to stand at the pinnacle of 'civilisation!'

There is some satisfaction in knowing that very many of the extreme party who had promoted disorder, including Danton and the Duke of Orleans—Philippe Egalité as he designated himself—perished on the scaffold, at the instance of their less scrupulous confederates. In the murderous saturnalia, the guillotine, which could not kill above one a minute, was in some places found to be too slow an engine of destruction. Couthon, at Lyons, destroyed whole crowds of unhappy royalists by the shot of cannon, and the not less infamous Carrier drowned batches of men, women, and children at Nantes. The killing went on with little intermission from the beginning of 1793 till the end of July 1794, or about a year and a half. Robespierre, who had stipulated for only two hundred and eighty thousand heads, was considerably troubled in mind when he found that the deaths of four times that number left society as unpurified as ever. When about a million had been got rid of, he was horrified to discover that the individuals of true Jacobin principles, who had been elevated to office, were more corrupt than the victims they had superseded. He felt as if, to get things to his mind, the whole human race except himself would require to be annihilated. Some of his associates in the Convention, perceiving that their own turn was approaching, picked up heart, and denounced him as a monster who plotted their general destruction. It was a daring thing to do, but Tallien succeeded in persuading the Convention to have him arrested. Robespierre was seized at the Hôtel de Ville, and next day, July 29, 1794, was beheaded amidst shouts of rejoicing from the populace who had formerly been his adulators. Judicial executions on political accusations continued some time longer, but the 'Terror' was at an end. The number of persons destroyed one way or other during the revolutionary troubles, has been reckoned to be 1,027,106. The world has nothing to equal this in atrocity; nor is there any such instance of a worthless faction terrifying the general community into submission. The fact is not less curious, that during the worst period of the Reign of Terror, all the theatres and other places of public entertainment in Paris were open and well attended. Another fact was not less characteristic. The conclusion of the Reign of Terror was signalised by a ball, called *Le Bal des Victimes*, only those ladies being admitted who had lost relations by the guillotine; at this brilliant assembly, the favourite mode of dressing the hair was to tie it up as if preparatory for execution. A light-hearted people, certainly!

On the fall of Robespierre and his associates, the Convention betook itself to humane measures, and expunged its more outrageous decrees. In September 1794, the whole of the Jacobin Clubs were suppressed; after which the legislature had some degree of peace. Greatly to its discredit, the Convention left the young Dauphin, who, on the death of his father, had become titular Louis XVII., to the cruel treatment of the municipality. From the effects of close confinement and gross misusage, the poor child died on the 8th June 1795.* His sister, the last wreck of the royal family, alone escaped with life from the horrors of the revolution. Assailed by a party antagonistic to its continuance supported by the sections of Paris, the Convention resorted to a means of defence which promptly settled all opposition. In the expectation of being disturbed by an armed mob, it sought the counsel of Napoleon Bonaparte, a young officer of artillery, who had been recommended to its notice for his professional vigour. Skilfully surrounding the hall of the Convention by bodies of troops, he swept the thoroughfares with the fire of cannon. The insurgents vanished as if by magic, and revolutionary tumults were at an end (October 1795).

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* See *The Little Captive King*, No. 130 in present series.

SECOND ACT.—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The young officer of artillery who by volleys of grape-shot saved the Convention, and calmed the revolutionary spirit, was not a Frenchman by birth; properly speaking, he was an Italian. He was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 5th February 1768, at which time the island belonged to Genoa. Shortly after his birth, Corsica was captured by the French, on which account Napoleon in mature years made himself out to be a Frenchman by putting forward his birthday to the 15th August 1769. For a similar reason, he dropped the letter 'u' out of Buonaparte, which it originally had. His father occupied a respectable position, and at his death left a family of five sons—Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome—and three daughters. At an early age, Napoleon was sent to the military school of Brienne, in France, where he learned to speak French, and gave tokens of an energetic and thoughtful character. At sixteen years of age, he received a commission in a regiment of artillery, in which capacity he so distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon, when it held out for the sinking cause of royalty, that he was raised to a command in 1794.

Napoleon's services in protecting the Convention led to his appointment as General of the Interior. Becoming acquainted with Josephine, widow of Count Beauharnais, he was married to her, 9th March 1796. Through her influence, he was promoted to the command of the army of Italy—a wonderful rise for so young a man. Immediately on his marriage, leaving Josephine with her two children, Eugene and Hortense Beauharnais, Napoleon proceeded on his important Italian expedition by way of Nice; thence leading his army with consummate skill along the rugged and picturesque shores of the Mediterranean. The object was to attack the forces of Austria and Piedmont—in fact, to conquer the different Italian states, and take possession of the country.

At this period, France was at war with nearly all its neighbours. The revolutionary mania had died out, and a reaction had set in for a regular and settled government. Besides a legislative body, a Directory was formed to conduct the administration. From the past anarchy, things already were gradually tending towards the establishment of a despotism. The Directory proceeded with much vigour; taking advantage of the prevalent passion for conquest and military glory. Napoleon accordingly had come upon the stage at exactly the proper nick of time. Organised by the genius of Carnot, the French republican armies performed prodigies of valour. Under Moreau and Jourdan, they rolled back the feebly-conducted and half-hearted allies. Great Britain could make no head with the forces it landed on the continent; but fortunately its navy, under Admiral Howe, did more than sustain the old national renown; nearly the whole of the French colonies being taken possession of. The elation of the French, from the marvellous successes of the army of Italy, was boundless. With an available army of not more than thirty-six thousand men, Napoleon swept like a whirlwind down on the plains of Lombardy; at Lodi, Milan, and Pavia, carrying everything before him, and levying contributions in money, provisions, horses, and all manner of stores. From northern and central Italy, large spoils of art treasures were taken and sent to Paris. In 1797, Austria tried a fresh campaign against the French invaders of Italy, but army after army was beaten. Glad to come to a pacification, the Austrians signed the treaty of Campo Formio, by which they ceded the Netherlands, Lombardy, and some lesser territories. On returning to Paris, Napoleon was received with the utmost enthusiasm. These and other brilliant achievements of the French greatly mortified England. Mr Pitt despatched Lord Malmesbury to conclude a peace, offering for the purpose to relinquish the chief colonial conquests. Such, however, was the insulting arrogance of the French, that the overture was fruitless.

In May 1798, Napoleon sailed with a large force to subjugate Egypt, possibly with a view to take possession of India. His career of victory was happily checked by the destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir Bay by Nelson. Leaving the army in charge of Kleber, he abruptly returned to France, where affairs were getting into confusion. By a dexterous *coup d'état* he overthrew the Directory, and had himself appointed First Consul. In 1800, he performed his daring march across the Alps, and by the decisive battle of Marengo obliged the Austrians to resign Piedmont. In 1801, England and France concluded a peace, and Napoleon was declared Consul for life. Peace lasted only till May 1803, when war was again declared by England. Now ensued the grandest of Napoleon's exploits, with which the French were so much delighted that by the national vote he was made Emperor, 18th May 1804. Despotism under a military adventurer was completed. France had at length got its Cromwell. Attaining this distinction, Bonaparte did not cease to exalt the military glory of France. Nothing was more brilliant than his campaign in Austria, in which he compelled General Mack to capitulate at Ulm with 20,000 men, October 17, 1805. As a set-off, France sustained a memorable naval defeat by the battle of Trafalgar on the 21st of the same month, when the gallant Nelson was killed on board the *Victory*.* Hurrying northwards, Napoleon gained the victory of Austerlitz; and stealing a march on Prussia, he annihilated the power of that country by the battle of Jena, October 16, 1806. The obligations imposed on the Prussians by this victory were of the most humiliating kind. In particular, only a very limited body in arms was to be maintained; but this, as we shall see, gave vitality to that formidable military system which enabled Germany to inflict the memorable retribution of 1870. Napoleon's next great victory was the battle of Wagram, 6th July 1809, by which Austria was thoroughly prostrated. In the hope of founding a dynasty, he divorced Josephine, 10th December 1809, and shortly afterwards married Maria Louisa, archduchess of Austria, by whom he had a son, born 20th March 1811.

Estimated by his military skill, Napoleon had scarcely a parallel in modern history. His foresight, strategy, power of rapid combination, and disregard of personal trouble—for at a pinch he would not scruple to lend a hand in dragging his cannon up an acclivity—were altogether remarkable; nor has there ever been any general so gifted by discrimination in selecting able lieutenants to further his schemes—Junot, Murat, Bernadotte, Davout, Kleber, Desaix, Massena, Augereau, Soult, Ney, and others—whom he raised from obscurity to carry out his gigantic plans. His astonishing industry and literary ability have been attested by his voluminous printed correspondence. His civil rule brought order out of chaos. He abolished the fantastic reckoning of time introduced by the Convention, and restored the use of the Christian era with the ordinary arrangement of months and weeks; re-established the decencies of religion, and caused to be framed the Code Napoleon, which, in its several departments of civil, criminal, and commercial law, with forms of procedure, remains a monument of his genius. For constitutional government he had no sympathy—perhaps from a conviction that it would be out of place in France. His rule was strictly personal and despotic. He perfected the system of centralised administration and police, which, be the government what it may, still continues in force.

There is something sorrowful in the consideration that a man with such splendid opportunities should have ruined all by his inordinate ambition and selfishness. In 1809, Bonaparte was at the summit of his power, but the avenging angel was already on his track. In the Peninsula, his armies, led by skilful generals, were baffled by Wellington. The cause of his fall, however, lay not in this direction. By his famous Berlin decrees, he attempted to exclude the commerce of England from all continental ports. The emperor of Russia, having declined to give effect to this ruinous policy, Napoleon entered on his disastrous Russian campaign.* Following on this unfortunate affair, came the battle of Leipsic, usually called the 'Battle of Nations,' 16th to 18th October 1813, by which the French suffered a crushing defeat. Marching on France, the Russians and Prussians captured Paris, which city they triumphantly entered, March 31, 1814.

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* See *Life of Nelson*, No. 17 in present series.

On the 4th April, Napoleon abdicated the throne, and forthwith was banished to the small island of Elba in the Mediterranean, where, with a proper allowance to support his dignity, it was expected he would remain for life. Josephine lived to witness the bitter reverse of fortune of the husband whom she had materially helped to rise to distinction, and who in his supreme power had heartlessly thrown her off. When deserted by his second wife, she offered to attend on him in exile, but this was not permitted. She died after a short illness, 29th May 1814. So ends the second act.

THIRD ACT.—RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS, WITH THE INTERLUDE OF WATERLOO.

With Napoleon fell the Empire. So long as he was in power he was a demigod. When misfortune overtook him, he was the Corsican usurper. In his abdication, he named his son as successor. His wishes in this respect were entirely disregarded, and at the court of his grandfather in Austria, the youth dropped out of notice, and died, 22d July 1832. Maria Louisa, who after Napoleon's death made a not very creditable marriage, died at Vienna, 1847. While Europe generally was thankful for the prospect of repose, the French were not greatly moved with the overturn of affairs. The allies who occupied Paris were, during their stay, wonderfully popular. Throughout Great Britain the rejoicings were exuberant. Wearing bows of white ribbon was both by men and women all the fashion. There being a universal cry for the restoration of the Bourbons, they were restored accordingly.

Louis XVI. had left two brothers, who had played a mean part in deserting him in his extremity, and fleeing off with the emigrant noblesse. The elder of the two, who had resided for some years in England, landed as Louis XVIII. at Calais, 26th April 1814. He entered Paris after an absence of twenty-four years, and immediately the nation received from him a constitutional charter. Six months later, a congress of representatives of European states began its sittings at Vienna, and proceeding to readjust the political position of various countries, France was stripped of its conquests, and its boundaries brought back pretty much to what they had been previous to Republican aggression.

The French had scarcely time to realise these humiliating changes when, to the amazement of everybody, Napoleon, on the 1st March

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* See *The Russian Campaign,* No. 55 in present series.

1815, made his escape from Elba, in the hope of recovering the imperial throne. Landing in France, crowds followed him, the soldiers flocked to his standard, and the Bourbons taking to flight, he obtained possession of the deserted palaces. The intelligence of these events spread general consternation. A treaty of alliance to put down 'the usurper,' was immediately signed at Vienna by the principal powers, and their united forces were with all speed despatched to the Netherlands. Napoleon's rule lasted but a hundred days. On the 18th June 1815, he was with difficulty, but thoroughly, defeated at Waterloo. In this desperate struggle, Wellington, who acted as commander-in-chief, was fortunately succoured by the timely arrival of the Prussians under Blücher, and that decided the fortunes of the day. For a second time the allied forces marched to and occupied Paris. Napoleon having been intercepted in an attempt to proceed to America, surrendered to a British ship of war, and was sent to the remote island of St Helena; there, after six years of exile, during which he fretted at the strict watch kept over him, he died 5th May 1821.

The confirmation of peace by the victory of Waterloo, caused fresh outbursts of rejoicing in England; for the long war had pressed heavily on the national resources. From the sum of £231,000,000 in 1792, the national debt, in 1815, had risen to £816,000,000, the difference being £585,000,000; but which sum by no means expresses the cost of the war; for, during its whole course, there had been excessive annual taxation. As only about £60,000,000 of the debt have been discharged since 1815, about five hundred years, at the same rate of reduction, will elapse before the national debt is brought down to the point it was at in 1792. So much for the war, first with the French Republic, and afterwards with Napoleon. It should excite little surprise that the people of Great Britain are solicitous to keep in future as far as possible clear of continental complications.

Unfortunately, the tremendous sacrifices of England were lost on the government of the Restoration. Replaced after the battle of Waterloo, the Bourbons failed to conciliate the nation. In their misfortunes, as was said of them, 'they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing.' One of their acts was considered exceedingly barbarous. Generals Ney and Lavalette, for having aided Napoleon at Waterloo, were brought to trial, notwithstanding a general amnesty for such offences, and both were condemned to be shot. Ney met his fate with fortitude, December 7, 1815. Lavalette was so fortunate as to escape from prison in his wife's clothes.* Surrounded by priests and the old noblesse, who had returned with their antiquated feudal prejudices, Louis XVIII., for this and other proceedings, rendered himself very unpopular. The change which his government made by abandoning the tricolor, and going back to the old white national flag, was especially offensive. The king made promises, but few of them were fulfilled. A sullen discontent prevailed among the people.

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* See *Story of Lavalette*, No. 61 in present series.

Louis XVIII. died unregretted 16th September 1824. Leaving no direct heirs, he was succeeded by his brother the Duke d'Artois, as Charles X. The change brought no relief. There was the same ministerial incapacity, want of good faith, petty views, and excessive priestly influence. Charles took the oath to the charter, but soon he displayed an intention to restore as much as possible the absolutism of the old monarchy. Only in one thing was his reign memorable. This was the capture of Algiers in 1830. The act, by suppressing a nest of corsairs, the pest of the seas, was a public benefit, but it entailed ruinous obligations on France. During the Algerine expedition, affairs came to a crisis. Mortal offence having been given by a royal speech, also by arbitrary measures in dissolving the chambers, and suppressing the freedom of the press, the Parisian populace took up arms, and erected barricades. For the last three days of July 1830 there was fighting in the streets, and from 7000 to 8000 persons were killed. The king found himself compelled to flee. As a last resource, he abdicated the throne in favour of his grandson, Henry, Duke of Bordeaux, still a child, but it was too late. All the members of the Bourbon family were allowed to depart quietly from the country. The Restoration had been a complete disappointment to all who expected that it would give permanent internal peace to France. Things were again in disorder.

FOURTH ACT.—LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

The Duke of Orleans, the infamous Philippe Egalité, who represented the Orleans branch of the Bourbons, left a family by his wife, the only daughter and heiress of the wealthy Duke of Penthièvre. The elder of his sons, Louis-Philippe, fought under Dumourier in the revolutionary army, and, like that general, becoming assured that the cause of moderation was lost, fled, and took refuge among the Austrians. For a time, Louis-Philippe supported himself as a teacher in Switzerland; he afterwards travelled in America; and, in 1800, arrived in England, where, as is customary for royal refugees from France, he and his brother took up their residence at Twickenham. On the Restoration, he proceeded to France, recovered his property, and lived with his family at Neuilly, in the neighbourhood of Paris. Watching the course of events, he was ready for anything that might turn up.

In the emergency of the convulsion of 1830, a provisional government, composed of Lafitte, Lafayette, Thiers, and other politicians, turned towards the Duke of Orleans, whom it was proposed, in the first instance, to invite to Paris to become lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and afterwards, in a more regular manner, to become king. Thiers was the chief conductor of the negotiation. He expressed his conviction that nothing was left the Duke of Orleans but a choice of dangers, and that, in the existing state of things, to recoil from the possible perils of royalty, was to run full upon a republic and its inevitable consequences. The chamber having declared the throne vacant, went in a body to the duke, and offered him the crown on the terms of a revised charter. The offer was accepted, and at his inauguration he adopted the title of Louis-Philippe I., king of the French; and the tricolor was resumed.

Possessing some good qualities—shrewdness, business habits, economy as to expenditure, propriety of conduct, and a wish to maintain the laws and public order—he experienced from the outset of his kingly career an exceeding difficulty in satisfying popular clamour, or appeasing the rivalries of selfish politicians. He had only begun to reign, when Paris was convulsed with the trial of Polignac and other three ministers of Charles X., on the charge of high treason. Not that the bulk of the people took much interest in the condemnation of these persons, but the anarchists and revolutionists perceived that there was a favourable opportunity for a disturbance. Infuriated hordes vociferated 'Death to the ministers!' Those fearful figures were seen again, which had been known in the horrors of the first revolution, which came no one knew whence, but arose as if from the earth whenever atrocities were to be committed. Happily for themselves, the accused were only condemned to imprisonment, and by adopting proper measures no serious outrage was enacted. Yet, there continued scenes of popular turbulence. The tyranny of idle ruffians produced a profound impression on the public mind, and sickened all rational people with the very name of liberty. What was the cost of this liberty but the absolute ruin of commerce and business of every description?—the destruction of peace and comfort, the perpetuation of discord and strife? One universal sigh escaped the community, and it was for the return of order on any terms or conditions. Among the middle and industrious classes especially, this feeling was intense and overwhelming. It was only by extraordinary exertions that the new government was able to allay the general disquietude.

Early in 1831, there began to be developed a deadly hatred against the *bourgeoisie*, or the middle classes, of whom Louis-Philippe with his prudential notions was held to be the representative. The accusation was that the bourgeoisie were guilty of diabolical selfishness and systematic robbery of the poor. It was a renewal of the insane cry of Robespierre and the Jacobins, which had been fomented by the illusions of Rousseau and the philosophers; but to this old cry were added a variety of fanciful arguments to shew that the *prolétaire*, or working-man, did not receive his proper share in the distribution of national wealth. To remedy the alleged injustice, the right thing to do was to establish a republic with an organisation of industry, in which the state should interfere for the protection of the working-man, and assure to him, for comparatively light labour, a remuneration sufficiently ample to procure him a share of the luxuries and pleasures of life. Such doctrines—amounting to a species of Socialism or general community of goods and property—could not fail to be acceptable to the idle and disorderly. From the diffusion of these views concerning the organisation of labour, arose plots and disturbances which vexed the reign of Louis-Philippe. He had what might be called a continual battle for existence, which rendered it imperative on him to adopt those stringent and repressive measures which supplied to his indefatigable adversaries renewed grounds of reproach and vituperation. During his reign, by the advice of M. Thiers, Paris was surrounded with fortifications, at a cost of £5,500,000 sterling, to which additional means of defence were afterwards added.

Under Louis-Philippe, France prospered, notwithstanding party ferments. Improvements were effected in different towns, and the country maintained, on the whole, good relations with foreign powers. Still, the king was not liked, while the cold unaccommodating manners of his minister, Guizot, were generally distasteful. In 1842, Louis-Philippe suffered a deep affliction by the loss of his eldest son, Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans, who was thrown from his carriage, and so injured that he almost immediately died. This much-esteemed prince left two children, the elder of whom is known as the Count de Paris. It was a common belief that, had the Duke of Orleans lived, his popularity would have saved the dynasty, and prevented the catastrophe which overtook the king. Be this as it may, about 1847 there arose loud demands for a reform in the narrow electoral system, which were withstood by the king and the Guizot ministry. At the same time, there was widespread dissatisfaction on account of Louis-Philippe's efforts to get royal alliances for his family. In particular, he was accused of having acted contrary to a sound national policy in manœuvring to get his son, the Duke of Montpensier, married to the sister and heir-presumptive of the queen of Spain. Objections to him on this score might have been of little consequence, could he and his ministry have agreed to some measures of reform, and allowed free discussion on political and religious subjects. 'Reform banquets' began to be held; the government attempted to prevent them by force, and insurrectionary movements took place. Barricades were once more erected in the streets of Paris. The National Guards fraternised with the people, and the palace of the Tuileries lay at the mercy of an infuriated mob. In the terror of the moment, the king abdicated, February 24, 1848, in favour of his grandson, the Count de Paris, a child in his tenth year; which act of abdication was useless. A republic was proclaimed and a provisional government appointed.

The dethroned monarch, under various disguises, got safely back to England. His minister, Guizot, likewise fled from the country. The revolution was complete, and it was a blunder. A dynasty that might have taken root and done well was heedlessly expelled, without a thought of the consequences.

FIFTH ACT.—THE SECOND REPUBLIC, SECOND EMPIRE, AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The Republic set up in 1848 bore a strong tinge of that which had disgraced France in 1793. Among its promoters were men with Socialist tendencies, who had become known as Red Republicans, from the circumstance that, instead of the tricolor, they desired to hoist a red flag, significant of universal rapine, or at least of some very violent re-organisation of society. Administered by Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Albert, Lamartine, and several others, the provisional government had great difficulty in dealing with this formidable class of anarchists. National work-shops were established in Paris, to give employment and wages to all applicants; soon 60,000 names were enrolled as candidates; but the chief work performed by these national labourers was careering through the streets roaring revolutionary songs, proclaiming 'Liberty, equality, and fraternity,' and planting trees of liberty on the sides of the thoroughfares.

Nothing could be more miserable than the state of France. There was a general depreciation of the value of property, trade was paralysed, and a financial pressure ensued as terrible as that in the days of Robespierre. How bitterly did the National Guards now regret having helped to drive away Louis-Philippe, and bring about this hapless state of things! In June (1848), there was a frightful outbreak of the Red Republicans, barricades were raised, and there was an immense slaughter. The revolt was subdued by the military skill and dauntless energy of General Cavaignac. Under his protection, a Constituent Assembly prepared a republican constitution, with an elective president at the head of the government. Louis Napoleon now appears on the stage.

The great Napoleon, when in power, did his best to elevate his brothers and sisters to positions of regal distinction. Louis, a younger brother, married to Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine, was created king of Holland, a dignity, however, which he was pleased to resign. Louis had a son, Louis Napoleon, born in Paris 20th April 1808, and this child, grandson of Josephine and nephew of the emperor, was destined to play an important part in the stirring French drama.* He was living in London when France was convulsed by the revolution of February 1848, whereupon he hastened to Paris, and professed himself devoted to the views of the provisional government. He was elected deputy for Paris and three other departments, and, 13th June, took his seat in the Constituent Assembly. A stormy debate followed. On the 15th he resigned his seat, and left France. Recalled in the following September, and re-elected deputy, he once more appeared in the Assembly, and, through the agency of his zealous supporters, commenced his candidature for the presidency. In this he was opposed by Cavaignac, who had been in reality the saviour of his country from anarchy. So profound and ineradicable, however, was the veneration of the French people for the memory of the great Napoleon, that, despite all Cavaignac's claims and services, Louis Napoleon was preferred by an overwhelming majority of many millions of votes.

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* See *Louis Napoleon*, No. 33 in present series.

The second republic lasted three years. When the Socialists were looking forward to a new presidential election, Louis Napoleon executed his notable and unexpected *coup d'état*, December 2, 1851, by which he violently dissolved the constitution, on the ground that it was wholly unworkable, and at variance with the feelings of the people. This extraordinary measure was confirmed by the national vote. The year 1852 was pre-eminently one of revival and progress throughout France, and, as if by an act of national gratitude, as well as from an apprehension of the Red Republicans, Louis Napoleon was besought to assume the position of Emperor, which he did, December 2, 1852, under the title of Napoleon III. The rule of Napoleon III. lasted about eighteen years, during which he raised France to a high pitch of material prosperity. His reign, as is alleged, may have been officially enervating and corrupting, but as regards the state of affairs generally there were all the external symptoms of national progress. Everywhere there were marked improvements. Peace and order were secured. New industries were developed. Railways were extended all over the country. Paris was renovated so as to render it the most beautiful and attractive city in the world; and if this was a too costly undertaking, the money was at least spent among the very classes who ultimately assailed the imperial rule. The most amicable relations were maintained with Great Britain, and a treaty of commerce entered into with that country. Nor could any moral impropriety be charged on the court of Napoleon. On the 29th January 1853, he married a lady of united Spanish and Scottish extraction, the Countess Eugenie de Theba; and on the 16th March 1856, was born his son, known as the Prince Imperial. Imputations of extravagance have been brought against the private life of the emperor and empress. Louis-Philippe was with equal bitterness accused of being too prudent—as even being guilty of paying his bills weekly.

The French had less fault to find with the internal administration of Napoleon than with his foreign policy. They never got over the unfortunate issue of the Mexican expedition, which had lowered the national prestige. They likewise writhed under the spectacle of Prussian aggrandisement which the emperor had done nothing to check. Proud of their military fame, and jealous of their pre-eminence in continental Europe, they saw that the North German Confederation, headed by Prussia, and under the counsels of Count Bismark, was rapidly outstripping them as regards geographical dimensions and political and military power. Impelled by this jealousy, they began to prepare for hostilities soon after the affair of Sadowa in 1866. They would then have rushed into war had they felt themselves properly prepared. Exercising an extraordinary restraint, they proceeded to supersede the older class of small firearms by the breech-loading Chassepot rifle, which was supposed to be equal, if not superior, to the needle-gun of the Prussians; and some reliance was placed on a new engine of destruction, called the mitrailleuse. All that was wanted was a pretext to declare hostilities. Meanwhile, Napoleon perceived that his popularity was waning. It was thought he had reigned long enough. There was a growing desire for a change. With a view to restore confidence, and if possible insure the continuance of his dynasty, he, in 1869, granted a constitution with a legislative assembly and responsible ministry. On resorting to a national plebiscite, May 1870, his imperial rule, with his son as his successor, was confirmed by eight millions of votes. Unfortunately there was a cause of chagrin in the fact that there was a minority of fifty thousand votes against him in the army, the main cause of which was a feeling that Sadowa was still unavenged. War with Prussia would recover the military glory of the *grande nation*, and give the Rhine for a boundary. Orators constantly clamoured about Prussian aggrandisement. Hatred of Prussia was universal. Anything to lower that detested rival would render the emperor immensely popular, and give him a new lease of power. Such was the state of matters when, under the ministry of M. Ollivier, the desired pretext was found for breaking the public peace of Europe. And a very curious pretext it was—no encroachment on rights, but a fancied insult to dignity.

In June 1870, it became known that the throne of Spain had been offered to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, head of the Catholic branch of the Prussian royal family, and declared by a treaty of 1849 to be a prince of the blood and within the limits of succession. William, king of Prussia, was said to have assented to the arrangement. Here, as the French imagined, was a chance of Prussia getting a fresh aggrandisement. It was coolly proposed to Prussianise Spain! Where was all this to end? The French army grew frantic at this monstrous proposition. Orators and newspapers raved with indignation, when it became known that Prince Leopold had actually accepted. Being personally appealed to on the subject, King William agreed to recommend Prince Leopold to withdraw, and such withdrawal took place. There the matter should have dropped. The French government, however, insisted that the king of Prussia should promise that the prince should never again be allowed to be a candidate. The king considered this was too much; he declined; and there lay the much wanted pretext to declare war against Prussia. It is unjust to blame Napoleon exclusively for this piece of folly. He had the choice before him either of resigning and being branded as a coward who had no regard for national honour, or of remaining in power and doing his best to carry the war to a successful issue. It must, nevertheless, be admitted that he ought to have been thoroughly aware of the power of his antagonist, as well as of the comparative weakness and inefficiency of his own military organisation. In some particulars, it seems, he was deceived; but there is conclusive evidence that the legislative body elected by universal suffrage, the army, and the populace were favourable to the war.

On the 22d July, the emperor received the members of the Legislative Body, the president of which addressed him as follows:

'SIRE—The Legislative Body has terminated its labours, after voting all the subsidies and laws necessary for the defence of the country. Thus the Chamber has joined in an effective proof of patriotism. The real author of the war is not he by whom it was declared, but he who rendered it necessary. There will be but one voice among the people of both hemispheres, throwing, namely, the responsibility of the war upon Prussia, which, intoxicated by unexpected success, and encouraged by our patience and our desire to preserve to Europe the blessings of peace, has imagined that she could conspire against our security, and wound with impunity our honour. Under these circumstances, France will know how to do her duty. The most ardent wishes will follow you to the army, the command of which you assume, accompanied by your son, who, anticipating the duties of maturer age, will learn, by your side, how to serve his country. Behind you, behind our army, accustomed to carry the noble flag of France, stands the whole nation ready to recruit it. Leave the regency without anxiety in the hands of our august sovereign the empress. To the authority commanded by her great qualities, of which ample evidence has already been given, her majesty will add the strength now afforded by the liberal institutions so gloriously inaugurated by your majesty. Sire, the heart of the nation is with you, and with your valiant army.'

To this address the emperor made a suitable reply. Whatever opposition there was to the war, was of a very feeble kind. In the Senate, the proposition to attack Prussia was hailed with the utmost enthusiasm. On quitting the hall, the senators were greeted by the young men of the schools with loud cheers, and cries of *Vive la France! à bas la Prusse!* The streets of Paris resounded with the cry *à Berlin*, and when the army marched off, the shopkeepers rushed forth to treat the soldiers with wine and cigars, and wish them a hearty success. The emperor, in declaring war on the 23d July, said, 'that Prussia, launched on the path of invasion, had aroused defiance everywhere, necessitated exaggerated armaments, and turned Europe into a camp where nothing but uncertainty reigns. A last incident had shewn the instability of internal relations. The protestations of the French had been contemptuously evaded. The country had resented this with profound irritation, and immediately a cry for war resounded from one end of France to the other.'

Appointing a regency under the Empress Eugenie, Napoleon set out towards the borders of the Rhine, taking with him his son, the Prince Imperial, a boy fourteen years of age. Preserving their neutrality, yet alarmed for eventualities, the people of Great Britain looked with astonishment at this wholly unforeseen outburst. It was universally allowed that the French had received no proper provocation for going to war. At the same time, the conduct of Prussia in its dealings with Denmark in 1864, and its subsequent absorption of Hanover, Frankfort, and some other small states, had damaged its reputation; the general notion was, that its pursuit of schemes of German unity might lead to international difficulties in which Great Britain, with all its desire for neutrality, might be somehow unpleasantly concerned. In short, if France was wrong, Prussia had incurred suspicions by its aggressions.

The principal *dramatis personæ* at the opening of the campaign were as follows: On the Prussian side—William, king of Prussia; his son, the Crown Prince; his nephew, Prince Frederick-Charles; Count Bismark, chancellor of the North German Confederation; and General von Moltke. While Germany is indebted to Count Bismark for the political and diplomatic part of the work of the recent reorganisation, so is to Moltke, with his profound military genius, due the merit of the strategical. On the side of the French—Napoleon; Marshals M'Mahon, Bazaine, Lebœuf, and Trochu, with some generals of less note. According to the best accounts, France sent to the seat of war from 300,000 to 350,000 trained soldiers—cavalry, infantry, and artillery: much beyond this number it was not able to raise, and in the extremity of what may be called its death-struggle had to rely on national guards and gardes mobiles, both in point of discipline unfitted to encounter a resolute well-trained force. Let us look at the strength of the enemy which the French so recklessly challenged.

When the first Napoleon crushed Prussia in 1806, he imagined that, by limiting its armed force to an insignificant extent, the country would remain a poor second or third rate power. Precisely the reverse occurred. After the collapse at Jena, and when Prussia was lying prostrate under the power of France, the reorganisation of her military resources was undertaken and carried out by Sharnhorst. The vital element of his plan was the short-service system, the design of which, while reconciling itself to the obligations imposed by Napoleon, was to pass as many as possible of the population through the drill of the regular army. From 1806 till 1813, each conscript had to serve only six months with the colours, at the end of which he was enrolled in the militia of his district. Thus in little more than six years there was produced a nation of trained soldiers, who, at Leipsic and Waterloo, were the main instruments of overthrowing the power of Napoleon. At the close of the war in 1815, the military force of Prussia was permanently constituted on the basis—1st, of a standing army; 2d, a Landwehr, or militia of the first call; 3d, a Landwehr of the second call; and 4th, the Landsturm. In 1860, the system was modified, the term of service in the standing army was increased, and the Landwehr reduced to a secondary though still important position. So modified, the Prussian military system has been extended, by the constitution of April 16, 1871, to the whole German Empire. As thus arranged, the force that can be brought into the field is enormous, while the annual cost on a peace footing is comparatively small.

At present every native of Germany is at his birth viewed as an incipient soldier; only those who become clergymen or are physically unfit being excepted. When he has completed his twentieth year, the youth is liable to be called to serve. No substitutes are allowed. On the peace footing a certain number of recruits—about one for every three hundred of the whole population—are drafted every year from the young men who have just reached the military age. Those who escape being drafted, and who are considerably more than those on whom the lot falls, are put on the list of the Ersatz, or Supplementary, Reserve, and are not called out or even drilled, except in the case of a very serious war like that with France. The recruit serves three years with the colours of his regiment (with an exception to be after mentioned), and is then placed on the Regimental Reserve, where he continues four years. He then passes from the standing army into the Landwehr of the district to which he belongs. After five years in the Landwehr, he is enrolled in the Landsturm, which is called out only for home defence, in case of invasion. On the breaking out of war, the strength of the regiments is doubled, by calling up the requisite numbers from the Regimental Reserve, in which case the limits as to time of service are disregarded. If necessary, the Landwehr is also mobilised; and every man within the military age may be called out. An exception as to length of service with the colours is made in favour of those who volunteer to serve at their own cost; one year of such service stands for the usual three. These one-year volunteers are an important element in the German system. They must produce certificates from school or college of a certain grade of attainments and of good conduct, as well as proof that they can provide their own outfit and maintenance; they are then allowed to join a regiment of the line. The volunteer must strictly attend drills, parades, &c.; but when not actually on duty he can live where and how he pleases. This saves the delicately nurtured and well educated from mixing in the barrack-room with the humbler class of recruits; besides that the one year's service interferes less in time of peace with the civil pursuits of the middle classes. The volunteer may even serve his year before the regular age, but not under seventeen. It has long been considered a regular part of the education of the sons of a landed proprietor, professional man, or even well-to-do shopkeeper, to pass through such a course. There is always an immense mass of the wealthy and educated youth thus present in the regiments of the standing army; and as, when their service is over, they pass into the reserve, and then into the Landwehr, they contribute largely to that character of intelligence and high-minded patriotism for which these branches of the service are distinguished. It is from these one-year's men that the officers of the Landwehr are mainly drawn; during their year of service, every facility is afforded to such as shew special aptitude and aspirations to qualify themselves for promotion. It is only in the Landwehr that commissions are accessible to the middle classes. The constitution of the German regular army is exceedingly aristocratic. The officers, besides being professionally qualified, must be of high standing as to social position and means—a circumstance which has at times given some dissatisfaction, but with no actual disadvantage to the service.

Few countries have increased in extent and power so remarkably as Prussia. In the early part of the eighteenth century, its population was only two and a quarter millions, and its army only 84,000 strong. At the death of Frederick the Great in 1786, its territory was doubled, and the population was five and a half millions. In the reign of his successor, another addition was made; but the army that met Napoleon was not over 120,000. Since that time, so great has been the extension that, shortly previous to 1866, Prussia had a population of nineteen and a half millions. The Prussia of to-day has twenty-four millions; and the German Empire, of which it is the most important member, has a population of forty-one millions. The German army now numbers 419,000 in peace, and 1,300,000 in war. No nation in the world can bring such a mass of soldiers into the field; and from what we have said as to the method of Reserve and Landwehr, no nation maintains an army ready for active service so cheaply. Standing armies on the old plan, while of ruinous cost, fall far short in the case of national exigency.

When we remember that, with this marvellously comprehensive military system, there prevails a universal and compulsory education in Germany, an idea is obtained of the potency of any army which takes the field, comparing it especially with any military force raised by conscription or enlistment from a generally ignorant population. The whole *mécanique*, in short, of the German armies, with their system of telegraphic communication, to keep different corps acquainted with each other's movements; and above all, their good order and discipline, gave an immensely preponderating power against the undisciplined, badly-conducted forces of France.

It was expected by the French Emperor that, on his approaching Germany, the Southern States would join him with their respective forces. This was another delusion. North and south, there was a prompt and universal union of armies to repel the invasion of 'Fatherland;' and the successful issue of the war had for one of its results the fusion of the Northern and Southern States in the restored German Empire. The history of the war recounts a continued series of victories for Germany, and inglorious defeats for France. Fighting with their accustomed bravery, the French suffered from the most deplorable generalship. There was a prevailing want of discipline and foresight, which rendered the personal courage of the soldiers unavailing. The results are well known. The French suffered severe reverses at Woerth, Forbach, and Gravelotte. At length M'Mahon, September 2, was obliged to capitulate at Sédan, and the whole of his army, amounting to 90,000 men, rendered themselves prisoners. Napoleon at the same time offered his sword to the king of Prussia, and was allowed to proceed as a prisoner on parole to Wilhelmshohe, near Cassel. On the capitulation of Sédan becoming known in Paris, an enraged mob rushed into the hall of the Legislative Body, and, as is not unusual in such commotions, the National Guards fraternised with and permitted them to work out their insurrectionary plans. The bulk of the members fled, and the remainder, to meet the views of the insurgents, set aside the Regency, and, with no legal warrant whatever, proclaimed a Republic and a provisional government, styling itself the Government of National Defence. This act of usurpation was received by Paris with a transport of enthusiasm, and the imperial insignia were torn down. The Empress and Prince Imperial found a refuge in England. Again was France back to a rudimental state of things, the situation being aggravated by the dismal fact that the country was to a large extent being overrun by the armed and conquering hosts of Germany. Strasburg, after a siege of seven weeks, and suffering a bombardment, capitulated, September 28, rendering up 17,000 as prisoners. Metz, with an army shut up in it under Bazaine, also, after a long siege, capitulated, when little short of 200,000 men yielded up their arms. There were some minor victories and capitulations, and it may be said that the French army, so far as it took the field, was led into captivity; the only forces left being untrained bodies of Mobiles, hurriedly raised throughout the country. Rejecting terms of peace, the government shut itself up in Paris, which was immediately invested with a German army, headed by the king of Prussia. Paris endured an agonising siege from the 20th September to the 29th of January, when being bombarded and reduced by famine it was forced to yield; terms of an armistice, with a view to peace, being agreed on. On 1st March the preliminaries of peace were ratified by the National Assembly elected in the interim, the chief conditions being the cession of Alsace (except Belfort), and a part of Lorraine, and the payment of a war indemnity of five milliards of francs (£200,000,000). A few weeks later, the peace of France was seriously threatened by a successful outbreak on the part of the Red Republicans, who established a Communal government at Paris. By the end of May, however, they had been quelled by the regular army, after much bloodshed and damage to public and private property. In 1873, Marshal M'Mahon succeeded M. Thiers as president, and his assumption of office was soon followed by a resolution of the Assembly prolonging his powers for a period of seven years (the Septennate).

EPILOGUE.

The misfortunes of France, however due to remote causes, are proximately and clearly traceable to the great revolutionary convulsion of 1789–93. The whole series of events, from the meeting of the States-General until 1871, are but consecutive parts of a single and very melancholy drama. Laying the blame on whoever happens to be at the helm of affairs, the French take no account of their own indiscretions or political incapacity. That fatal law enforcing an equal division of heritage among children or nearest of kin, which was passed during the revolutionary mania of 1791, and which with some modification was incorporated in the Civil Code, has partitioned France into minute subdivisions among a peasant proprietary, who possess neither the ability nor the inclination to perform the duties incidental to a regular constitutional system; and who, being only desirous to be let alone to pursue their humble industry, are ready to support any government which is not likely to meddle with their petty landed possessions. As subdivision of property is still going on, and could not without difficulty be stayed, it may be said of France that it has inconsiderately doomed itself to the rule of despotic and centralised officialism. Trading politicians may desire, the populace in their misguided fury may proclaim, a Republic. With that the social condition of France is plainly incompatible. Call the government which is set up by any name you please, it can, in the nature of things, be nothing else than a species of despotism. Nor, sad to say, can any improved system whatever be looked forward to, so long as an unruly Parisian mob is suffered to work its will, unchecked by those who, from their position, ought to be the guardians of public order. All persons of any feeling will sympathise with the French in their heavy misfortunes. But looking to the past—and especially to the manner in which government after government has been heedlessly laid in ruin—candour obliges us reluctantly to remind them (in proverbial phrase) that they may 'Read their Sin in their Punishment.'

W. C.

THE MONTYON PRIZES.

ANTOINE DE MONTYON, whose life affords one of the most brilliant examples of practical and judicious benevolence, was born at Paris on the 23d of December 1733. His father, a respectable accountant, bred up his son to the profession of the law; and such was the early proficiency of young Montyon in his studies, that, when only twenty-two years of age, he was admitted an advocate at the Châtelet—a court of civil and criminal jurisprudence in the French capital. Here he distinguished himself by his talents, and, when still in middle life, he was raised to the dignity of counsellor of state, and was also appointed to the government of Auvergne, a central province in France, where he speedily obtained the love, respect, and gratitude of the inhabitants, not only by his great integrity and justice, but his benevolence on many occasions of suffering.

To make room for some ministerial favourites of the day, he was first shifted from the government of Auvergne to that of Marseille, from Marseille afterwards to Rochelle, and finally he lost his situations altogether. By the accession of Louis XVI., and a change from the dissolute state of affairs which had previously prevailed at court, Montyon again came into favourable notice, and was appointed chancellor of the royal household. Previous to his receiving this appointment, and also when he enjoyed it, he occupied himself in devising and executing useful foundations; but this career of benevolence was brought to a close by the Revolution, an event which caused him to remove first to Switzerland, and afterwards to England, to which country he wisely transferred his fortune. While in England, Montyon devoted himself to scientific pursuits, and found scope for his benevolence in relieving the necessities of poor emigrants, and also in sending occasional contributions to the poor French prisoners of war. Returning to France in 1815, he resumed his labours of public usefulness; and these he continued till the period of his death, on the 29th of December 1820.

Such are the few leading facts in the biography of this remarkable man, whose life was destitute of all stirring incident, and is only memorable for an untiring course of unostentatious benevolence. Montyon appears to have been one of the kindest-hearted men of whom we have any account; but with this kindness was united the not less rare quality of prudence. His charity was not lavish or indiscriminate; it was founded on comprehensive views of society, and had usually moral advancement for its special object. Influenced by the responsibility which wealth imparts, he seems to have spent the greater part of a long life in organising and establishing beneficiary institutions entirely at his own cost. Besides dispensing large sums for this purpose, he resorted to the plan, more common in France than in England, of founding prizes, to be awarded annually on various objects of benevolence and utility. Among the various foundations which he instituted, we select the following five as the more remarkable:

1. A foundation destined to restore to the poor those articles which they had been driven by necessity to pledge, but had not the means of redeeming—the value of each article to be under five francs.

2. A foundation to award donations of money for the good behaviour of children bred up in the army.

3. A foundation for the relief of convalescent hospital patients, whose weakness incapacitates them from work; but who, being cured, can no longer remain in the asylum which had been opened to them.

4. A foundation to purchase small annuities for poor and infirm persons.

5. A foundation to award annual prizes for acts of virtue and heroism in humble life.

Of this last-mentioned endowment, the greatest and most popular of all Montyon's benevolences, it is our object to speak at some length; for no act of his life was so considerate, or has been attended with such important results.

The foundation consists of a large sum of money, the annual produce of which is placed at the disposal of the French Academy—a literary and scientific association of gentlemen in Paris. The sum yearly dispensed is sometimes more, sometimes less, according to circumstances. In 1845, the sum bestowed was £760, in different allotments. In the first place, there were three large prizes: one of £120, a second of £80, and a third of £60. Next, there were seventeen inferior prizes, called medals, consisting of eight of £40 each, and nine of £20 each. The amount in recent years has varied from 17,000 to 15,000 francs (£680 to £600). The sums are publicly mentioned by the Academy, with the names of those who receive them, and are paid at the secretary's office in Paris on personal application, or to any individual properly authorised to receive them.

All the departments of France have an equal right to furnish or mention candidates for the prizes; and the mode of application is as follows. When any person has become conspicuous in the exercise of either private or public duties, the local authorities, acquainted with the circumstance, make the case known to the Academy, along with the necessary details and vouchers. Their application embraces a full account of the action or actions by which the individuals have become remarkable in the district, their age, means of existence, length of time they have distinguished themselves, and the objects that appear to have influenced their conduct. Great care is taken to prevent imposition. The memorial must be signed by neighbours and the chief persons of the place—such as large proprietors of land and the parish priest. Being corroborated by the mayor, it is handed to the prefect of the department, who, should the facts therein stated be known to him, certifies their truth, and in either case sends the whole to the secretary of the Academy, whom the application must reach before the 15th of January.

With respect to the plan on which this foundation proposes to act, it is undoubtedly true that the encouragement of virtuous actions by money payments, or indeed by any mark of public approbation, is not consistent with the soundest principle in morals. So much may be allowed; and yet, as a measure of social policy, the dispensation of rewards of one kind or other is not only far from being injudicious, but obviously commendable. In all questions of this kind we require to look at the actual condition of society, the generally uncultured habits and feelings of the people, the cheerless lot which it is the inheritance of so many to struggle with, the readiness to punish, and the little consideration of provocatives to crime, which unfortunately signalise all governments. These and other circumstances shew that rewards may be judiciously administered as stimulants to virtue; and that such is the general impression of mankind, is evidenced by the distribution of honours among the higher orders of every community. On this topic it may not be inappropriate to give a short extract from the speech of the celebrated statesman Dupin, pronounced with regard to the Montyon Prizes, at the sitting of the Academy on the 11th of December 1845. After stating the great difficulty of properly recompensing virtue, M. Dupin observed: 'When the French Academy distributes, as it will to-day, the prizes founded by M. de Montyon, it does not pretend to exercise that high justice which human institutions can never attain. For a few traits which are brought under its notice, however remarkable or meritorious these may be, many must remain unknown. Nor does the Academy pretend to pay the authors of those deeds which have merited its applause; those men possessed of providential courage, those poor women endowed with angelical devotedness, have placed their reward elsewhere. The French Academy acts merely in the capacity of executor; it simply delivers the pious legacy which has been destined to them. At the same time that it loudly proclaims their actions, it takes pleasure in having the knowledge spread far and wide; not that their vanity may enjoy a puerile satisfaction, but that others may be improved, that this simple recital may touch those who will read it, and create in the hearts of all the love of virtue and the desire of imitation. Philosophers have often shewn themselves embarrassed to define virtue, to assign it its distinctive marks, and divide it into classes. The Academy is not so critical. It prefers, amongst different virtues, when a choice must be made, that which includes and inspires them all, and to which Christianity has given the name of *charity.*'

A history of a few of the cases which have merited prizes, will serve much better than any harangue to point out the utility of this benevolent foundation. The cases occur under four different heads —Filial Piety, Charity, Fidelity, and Courage.

PAULINE COPAIN.

In the year 1838, a lawyer was directed to take the necessary steps for recovering a debt which was due to one of his clients by a man named Copain, then residing with his family in the village of Saint-Marc-sur-Seine, in the north-eastern part of France. In order to ascertain what likelihood there was of the debt being paid, the lawyer proceeded himself to the house of the debtor. 'Never,' he afterwards declared, 'did I witness a sight more touching than that offered to me on this occasion.' He was introduced into a small and humbly furnished, but strictly clean room. An infirm and aged man, in whom it was not difficult to recognise an old soldier, was sitting near the fire-place, and with difficulty rose to receive the visitor; his wife, whom her advanced age evidently rendered incapable of any save the slightest exertion, was busying herself in some trifling household work; and on a bed, in a recess of the apartment, lay a poor helpless girl, seemingly deprived of the use of her limbs, and whom her vacant and wandering look but too evidently proclaimed to be an idiot. Almost immediately a fourth person appeared; this was Mademoiselle Pauline Copain, a poor village schoolmistress, and daughter of the debtor. She seemed to be about thirty-five years of age, and was neatly but simply attired; her appearance was mild and interesting, but without anything very remarkable; indeed, the lawyer would certainly have paid no attention to her but for one circumstance—it was on her single and unaided exertions that the three helpless beings he had seen depended for their daily bread.

Struck with this fact, he made a few inquiries, and was still more astonished at what he learned. For nearly twenty years, Pauline had been the only support of her parents and her unfortunate sister; she was, moreover, known throughout the village for acts of universal benevolence and charity; yet the number of her scholars was limited, they paid but little, and many of them were gratuitously instructed. Many people were found who asserted that if Pauline and her family could subsist on her small earnings, it must be through a miracle. It was indeed through a miracle; but through such a one as charity, industry, and economy can alone achieve. The lawyer could not without difficulty bring himself to believe what he saw. He at length did so, but it was by concluding that the blessing of Heaven rested on this humble roof; nor was he mistaken, for Pauline dwelt beneath it.

Anxious to know more of what he rightly considered surprising, he purposely prolonged his visit, and thus only acquired stronger grounds for admiring the noble character of Pauline Copain. The love and attention she displayed not only for her parents, but also towards the children confided to her care, her gentleness and affection for all were so touching, and yet exercised with such simplicity, that the lawyer knew not which to admire most; her calm unostentatious manner, or the extent of the daily sacrifices her position compelled her to make. So astonished and struck was he with all he saw, that he was on the point of departing with the conviction that not only those poor people could never pay the debt which had caused his visit, but that there would also be direct cruelty and inhumanity in endeavouring to force them into compliance, when Mademoiselle Pauline Copain, having learned with what object he had come, and ascertained that the claim of his client was founded on justice, firmly and unhesitatingly declared that her father's debts were like her own, and insisted that he should receive her personal engagement for the payment of the sum which was due. And not only did she pay this debt, but also every other which came to her knowledge; and, lest any should escape, she industriously sought them out one by one. On being remonstrated with on this subject, she earnestly exclaimed: 'What! disown my father's debts! allow his honour to suffer such a stain! Nay, by working assiduously, I can accomplish everything!'

Years have passed since then, and still Pauline Copain labours in her filial task, cheerfully and undauntedly. Nor is her pride misplaced: her father is an old and honourable soldier, whose infirmities proceed from the wounds received in his country's service; his poverty, and the debts he has unfortunately been obliged to contract, are the result of the severe losses he experienced in 1814 and 1815, when his house was twice pillaged of all that it contained by the allied troops; and he was, moreover, deprived by the new government of the small benefit he reaped by holding a tobacconist's shop—an office which, in France, is not the property of private individuals, but a post of trust depending on the state. But for his daughter Pauline, the unfortunate Copain and his family must undoubtedly have fallen into the deepest misery. At the epoch of his misfortunes, she was living in Paris in a comfortable place; but on hearing of his unhappy position, she immediately relinquished it to join him, and resume her former humble station of village schoolmistress. Pauline has spent her youth in poverty and obscurity; but, thanks to her unwearied efforts, neither the old soldier, nor his helpmate, nor poor insane daughter, have lacked bread.

Noble as is the conduct of Pauline Copain towards her parents, it is not her only claim on admiration and respect. She has ever given proofs of her charitable and benevolent disposition; and though many instances of this might be quoted, a few will suffice.

In the year 1819, Pauline was returning home towards evening, and following the high-road which leads to the village of Saint-Marc, when the loud cries of a child suddenly attracted her attention. Hastening towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded, she perceived a poor woman lying in a ditch, and evidently in great bodily anguish. A little girl, of about four or five years of age, and the same whom Pauline had heard, was standing near her, and crying bitterly. Moved at the sight of their distress, Pauline inquired into the causes of it, and learned that the woman before her, after wandering for several days with her child about the country in a state of great destitution, without a shelter or the means of procuring one, had suddenly, and on the spot where she now saw her, been overtaken with the pains of premature labour, which, unless she received proper assistance, threatened speedily to end her life. Without a moment's hesitation or delay, Pauline hastily summoned several persons to the spot; a rude litter was immediately procured; and on it Pauline had the poor creature conveyed to her father's dwelling. Although this was the epoch of their greatest poverty, the worthy family gladly received the unfortunate woman and her child, immediately shewing them every attention in their power. Pauline especially attended the sick woman with unremitting zeal, until death, brought on by exposure and fatigue, put an end to her sufferings. But her last moments were at least soothed by the promise which Pauline made, and faithfully performed—that the little girl, her only surviving child, should never want a home. And she kept her word.

A band of those Savoyards who annually emigrate from their country, and generally return towards spring to their native hills, was in the vicinity of Saint-Marc, when one of the boys who accompanied the caravan having severely wounded his foot on the road, was compelled to remain behind, whilst his companions continued their journey. The poor little fellow had no money, his feet were very sore, and totally hindered him from working; he knew not in this state of distress to whom to apply for help, when Pauline Copain, on learning his case, immediately gave him an asylum, dressed his wounds herself, and treated him with as much kindness as though he were her own brother. When he was cured, she procured him some slight employment, by which he was enabled to earn his livelihood, until spring having once more come round, and a new band of Savoyards crossing Saint-Marc on their way homewards, he was enabled to join them, and continue his journey. It is pleasant to record that the young Savoyard, who is now a man, and comfortably settled in his own country, did not shew himself ungrateful for the kindness he had experienced from Pauline Copain. Every winter, when some of his countrymen cross Saint-Marc on their way to Paris or England, they never fail to bring some gift from him as a token of remembrance to his benefactress; and however slight the value of the present may be, it is not the less acceptable to Pauline, as a proof of his gratitude for past favours, and of the recollection he has preserved of them.

After thus speaking of Pauline Copain's filial piety and charity, we must now give a few details concerning her character as a schoolmistress, no less admirable than the rest of her life might lead one to expect. Of the exact extent of her acquirements, we are not able to speak; but, from what is required in France of every person who wishes to open a school, they cannot be of so low an order as might, from her humble position, be at first supposed. Two diplomas, and often three, are necessary to open an establishment for girls, whether it be of the most fashionable class, or of the humblest description. These diplomas are granted to the candidates if they succeed in passing their examination, and in properly answering the questions which are put to them. For the first examination they are required to know and thoroughly understand reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, sacred and ecclesiastical history; for the second, French history, geography, and natural philosophy, cosmography, and the principles of music, are necessary. It is needless to dwell on the excellent results of such a system, which almost precludes the possibility of there being such a thing as an ignorant schoolmistress in France—an occurrence which must have happened but too frequently were things arranged otherwise. Whatever the natural talents of Pauline may be, it can be thought from this that her acquirements must certainly place her far above the position she now occupies. In one sense, this is true: but Pauline has shewn, by her example, that usefulness everywhere finds its sphere, however low or limited that may appear to be.

The children she has to instruct belong for the most part to poor parents, who consider much knowledge as a superfluous commodity, and are far more anxious to see their offspring comfortably settled in life than properly brought up. This is a great inconvenience, which Pauline's utmost tact has too often failed to obviate; nor has she had less difficulty in persuading them that education, far from obstructing the accomplishment of the duties of life, is much more likely to facilitate them; but to this objection her own example was assuredly the best reply that could be given. Not only is Pauline unwearied in her endeavours to instruct and improve those scholars whose parents remunerate her for her trouble, but she has in many instances shewn the value she sets on instruction, by gratuitously educating those poor children whose relatives cannot afford the expense of sending them to school; others who, after paying for some time, were no longer able to do so, she has continued to attend to as though no change had taken place. The education she gives her pupils is, upon the whole, more practical than theoretical. In her humble school no accomplishments are taught or learned; for the knowledge she imparts is of the simplest kind, though clearly explained. But praiseworthy as are her efforts in this line, the best, the noblest lessons which Pauline Copain gives to her scholars are those of universal benevolence—inculcated not by dry and unprofitable maxims, but by her own daily example. Nor is she satisfied with this indirect mode of teaching: she has given proofs of the contrary, by often appealing to the generosity of her pupils in favour of some poor destitute creature, who only wanted decent clothing to be able to earn her livelihood by entering a good place. Immediately the school seemed transformed into a dressmaker's workroom, and continued so until a sufficient quantity of clothes had by some means been found or made. If a poor family were in distress and in want of food, things went on in much the same manner: each scholar would take something from the provisions she had brought with her, until a sufficient, if somewhat heterogeneous, meal was provided for the unfortunate people. Such is the education which Pauline Copain gives to the children intrusted to her care. It needs no comment: nor can we better conclude these remarks than by giving the words of an inhabitant of the village, and which convey all that can be told on this subject: 'A hundred times have I witnessed those occurrences—admirable lessons of benevolence, and far more capable of forming the heart of youth than all the exhortations in the world.'

Facts like these might well draw the attention of those to whom they were submitted; and in the year 1845, the Academy, after bestowing high praise on the noble character and conduct of Pauline Copain, unanimously voted her a prize of a thousand francs (£40).

JEAN VIGIER.

A POOR widow named Vigier, who resided in Aurillac, a small town in Normandy, had four sons, whom she with great difficulty succeeded in bringing up honestly. The three eldest were apprenticed to different trades; but Jean [or John], the youngest, who was then nine years of age, being both quick and intelligent, was, owing to the protection and friendship of the parish priest and of the prefect of the department, brought up and educated in a college of the neighbouring town.

It may easily be supposed that this favour had not been lightly extended to Jean. Indeed, the goodness of his heart, his docility, and, above all, his strong attachment to his mother, had long endeared him to every one, and had contributed, perhaps more than even his intelligence, to procure for him this valuable privilege. In the college where, through the kindness of his friends, he had been placed, Jean Vigier not only ardently prosecuted his studies, but he also distinguished himself among his schoolfellows by constant good-nature, yet which, even then, was marked by a firmness and decision strange in one of his years.

In the meantime, Madame Vigier, after having been in decent and comfortable, if not affluent, circumstances for many years, now began to experience sudden reverses, and soon fell into the deepest misery. The efforts of her friends to rescue her from this unhappy position were unavailing; and as her three eldest sons, although they were even then each earning his livelihood, stated that they could not assist her, it was at length resolved to place her in a hospital, where admission for her was procured. But before taking this step, it was thought necessary to apprise Jean with what was going to be done. His grief being apprehended, the good curate himself set out for the college where he was, and in the most cautious and delicate manner intimated to him the state of his mother's circumstances, and how, no other course remaining free, it had been found expedient to place her in a hospital where aged and infirm persons were received and properly attended to.

Jean Vigier heard his friend speak thus without shedding a single tear, but with a deep silent grief which strongly moved him who witnessed it. 'Monsieur le Curé,' said he at length, in a calm but firm tone, 'I thank you for all your kindness, but my mother shall never enter the hospital, where she would die of grief. I shall leave this college, to return to it no more. I will stay with my mother; I will support my mother,' he proudly added, his eyes flashing through the tears with which, notwithstanding his efforts, they began to be filled. The curate was astonished at such a resolution, coming from a child who had not yet reached his tenth year. He uselessly endeavoured, by shewing him the numerous difficulties which must attend the execution of his plan, to deter him from the attempt. Jean Vigier remained undaunted; and to all the curate's remonstrances, respectfully but firmly replied: 'I will support my mother.'

Perceiving that his resolve was not to be shaken, the priest brought him home, sorry to see him lose the advantages of a good education, but full of admiration for the filial piety which dictated such conduct.

When it was known in the village that Jean Vigier meant to support his mother and himself by his own unaided exertions, the idea was much laughed at, and turned into ridicule; but Jean, though in years a child, had now the spirit and courage of a man. He did not heed those who, unable to comprehend the nobleness of his motives, could see in them only food for mockery; but, embracing his mother, and bidding her be of good cheer, since, whilst he lived, she should want for nothing, he earnestly set about looking for a trade. To say the truth, he was at first no little embarrassed; he felt that the knowledge he had acquired at the college could be of slight use to him now; and he was somewhat puzzled how to act, when luckily his school reminiscences came to his aid. He recollected, in the walks which he had been in the habit of taking with his companions, to have often met a child of his own age, who used to go about selling cakes, placed on a kind of wooden tray suspended from his neck. The thought was a flash of light. He resolved to imitate him; nothing doubting but that he could thus earn enough to support himself and his parent. He first communicated his resolve to his mother and to the curate. The former, who implicitly trusted in her beloved child, acquiesced; and the latter, with the help of a few friends, furnished Jean with the means of executing his plan. And who was prouder and happier than Jean on the first day that he went about the whole country, with nice tempting cakes symmetrically arranged on the tray which he carried before him, covered with a snow-white cloth!

Jean had confidently expected to realise at least respectable gains by his new calling—the temptation of buying nice hot cakes seeming to him perfectly irresistible; but he unfortunately found that people were more stoically indifferent to the attractions of his wares than could have been reasonably expected. Some thought his hot cakes stale, others dear, and by far a larger number did not care for them good or bad. Alas! how often did poor Jean cry bitterly when, after wandering through a cold wintry day, he did not succeed in procuring even a few halfpence! How often did he seem on the point of losing courage altogether, when the thought of his poor helpless mother, now dependent on him, would come and inspire him with strength and renewed trust in Providence!

Nor was that trust vain. Though after many severe trials, yet through unwearied zeal, perseverance, and labour, which seemed beyond the power of a child, Jean Vigier succeeded—not indeed in making a fortune, but in securing for his mother some of the comforts of her former life, and in preserving her from what, as he had rightly conjectured, would have embittered and shortened the rest of her days—namely, becoming the inmate of a hospital. But Jean was not without ambition. Even whilst going about with his cakes, he had conceived a hazardous project, yet which, if it succeeded, might certainly prove profitable. It was not, however, without certain inward misgivings that he was doing a very daring thing, that he determined to execute it. This was neither more nor less than to add to his cakes a small stock of toys. This plan may seem to the reader of very trifling importance, but to Jean it was of the deepest moment. He had for a long time been saving a small sum of money, which he now applied to the purchase of a few toys. The speculation, very fortunately, proved successful; and, in the intoxication of the moment, Jean almost thought of giving up the cakes altogether. Calmer reflection, however, shewed him that this would be mere folly; and he determined, since it was practicable to do so, to sell both cakes and toys. It would be tedious to tell, after how long a space of time, and how many hard trials, Jean succeeded in gradually rising from this precarious position to a better and more lucrative one. He exchanged his toys for more substantial and more profitable wares; and as his strength and years increased, he travelled throughout the country with a pedler's pack, visiting the neighbouring villages, where the honesty of his dealings, and his touching devotedness to his mother, gained him universal esteem, and secured him numerous customers.

Jean Vigier has now grown up to manhood. The child's noble task has also been that of both the youth and the man; and, with the blessing of Providence, which followed him still, Jean has not only been able to support his mother, but, through the most humble means, and in the most unexpected manner, to secure for himself a decent and honest livelihood. The whole tenor of his conduct has been such, that in the year 1837 the French Academy felt itself justified in bestowing on him one of the medals distributed that year, as a slight reward of his honest efforts and industry, and, above all, of his touching behaviour towards his aged and infirm parent, so strongly contrasted by the unfeeling conduct of his elder brothers. Some regret may be entertained that the benevolent intentions of those persons who placed him in the college were frustrated, and that Jean Vigier has been compelled to abandon the search of knowledge for more humble pursuits. But though knowledge is assuredly one of the greatest earthly blessings, it is not the greatest; virtue will ever rank above it; and truly happy are those who, like Jean Vigier, are called upon to sacrifice it to duty and affection.

HENRIETTE GARDEN.

HENRIETTE GARDEN was only eight years of age when she unfortunately lost her mother. On finding himself a widower, her father confided her to the care of worthy and respectable persons, but who, from their incapacity, could only give her a very imperfect education. She was taught how to sew, and became very expert with her needle; but that, and the usual run of household work, was thought, both by her father and the persons with whom she was, sufficient for her education. When she was fourteen, Monsieur Garden brought her home, and confided to her care the management of his household. In this position she not only behaved with remarkable prudence and discretion for her years, but she also gave her father every proof of the most tender attachment.

As Henriette grew up, she received several advantageous offers of marriage; but she refused them all, having inwardly resolved that no motive should ever induce her to leave her parent. Such were her intentions, when Monsieur Garden abruptly informed her one day that he was going to marry again. Though surprised, and perhaps pained at this announcement, Henriette refrained from making any remark, and cheerfully submitted to an event which, she fervently hoped, might contribute to her father's happiness. The marriage took place; but what was her grief on learning, when it was over, that she was no longer to dwell beneath her father's roof. She was then twenty years of age, and although in affluent circumstances, Monsieur Garden refused to do anything for her, but intimated to her that she was henceforth to depend on her own exertions for her maintenance. Henriette again submitted without a murmur of complaint. She took a small room in an obscure quarter of Paris, and supported herself by needlework. But although she laboured most assiduously from morning till night, she could never by this means earn more than one franc (tenpence) a day. On this slight sum she lived and paid her rent.

Her only happiness, whilst leading this humble mode of life, was in visiting her father, whom, notwithstanding his indifference towards her, she could never refrain from tenderly loving. But she soon perceived, from the marked coldness with which she was treated, that her presence was far from being welcome in his house. Indeed it was not long before she was forbidden, in plain terms, to come any more. She, however, obtained permission to see him at certain epochs of the year; but even this was granted to her on condition that she would never come unless at those hours when no other visitors were received, and that she should enter by the back stairs used by the servants. To these humiliating conditions, Henriette, whose devoted love nothing could conquer, still uncomplainingly submitted. When her father was ill—although it was not without great difficulty that even this was granted to her—she attended him with unwearied care, consenting, since on this condition alone she could remain near him, to pass in the presence of strangers, and even in that of the medical attendants, for a hired nurse. The object of this essay is to shew benevolence and virtue in their noblest forms, far more than to expose selfishness and indifference. Yet, when we reflect on the heartlessness with which Henriette Garden was treated, not only by her step-mother, but by her own father, it must be confessed that the touching devotedness of her unwearied love only acquires new lustre, and is truly beyond all praise.

After the recovery of Monsieur Garden, he again told his daughter that her presence was unpleasant, and that she must return to her own home. Henriette meekly retired. She returned to her poor lodging, and continued her labours for her subsistence. Years rolled on: Henriette lost sight of her father's family: they had removed to some distant part of the country. One day she was surprised at seeing her aged and ungrateful parent enter her dwelling. He had lost all his fortune, and his wife had deserted him. He came to seek refuge—to die—in the house of his much-abused daughter. Henriette received him with as much joy as though he had ever been to her the kindest father; and immediately giving up her bed to him, she neglected nothing which could contribute to his comfort. With a delicacy and reserve above all praise, she forbore to question him on his misfortunes, and never did she utter a word of reproach.

Although she was then suffering from a painful illness, Henriette seemed to acquire new strength from the moment that she had her father to support and attend. Notwithstanding her most earnest endeavours, she found that the small sum she earned was wholly insufficient for her increased expenses; and although she carefully refrained from letting her father know this, she was on different occasions compelled to accept the loan of several small sums from kind and charitable persons of her acquaintance. When her father died, at the end of two years, the debt she had thus contracted amounted to a sum of 500 francs (£20). With a view of relieving her in her distress, as well as of publicly honouring such exalted and yet modest virtue, the French Academy included Henriette Garden among those persons who, in the year 1827, received the medals their conduct had so nobly earned.

JEANNE JUGAN.

A GOOD many years ago, a poor peasant-girl of Normandy, named Jeanne Jugan, left her native town of Cancale for the small burgh of Saint-Servan, situated on the coasts of Brittany. She had come to Saint-Servan in the hope of finding a situation, and as she bore an excellent character with her, she was not long without one. The mistress of the last family she entered was a singularly pious and benevolent lady, by whose example Jeanne was much benefited, and who was unconsciously the occasion of good, which those who forget the power of faith and charity, even in the most humble instruments, could never have foreseen.

This lady was in the habit of relieving the poor, and of visiting them in their own houses. She was on such occasions frequently accompanied by Jeanne Jugan, on whom the scenes she then witnessed produced a deep and lasting impression. Jeanne naturally possessed a kind and benevolent heart; the sight of poverty or suffering deeply affected her, and immediately inspired her with the wish of administering relief; and in thus going about with her mistress, she not only gratified her benevolent propensities, but also acquired much useful knowledge and experience, by which her after-conduct was regulated. She, moreover, conceived the first idea of a plan, through which she thought that a single individual might effect more good than by the means her mistress adopted, although she could not at the same time conceal from herself that the expense this plan would require was above what her present circumstances would allow. But Jeanne Jugan, who was not of a temper to be deterred by either time or difficulties, resolved to wait patiently for a favourable opportunity of putting her project into execution. This opportunity was not long without offering itself, although it was the source of much grief to Jeanne. She had been living for several years with her mistress, when that excellent person died in 1839.

All those who had known her, and especially the poor, whose benefactress she had been, bewailed her loss; but none, though she said less than any, mourned for her like Jeanne. Her grief, though deep, was not, however, of that nature which incapacitates from exertion; on the contrary, the death of the exalted woman, who had ever set so noble an example to her, inspired her with the courage of which her poverty might have otherwise deprived her. The poor had now lost their best friend; Jeanne felt, therefore, that it was time for her to act. She resolved on the execution of her long-cherished plan; and whilst the heirs of the deceased lady divided her wealth amongst them, she took the noblest legacy her mistress had left—namely, her love of the poor.

Jeanne was too truly charitable to have laid up much money; she, however, owned a small sum, and, by practising rigid economy, she hoped to make it last for some time. For her future support, she relied on her industry and on Providence. Having already resolved to enter no more into service, she began looking out for needlework; and was successful in finding some, although the sum she thus earned was very trifling. It may be seen from this that she was indeed poor, and that in the strictest sense of the word; but she was both patient and unwearied, and, moreover, had a strong will of her own, which was not to be shaken by adversity or worldly considerations. Her plan was this—to take into her own house, and maintain some poor helpless creature in need not only of food and shelter, but of proper attendance. If, on trial, she found this plan successful, she meditated taking in another, and, in short, as many as she could afford to keep. This was a bold and hazardous project; but Jeanne's mind was replete with holy faith, and she was not one to allow herself to be deterred from an undertaking because it might possibly fail. And yet what had she to accomplish this? Nothing but the will. What this produced will now be seen.

Her first act was to receive beneath her humble roof a poor old blind woman, who had lately lost, with her aged sister, her only support. Her years and infirmity precluded her from work; a severe winter was drawing on; and she was entirely destitute. What was to become of the poor creature? So everybody said, but none proposed to lend her any assistance, until Jeanne appeared. She had heard of her by chance, and now, seeing her distressed state, she immediately took her home, and cheerfully began her noble task—working for the support of two, as she had hitherto done for that of one. Jeanne could not have chosen a more helpless being to succour than her guest. Not only was the poor woman incapable of the least exertion, but she required to be waited on in a manner which entailed much loss of time, and consequently curtailed Jeanne's slender earnings, besides trying her patience in no slight degree. But these were evils which she had anticipated, and to which, since they were unavoidable, Jeanne submitted without a murmur; and far from relaxing in her charitable endeavours, she only the more eagerly sought out another opportunity of doing good, and worked more assiduously than ever to meet the necessary expenses.

It was not long before she heard of an old servant, whose masters had lately died, leaving her destitute. The history of this poor woman deeply moved Jeanne; and indeed it was of a nature to excite both respect and compassion. After having for many years faithfully served her masters whilst they were in affluent circumstances, she had experienced the grief of seeing them suddenly fall into great distress. She had been with them in their prosperous days, and in their misery she would not forsake them. At first she refused to receive any wages; then, as their poverty increased, she forced them to accept of those slender savings she had made in their service; and when even this last resource was exhausted, she had, notwithstanding her years and growing infirmities, worked for their support. But now they were dead, and she remained old, infirm, and alone in the world, thrown on the charity of strangers. Jeanne did not know her; but such a character was too congenial to her own for her to hesitate long about the line of conduct she had best pursue. Moved with pity and admiration, she offered her an asylum in her humble home. The proposal was gratefully accepted, and she now found herself with another guest. Jeanne earned but little, and her house was small enough; but what of that? She firmly believed that since it was on her that those two helpless beings were now dependent, the means of supporting them would not be denied her. Nor was she mistaken. She had more work than she could do; charitable persons assisted her; and although from that time forward her house became the acknowledged asylum of the poor of Saint-Servan, and the number of her guests constantly increased, yet she found room enough for all; nor did they ever, whilst beneath her roof, once lack their daily food.

In Saint-Servan, Jeanne was enabled to find ample opportunities of exercising her charitable zeal. Being situated near the sea, this town is chiefly inhabited by fishermen or sailors, and the disastrous accidents so frequent in either mode of life will but too frequently carry off the head and sole support of a family, by whose death not only a wretched wife and children are left destitute, but also those unfortunate parents who, in their old age and infirmities, had trusted to a son for the support of their declining years. To these unhappy beings, Jeanne's house was ever open; indeed, such was her hospitality, that it soon became too small; and on the 1st of October 1841, she was obliged to leave it for a larger one. A month afterwards, her second abode was full; twelve persons had found a shelter in it. But now the whole town began to talk of and praise the poor servant-girl who had taken on herself so heavy a burden, and who, by means that seemed almost miraculous, succeeded in keeping in food and clothing so large a number of persons. Filled with admiration, and desirous of helping Jeanne in her noble task, the townsmen of Saint-Servan raised a subscription, and with its proceeds purchased a larger house. It was solemnly given to Jeanne, but with the express intimation, that the donation of this house was all she had to expect, and that on her alone rested the responsibility of providing for its inmates—the number of whom she was advised not to increase too much.

On such terms, Jeanne accepted of the house, and set about filling it with dependants. To those already on her list, new objects of charity were from time to time added. Jeanne learned one day that an old seaman, seventy-two years of age, had been abandoned by his relations in a damp cellar, where he was lying on a litter of straw, with a few tattered rags for covering, and coarse brown bread for food. She hastened to visit the cellar herself, and found all in the state which had been described. A noisome vapour met her at the entrance; but not discouraged by this, she advanced, and at last perceived, in the surrounding gloom, a human form stretched on a wretched pallet. This was the seaman—a feeble, emaciated old man, broken down by a life of toil and fatigue. He seemed hardly conscious of her presence, and could but faintly thank her for the provisions which, according to her charitable custom, she had brought with her. Jeanne saw, however, that he was not seriously ill, but merely suffering from the want of fresh air and proper food and raiment. She immediately caused him to be removed from the wretched hole in which he was, and conveyed to her own house, where, with proper care, he soon recovered.

A poor lame child, not more than five years of age, suddenly lost her parents, and having no other surviving relations, was left alone on earth. Neither her helplessness, tender years, nor infirmity, could induce any of those around her to receive her, and give her a home to replace that which she had lost. Many of the neighbours were too poor themselves, and already burdened with large families; whilst those who might otherwise have been willing, were deterred by her infirmity. Jeanne alone was moved with compassion for the poor helpless orphan whom all abandoned; she took her home, and adopted her.

Two boys, about nine or ten years of age, had fled from Lower Brittany, where their parents lived in a state of great distress. They reached Saint-Servan on a cold winter-night, and, faint with hunger and fatigue, knocked at the first door they saw, in the hope of finding food and shelter. They were rudely refused, and driven away as thieves and vagabonds, who sought to enter under false pretences. It was in vain that they protested their innocence, relating how misery had compelled them to leave the house of their parents: this statement only procured them everywhere a worse reception. The younger and weaker of the two at length declared that he could go no farther; and although shivering with cold, he sat down on the pavement, and began crying bitterly, whilst his brother vainly endeavoured to comfort him. It was not long before a crowd gathered around them. On learning the cause of their distress, many pitied them; but more blamed them, saying that they had no more than they deserved, for leaving their parents as they had done; but nothing was proposed for their relief; until at last a person, more sensible or humane than the rest, exclaimed: 'Let us take them to Jeanne.' The suggestion was adopted, and the good Jeanne kindly received the fugitives, and kept them until they were taken back to their father and mother.

A poor girl, aged fourteen, had been abandoned by her parents, who were compelled, for some offence they had committed, to leave Saint-Servan precipitately. Unprotected and alone, she was exposed to every temptation which the unprincipled well know how to lay in the path of poverty and distress. Jeanne came to her aid, and rescued her from vice and misery.

In the town of Saint-Servan, a woman, notorious for her bad conduct, had an aged mother, who was afflicted with an ulcer of the worst description. Disgusted with the attendance which this poor woman required, and the expense she occasioned, the unnatural daughter informed her unhappy parent that she would no longer support her; and suiting the action to the words, she immediately proceeded to turn her out of doors. Yet, as though to render a tacit homage to Jeanne's well-known benevolence, this wretched creature took her unfortunate mother before the door of Jeanne Jugan's house, and left her there. She was not mistaken in her anticipations. Jeanne received her.

In this way, the number of Jeanne's dependants increased from twelve to twenty, and finally the number of inmates was sixty-five—almost all infirm and aged persons of both sexes, many of them afflicted with incurable illnesses, and all rescued by Jeanne from the vices, degradation, and misery attendant on beggary—the only resource which was left them when she came to their aid, there being neither poor-houses nor poor-law in France.

Such a noble example was not without its effect. Three persons of Saint-Servan joined Jeanne, to assist her in gratuitously attending on the sick, as well as to help her in the necessary business of such a large establishment. A doctor volunteered his services, and furnished the requisite medicines: in short, Jeanne Jugan has founded a real hospital. It is needless to dwell on the immense benefit which Saint-Servan must derive from it; the fact speaks for itself. But this singular hospital is much more simply administered than any official one. Jeanne employs no supercilious overseers; nor is it necessary to go through dilatory forms and petitioning in order to obtain admittance. If she hears of any sick or distressed person, she immediately sees herself into the truth of the case; and on ascertaining it, has the individual forthwith transported to her house.

Such are the wonders achieved in less than six years by the poor servant-girl to whom, on the 11th of December 1845, the French Academy awarded a prize of three thousand francs (£120).

PIERRE BÉCARD.

Pierre François Joseph Bécard was a servant in the household of the Marquis de Stinfort, a nobleman who lived towards the close of the last century, and resided in the town of Arras, in the north-eastern part of France. Among the many persons of rank who visited the marquis, a gentleman and lady named De Chavilhac were the most assiduous. Madame de Chavilhac, who was of a kind and amiable disposition, found opportunities of noticing Bécard's good conduct and respectful demeanour; she spoke of him with praise to his master, and was the indirect means of ameliorating his condition.

In the year 1793, at the epoch of the Revolution, the Marquis de Stinfort was imprisoned. Bécard shewed himself a most devoted servant to his master; but this was a misfortune which he had no power of remedying. The atrocious Lebon was then master of Arras, and sent his victims to the guillotine with the sound of music. The marquis was condemned after a mock-trial, and perished on the scaffold. In the meantime, Monsieur de Chavilhac had also become a prisoner, and in going to visit his master, Bécard had several times met Madame de Chavilhac. A sort of intimacy had thus sprung up between the lady and the servant, whose poverty and obscurity now proved his greatest blessing, since they insured his safety. Monsieur de Chavilhac was, however, fortunate enough to escape the guillotine; and although much reduced in fortune, he continued to reside in Arras with his wife, who entertained a grateful recollection of the sympathy Bécard had shewn her. But soon after his master's death and Monsieur de Chavilhac's liberation, Bécard left his native town for Paris, and for many years neither he nor Madame de Chavilhac heard any more of one another.

In 1812 this lady became a widow, and by the death of her husband was left entirely destitute. Several large sums were due to him by government, and she came to Paris in the hope of recovering them. In this she unfortunately proved unsuccessful. The expenses of the journey and of her stay had exhausted her resources, and she was reduced to great misery, when she met Bécard, who was then a hawker in the streets, and nearly as poor as herself. Madame de Chavilhac, who was well acquainted with his honesty and native goodness of heart, did not endeavour to conceal from him the state of distress into which she had fallen; she, on the contrary, confided to him both the object of her journey and its unfortunate consequences, asking his advice and assistance. Bécard could give her little or no advice by which to regulate her conduct, but assisted her to the utmost extent of his means, and that with a cheerfulness and delicacy which highly enhanced the value of the little he had it in his power to perform.

Grief and misery had impaired the health of Madame de Chavilhac; she soon fell into a very declining state; and all her resources being exhausted, she became wholly dependent on the charity of Bécard. Notwithstanding his own poverty, and the very slight claims she had on him, he could not bring himself to abandon her in this distress, but, moved with compassion, resolved to stand by her to the last. Well knowing that her pride would not allow her to do this, he applied, as though for himself, to those charitable establishments open to the Paris poor, and where, their names being inscribed on a register, they each receive either a certain sum monthly or an allowance of food. Bécard, with the delicacy of real charity, guessed that Madame de Chavilhac could never submit to the mortification of having her name thus publicly exposed; and although he was not without his own share of honest pride, yet, to spare her feelings, and afford her relief, he gladly consented to undergo the humiliation of asking and receiving alms. All that he reaped by this, however, was only a small portion of brown bread; but unwilling to give this to Madame de Chavilhac, he ate it himself, and purchased some white bread for her. Nor was this all. He soon began to perceive that it was in vain to hope to support both her and himself by the little he earned, and which had proved barely sufficient for his own maintenance before he met her. One resource in this extremity alone remained, and this was to solicit alms in the streets. Bécard hesitated long; his very soul revolted from the idea; but the sight of the unhappy lady gave him the courage which might otherwise have failed him—he became a beggar.

But with all his zeal, he found that he could not bear the humiliation for more than a short time. He was obliged to give up the attempt; and as his trade of a hawker had not proved sufficiently profitable, he resolved to try the world under a new aspect. By straining every nerve, he succeeded in setting up as a buyer and seller of old clothes; but although he walked about the streets for this purpose during the whole day, he made but little by this new trade, and that little was expended on Madame de Chavilhac. Yet Bécard, if not satisfied, was resigned to his fate. His hapless friend was not in absolute want; and though he had to endure the severest privations in order to live, he contrived to do so without having again recourse to mendicity.

Several years passed thus, during which Madame de Chavilhac had continued to be in the same precarious state of health, when, in the month of December 1822, she suddenly became much worse, and indeed was so ill, that even Bécard entertained slight hopes of her recovery. Before long, he was obliged to watch by her bedside during the whole of the night, and, notwithstanding his fatigue and want of repose, to go out early in the morning in order to attend to his business; but, unwilling that the sick woman should remain alone during his absence, he prevailed on a female neighbour to attend to her wants in the daytime. Bécard himself would often call in during the course of the day, either to know how the patient was getting on, or to bring in some small sum of money wherewith to purchase the necessary medicines. And yet at this time he was an infirm and asthmatic old man, himself in need of repose, and suffering under privations of every kind in order to relieve the hapless lady. His whole sustenance throughout the day was thin porridge. Yet, although he thus sacrificed everything for Madame de Chavilhac's comfort, he never uttered a murmur of complaint. When he spoke to her, it was always with the deep respect of a servant addressing his mistress. Her least commands he scrupulously obeyed; and notwithstanding that her temper had been considerably soured by her misfortunes and infirmities, he bore her unjust reproofs and caprices with a patience which could only spring from true Christian charity.

Ten days before her death, he found her so much worse, that, notwithstanding his own pressing wants, he resolved to remain entirely with her, and give up the little business by which he had hitherto supported himself. With the most heroic patience and devotedness he thus staid with the unfortunate lady, soothing her last moments with the consolations of friendship and religion, until the acute sufferings she endured were terminated by death in the month of May 1823.

He who alone had watched by her in her agony, was also the only one who followed Madame de Chavilhac to the grave; and, faithful even to the dead, he fashioned with his own hands a wooden cross, such as marks every grave in Catholic countries, inscribing on it the name of her who, in the days of her riches and splendour, little deemed that the poor and obscure Bécard should be her last and only friend.

The very same year, Bécard, who was pursuing his trade of seller of old clothes, was surprised by the announcement that the French Academy, having learned his conduct towards Madame de Chavilhac, had voted him one of the medals distributed that year. The sum he thus received was of the greatest use to him, enabling him to begin a small but more lucrative business than that he had hitherto followed, and in which he proved entirely successful.

EUSTACHE.

EUSTACHE, a poor negro slave, was born in the year 1773, on a plantation situated in the northern part of the island of San Domingo, and belonging to a rich proprietor named Monsieur Belin de Villeneuve. This gentleman, who was of a kind and humane disposition, soon noticed the industry and zeal for the accomplishment of his duties by which, even when a child, Eustache was strikingly characterised; and no less to indulge in the natural benevolence of his heart, than to reward the good qualities of his young slave, he treated him with even more than the usual kindness which marked his deportment towards his companions.

This conduct made a deep impression upon Eustache. He became most ardently attached to his master, and persevered in his good behaviour—this being then the only means in his power of shewing his gratitude. As he grew up to manhood, Eustache was intrusted with an important post on his master's plantations of sugar-cane. In this office he not only displayed his usual zeal, but also a considerable degree of acuteness and intelligence. Like other slaves, Eustache was devoid of even the ordinary principles of an elementary education; he knew neither how to read nor write. It does not appear that he endeavoured to supply this deficiency in his instruction; his daily pursuits, doubtless, left him little time to spare; it may also be that knowledge appeared to him in a merely secondary light, and not as the most important basis of all human happiness, and even of virtue. Monsieur Belin seems to have viewed the matter under the same aspect, since, notwithstanding his kindness to Eustache, he did no more for him in this respect than for his companions. Little did he then think of what importance, even to him, it might one day be that Eustache the slave should know how to read.

But although Monsieur Belin so far owned the deeply rooted prejudices of caste as to allow Eustache to remain in this state of ignorance, it is but justice to add, that he ever endeavoured to instil into his mind the maxims of virtue, and of a cheerful and simple, but sincere piety. Eustache faithfully adhered to these instructions; and the integrity, as well as the touching earnestness and simplicity of his character, secured to him the merited esteem of all. His disposition, though mild, was thoughtful, and led him carefully to avoid the society of such among his fellow-slaves as were of vicious or intemperate habits, whilst it made him eagerly seek that of white men, in the hope of gathering from their conversation some useful knowledge.

Eustache was not yet twenty, when the insurrection of the blacks broke out in San Domingo.

The great cruelties exercised by the planters on their slaves occasioned the most fearful retaliation, from which the innocent as well as the guilty were to suffer. Notwithstanding his well-known goodness and benevolence of heart, Monsieur Belin would not have escaped from the general massacre but for the heroic exertions of his slave Eustache. He spared neither prayers nor remonstrances with the insurrectionary chiefs until he had attained his object; and such were the influence and esteem which his blameless and upright character had secured him, even with lawless and exasperated men, that, besides the safety of his master, he also succeeded in obtaining that of a large number of proprietors, who but for him must have certainly perished. But although this much had been won, the danger to which Monsieur Belin and his friends were exposed had not vanished; far from this being the case, it became evidently greater every day. Flight, though a hazardous experiment, was at length resolved upon. Eustache, owing to his knowledge of the country, and his influence with the insurgents, was named the guide of the fugitives—no enviable post, if we consider that he had now to lead a band of four hundred men, scarcely armed, and dispirited by fatigue and privations to which they were not inured, through the rocky valleys, narrow defiles, and thick woods of the island, at the imminent risk of meeting on the way a party of blacks, and of being instantly massacred. After almost unexampled toil and suffering, borne with heroic courage, Eustache safely arrived with his companions at Limbè, where they embarked on board an American ship, by which they hoped to reach America, and there find a safe retreat.

But woe seemed to follow the exiles. They had not been long at sea, when the American vessel was attacked by an English corsair of superior strength, and notwithstanding the heroic resistance of all on board, among whom Eustache distinguished himself by indomitable bravery, it was captured. But far from despairing, Eustache resolved that one great effort should at least be made for freedom. The conquerors, suspecting no attempt on the part of their captives, had left them comparatively free. Eustache now went amongst them, bearing to every one words of comfort and encouragement, and urging them not to yield to grief, but to do some deed by which they might be freed. His words produced the desired effect, and a plan for overpowering their enemies was agreed upon. The corsairs had gathered together, and were now feasting and rejoicing over their prize, which was very valuable, as many of the captives had carried off with them some of their most precious goods. Eustache, being a negro and a slave, found no difficulty in introducing himself amongst them, under the pretence of amusing them by those feats of agility in which the blacks are acknowledged to be very expert. So successful was he in thus engaging their attention, that they never perceived or heard the approach of his comrades, who gradually surrounded the spot where they were assembled. Seeing that the time for action was now come, Eustache gave the preconcerted signal, and rushed the first of all on the corsairs; his companions followed before they had time to recover from the surprise and confusion occasioned by this unexpected attack. In a few minutes they were all firmly bound, and made prisoners in their turn. Their former captives passed from the deepest despair to the height of joy. They were now free, and yet it was a slave who had won their freedom.

The vessel in which they were safely arrived at Baltimore. Eustache and his master, over whom he had watched throughout with the tenderest care, were once more in safety. But though the chief object of his concern, Monsieur Belin was not the only one. Many of the refugees were devoid of even the ordinary means of subsistence, and found themselves in a foreign land thrown on the charity of strangers. In his exertions towards the support of these unfortunate people, in soliciting others for their sake, and depriving himself of every slight comfort to administer to their wants, the noble and heroic Eustache was unwearied. He was a slave, and therefore owned nothing in this world beyond perseverance and charity; but with these he achieved wonders, and reaped his reward—the blessings of those whom in their misery he had relieved.

In the meantime, the island of San Domingo was regaining comparative tranquillity. The blacks no longer massacred the white residents; and Monsieur Belin, encouraged by this, and, moreover, entertaining hopes of recovering part of his lost property, determined to return to his native country, accompanied by his faithful Eustache and a large number of the exiles. But no sooner had they landed, after a prosperous voyage, than they were attacked by a party of twenty thousand blacks, who massacred a large number of them. In this fearful and unequal combat, Eustache once more proved his master's guardian angel. By almost superhuman efforts and bravery, he succeeded in withdrawing him from the scene of carnage, and, through great danger, fled with him to Port-au-Prince, where they fortunately arrived in safety. In this town, Monsieur Belin at last found a home, which, if it had not the splendour of his former dwelling, was still, though humble, not entirely devoid of comfort. Some of his property he had succeeded in rescuing from the general wreck, and he lived on his income, in happy retirement, and in the society of his faithful slave, or—as, after so much devotedness, he might well be called—of his friend Eustache.

Monsieur Belin was now advanced in years; his sight had almost entirely failed him; and Eustache frequently heard him complain that he could no more, as formerly, beguile the tediousness of the evening by reading. Unfortunately, as we have already stated, Eustache could not read. He had long passed that time of life when study is an easy task; but, undeterred by difficulties, which another at his age would have found insuperable, he resolved to spare neither time nor trouble to restore to his master that enjoyment of which age was now depriving him. He secretly found a teacher who undertook to give him lessons; and, without mentioning his project to Monsieur Belin or to any other person, he assiduously devoted to the task every hour he could spare from his other labours. What seemed almost impossible, unwearied perseverance and devotedness achieved. Eustache, though not without many efforts, at length learned to read; and his heart beating with triumph and honest joy, he entered the apartment of Monsieur Belin, a book in his hand, to shew his astonished master all that he could accomplish for his sake.

Many a noble and heroic deed has marked the life of the negro slave, but none more touching in its simplicity than this.

Moved with gratitude for such devotedness, Monsieur Belin resolved that Eustache should be free. He liberated him. But this act, far from dissolving their friendship, seemed to render its ties more close and binding. Eustache still considered himself the slave of his former master, and continued to act as his servant until the period of his death. Monsieur Belin did not shew himself unmindful of his faithful friend. He left him several large legacies, amply sufficient to provide for his old age; and had not Eustache possessed a heart incapable of resisting the call of the wretched and distressed, he might have passed in comfort the remainder of his days. But, in the untutored goodness of his heart, he considered the small fortune of which he was now possessed as merely intrusted to him that it might contribute to the happiness of others. So well was his benevolence known, that all who were in distress appealed to him—and none appealed in vain—until of Monsieur Belin's legacies no more was left for him to give. But though now thrown on his own exertions for support, Eustache was not disheartened. He trusted in Providence with a holy and almost child-like simplicity. He left San Domingo, and came to Paris, where, by his industry, intelligence, and energetic endeavours, he contrived to earn a sufficient livelihood. But poverty with him could not breed selfishness. He was still the same noble, disinterested creature as ever; not only relieving the unfortunate whom chance sent in his way, but seeking them out with unwearied care. Of his scanty earnings, he kept for his own support but the smallest share; the rest he distributed amongst poor mothers of large families, men out of work, and sick neighbours. And these things he did, not like one who knows that he does some good action worthy of praise, but with the simple bearing of him who has merely fulfilled his duty. If any one extolled in his presence actions which, however they might strike others with astonishment, were but for him like the occurrences of everyday life, he would seem surprised, and, with that admirable simplicity which marked his character, merely say, as though by these words all were explained: 'It is not for men I do this, but for the Master who dwells above.'

Such an admirable instance of virtue and piety could not remain hidden. Eustache was brought under the notice of the Academy, and in the year 1832 a medal was publicly awarded to him. Of the further fate of Eustache we regret not to be able to say more.

ALEXANDRE MARTIN.

MAXIMILIENNE DE BETHUNE was the daughter of the Duke of Sully, and the last descendant of the celebrated Sully, minister and friend of Henry IV. of France, and whose memory, like his master's, has remained deservedly endeared to the people for the many virtues which adorned his noble character. This lady, who owned an immense fortune, was early married to the Marquis de l'Aubespine, a nobleman of high rank and ancient family, and master of several fine estates. An only son, the Count de l'Aubespine, was the fruit of this union, which, if rank and wealth constituted happiness, must have rendered the marquis and his wife perfectly happy. Whilst the young count was still a child, a man named Martin lived as a servant in the household of his father. After several years had thus elapsed, Martin, whose good behaviour was proverbial in the whole parish, resolved to marry, and resume his original trade of carpenter, which he had left off in order to enter the service of the Marquis de l'Aubespine. His master, though sorry to lose him, raised no objection to so reasonable a plan; but dismissing him with a handsome present, and every assurance of esteem and protection, he facilitated his project, and enabled him to settle and marry according to his wish in the neighbouring village of Champrond-en-Gâtine, not far from the town of Chartres.

Martin was a good and sober workman. The woman he had married proved an excellent and industrious wife; and though, in the space of a few years, he had three children besides himself and their mother to maintain, things went on pretty well, and Martin was perfectly satisfied with his humble lot. But a far different fate had in the meantime fallen to the share of his former master. The Marquis de l'Aubespine was a very extravagant man, and though possessor of immense wealth, he had contrived to spend it all. His wife's large fortune had long since been squandered; all his fine estates had disappeared one after the other; and not only did the spendthrift nobleman reduce himself and his wife to beggary, but he also utterly ruined his unfortunate son, the Count de l'Aubespine, who had married, but was now a widower, and father of three young children.

Martin had long heard with grief of the distress into which his former masters had fallen. He had at first refused to credit the report; but the sale of the family estates shewed him but too well that it was founded on truth. From this time forward he could learn but little of their fate. The marquis, it was said, had disappeared entirely; his wife had died of grief; and their son, the count, was residing with his children in a distant part of the country, doubtless in poverty and obscurity, but where, nobody could tell. Although he knew no more than this, Martin's thoughts were almost constantly engrossed with the distressed state of the son and grandchildren of his former master. On a fine evening of the month of June 1830, as he was seated on a wooden bench near the door of his cottage, and meditating as usual on this painful subject, his attention was attracted towards a haggard and wearied-looking man, who, with a child in his arms, and two little girls following him, was advancing towards him. Martin rose to meet him, but could hardly believe his eyes when he recognised in the stranger the son of his old master, the Count de l'Aubespine. The three children who accompanied him were his. Angélique, the eldest, was only five years of age; Josephine, four; and Louis, the youngest, was not more than eighteen months old. The count and his children, who were very tired, entered the carpenter's dwelling; and whilst they were resting from the fatigue they had experienced, their father opened to Martin the object of his visit. He was on the eve, he said, of a short journey, and knowing no one in that part of the country where he resided to whom he could confide his children, he had resolved on asking Martin to take charge of them during his absence. To this proposal the carpenter readily and joyfully assented; and the Count de l'Aubespine, embracing his children, and once more recommending them to the care of Martin, almost immediately departed. The same night he left France, whence his distressed state compelled him to flee, and to which he never returned. It was not long before Martin learned that the last and helpless descendants of the great Sully were now dependants on his charity.

Although already burdened with a family, and no longer young, he did not repine at the prospect, but cheerfully set about considering by what means he could best accomplish the task which had devolved upon him. Martin earned only thirty sous a day (1s. 3d.); but he received some help from his wife and eldest daughter, who made between them about twenty-four sous a day (1s.): two shillings and threepence a day was therefore the sum by which Martin was to support himself, his wife, and the six children. The carpenter's utmost ingenuity, energy, and perseverance failed to accomplish this mighty feat. It was in vain that he worked from morning till night with unwearied industry, submitting to the severest privations: he was, before long, compelled to borrow several sums of money from a few kind friends. For some time he endeavoured to go on thus; but this resource soon failing him, he found himself under the necessity of parting with the little furniture he possessed, piece by piece, until he at last became reduced to the greatest distress. But in the midst of his poverty the deep devotedness of that worthy man remained unchanged. When he and his family were obliged to eat coarse brown bread, he still found the means of giving white bread to the children of the Count de l'Aubespine; and, with a rare feeling of delicacy and refinement, he would never allow them to take their meals at the same table with himself and his family, but waited on them with the same deep respect he would have shewn had they still been in the enjoyment of all the privileges of rank and fortune in their ancestral castle of Villebon. Several years thus passed away, and Martin never once wearied in the accomplishment of the task he had undertaken; but whilst he thus provided, though not without difficulty, for the physical wants of the three children, he often grieved to think that he could do nothing towards giving them the education required by their name and rank in society. The curate of Champrond had kindly begun to instruct the young Louis; but this was of course wholly insufficient; and the worthy carpenter was no little perplexed as to how he ought to act, when aid came from the most unexpected quarter.

A conduct so noble and so touching in its disinterestedness as his could not for ever remain concealed. The report that the last three descendants of the great Sully, who had long inhabited that district, where his memory was still held in deep veneration, were now dependent on the charity of a poor carpenter, gradually spread throughout the whole country, and it was not long before Martin received from the nuns of the order of Saint-Paul, in the neighbouring town of Chartres, the offer of taking the three children under their care, and properly educating them. Though most reluctant to part from them, Martin consented, influenced by the evident advantages which would result to them from this exchange. They were immediately transferred to the convent, where the kindness and attention with which they were treated amply proved to Martin that his precious charge could not have been intrusted to kinder hands. But however well qualified those respectable ladies might be to train up properly the two girls, the education of Louis, the boy, could not long remain with them. The hospital of Nogent-le-Rotron, founded and endowed by Sully, whose remains are interred within it, sent a sum of money for the purpose of procuring the young Louis de l'Aubespine that instruction which he so much needed. Of the riches left by Sully, a small share of what he had given to the poor was all that his descendant was destined to reap. This sum not being sufficient, however, for the purpose in view, some persons proposed to raise a subscription, and a pious prelate offered to have the boy educated in a religious seminary. But the king, Louis-Philippe, having heard of the case, resolved that, for the sake of his great ancestor Sully, and for that of the faithful Martin, the son of the Count de l'Aubespine should be brought up at the public expense in the College of Henry IV. in Paris.

In the month of August of the year 1838, the worthy carpenter, who still lived in obscure poverty, but happy to think that his master's grandchildren had now partly regained their proper station in society, was surprised by the announcement that the Academy had awarded to him a prize of 3000 francs (£120), not as the reward of his noble conduct, but as a testimonial of esteem and admiration.

MARIANNE FEILLET, OF LANFAINS, CÔTES-DU-NORD.

MADAME LÉCUYER, the widow of a respectable merchant, found herself, at the death of her husband, in consequence of unfortunate speculations, in utter destitution. She had one son, whose abilities had procured him admission into the Polytechnic School, and who gave promise of a brilliant future. She was anxious to join him in Paris, but how get funds to convey her there from the extremity of Bretagne, and to support her in the great city? The savings of a poor servant-girl solved that difficulty. Marianne Feillet placed eighteen hundred francs, her little all, at the disposal of her mistress, and accompanied her to the capital.

Madame Lécuyer, however, had not been long in Paris when she fell a prey to grief and to the change in her mode of life. She died in the arms of Marianne, begging her to take charge of her son—a charge which the heroic girl most nobly discharged. Under the double burden of study and grief, the mind of the young man suddenly gave way, and he was obliged to be sent to an asylum. Marianne, who had nursed him on her knees, could not bear the thoughts of abandoning him to the care of strangers, and was allowed to enter the asylum as nurse. Here she staid two years, watching at his bedside for months together; for it was only the magnetism of her look that could calm the paroxysms of the poor maniac.

Under this kind treatment, a shade of reason returned, and Jules Lécuyer was able to resume the business of teaching in a provincial lyceum. Marianne went with him, studying to protect that feeble flame of intelligence which she alone had been able to revive. Alas! Lécuyer was obliged a second time to give up all occupation, and retire to a remote corner of Bretagne, where he lived on a little pension allowed him by the creditors of his family. God only knows, and no one will ever learn from Marianne, what she added to this insufficient allowance by her labour and self-denial. She even sacrificed the expectation of a small fortune which was to come to her, discounting it for the sum of twelve hundred francs. One fatal day, Jules Lécuyer, escaping from her vigilance, took into his head to go to the neighbouring shore and bathe, in spite of the stormy weather. In the evening, Marianne looked for him in vain; she only learned that a fisherman had heard a loud cry; and next day a corpse was washed ashore. Though thus deprived of the object of her existence, Marianne continues to live without murmuring at the divine will which detains her here.

To this self-sacrificing woman, the Academy, in 1864, awarded a prize of two thousand francs (£80).

PIERRE GUILLOT AND LOUIS BRUNE.

Pierre Guillot was one of the men employed on board of the river steamboat, the *Vulcain*, when she was going down the river Loire, towards Nantes, on the 15th of September 1837. Amongst the passengers on board was a lady with her five children, and their maid. Whilst he was on deck, Guillot heard some of the children crying below; and although he has none of his own, Pierre feels a natural fondness for the children of others, and he no sooner heard their cries, than he immediately went down to the cabin to see what was the matter. A childish dispute had occasioned their tears. Guillot endeavoured to comfort them, and began playing with them. Whilst he was thus engaged, a terrible shock was felt throughout the vessel, and he instantly rushed up to learn the cause. On reaching Ingrande, the *Vulcain* had stopped to receive some passengers, but the necessary manœuvre having been unskilfully executed, the wheels of the machinery became entangled, the boiler burst, and the burning steam spread all around. Although he was severely burned, Guillot's first thought was not of escape: he recollected the children, and would have rushed down to save them; but on endeavouring to retrace his steps through the scalding mist which surrounded him, he found that the stairs which led to their cabin had already disappeared. It was in vain that, by covering his face with his hands, he hoped to advance; on attempting to do so, he found that it was impossible. And yet, to quote his own words when relating this event, 'the idea that five children and their mother were there being burned to death was killing me.'

Through the lower range of windows, Guillot succeeded in observing the mother of the children. Immediately suspending himself from the iron railing which goes round the deck, he succeeded in snatching her up; but the hapless woman was already dead. He next endeavoured to save the servant; but, though almost burned to death, she cried out, with the most touching devotedness: 'No, no—not me; save the children.' But Guillot looked for them in vain; they were nowhere to be seen. Not deterred by the burning atmosphere of the cabin, and the severe injuries he had already received, he entered it, hastily snatched up three of the children, bore them away, and returned for the servant and the other two; but although he succeeded in carrying them to a place of safety, he had the grief to find that, of the five children, two alone survived; the rest, with their mother and the maid, had perished. A prize of 4000 francs (£160) was the reward of this brave action.

The same year, 1838, his relation and friend, Louis Brune, received from the Academy the sum of 3000 francs (£120) for a series of actions no less brave and remarkable.

Louis Brune was by profession a porter on the quays of Rouen; but it might almost be said that his trade consisted in saving lives at the risk of his own. It has been legally attested that he saved the lives of forty-two persons previously to the year 1838. Being constantly near the river-side, he had necessarily numerous occasions of exercising his benevolent propensities; but how many, having the same opportunities, would, like Brune, have risked their own life to save that of others. Who would, like him, have eagerly watched on the shore in the hour of danger for some noble deed to accomplish? One of the most striking instances of this ardour for doing good is to be seen in the following anecdote.

On the 28th of January 1838, the river Seine, which had been frozen for several days, was covered with skaters. It was in vain that they were told of the expected tide, which must certainly break the ice; neither the danger which they ran, nor the warnings and efforts of the local authorities, succeeded in producing any effect upon them. Brune, whose wife and aged mother were then ill, remained all day on the quay, in expectation of the disaster, which he knew to be inevitable. In vain pressing messages to return home came from his family; he firmly refused to leave the spot; and not even for his meals could he be induced to desert the post he had assigned to himself. Nor was it long before a rushing noise was heard; the ice was breaking in every direction; and the precipitate flight of the imprudent crowd increased the disaster. A gentleman and his lady, who were enjoying the pleasures of skating, suddenly disappeared in a large opening which the breaking ice had formed beneath them. Brune, who was eagerly looking out, rushed over the ice that bent beneath his tread, plunged into the river, seized the gentleman, and brought him safely to the shore. No sooner had he accomplished this, than he once more precipitated himself into the river, and was fortunate enough in seizing the lady, who had already disappeared under the ice; but, benumbed by the cold, and his strength failing him through this unwonted exertion, he in vain endeavoured to rise to the surface; he laid hold of the masses of ice, but merely cut his hands in the attempt. Notwithstanding the most desperate efforts, he was on the point of perishing with her whom he endeavoured to save, when a rope was thrown to him; he seized it, and, though not without difficulty, reached the shore with his burden amidst the applause of the assembled crowd.

That the heroic Brune was appreciated by his countrymen, may be seen from the fact, that the town of Rouen erected him a house at the public expense, with an inscription simply stating that this house had been offered to Louis Brune by the town of Rouen.

HYACINTHE FORCEL.

HYACINTHE FORCEL is a sailor belonging to the port of Blainville in the department of La Manche, who, living in the midst of constant dangers, with heroic simplicity, sacrifices his own safety to the passion of saving his fellow-creatures. This course he has pursued without interruption since 1841. Trustworthy witnesses from the port of Blainville and the town of Coutances, relate the successful struggles he has had with the sea in disputing its victims. In 1841, he rescued a poor child, and by friction and rolling it on the sand restored it to life. In 1852, the master of a bark and his two sailors were cast on the breakers at the north of Blainville, and to save them, he had to expose himself to the same danger without much chance of success. Forcel did not hesitate, however, and he was fortunate enough to bring them ashore. In 1857, seven men had gathered wreck on the rocks at Chaussey, and made a large raft of it, which they were steering towards the coast; but a sudden squall got up, the fragile raft was carried out three miles from the shore, and the death of those who were on it was almost certain. Forcel saw the danger, threw himself into his boat with two of his comrades, and saved the seven unhappy men, who had given up all hope of human assistance. No one will be surprised to learn that this courageous sailor is also the best of men. Late in life he married a woman who had a son by a former marriage. Hyacinthe was the kindest of fathers to that child, and thought he could not do better than bring him up to the rough and noble occupation in which he himself had spent his life. In 1863, when his son was thirteen years old, they had one day to return from the light-house of Sénequet, while the fog was so thick that they could scarcely see from the one end of the boat to the other. Forcel directed his course, partly by chance, towards the entrance to the bay, and was fortunate enough to get in; when suddenly cries of despair were heard amid the roar of the breakers, and a vessel, it was clear, had just been wrecked. In spite of all remonstrances, he set out with his son. He directed his course through the rocks towards the spot whence the cries came, and where he found a vessel overset, and two men and a woman, tossed by tremendous waves, clinging to the mast and awaiting death. Unable to persuade them to leave hold of the mast and make towards his boat, he was obliged to leap to the perishing vessel, seize one of the doomed creatures, and leap back with him to his own boat. Three times he performed this dangerous feat, and brought them in triumph to Blainville. The admiration excited on this occasion among the whole coast population was such that the government sent him a medal of the first class.

What a man he would have made of his step-son! But his hopes were cruelly disappointed. On the 6th August 1865, when the boy was bathing in the harbour of Blainville, Forcel suddenly heard cries of distress. Not seeing the lad, he threw off his coat, dived three times without finding him; and supposing that the current had carried him out, he put off with his boat from the shore, dived again, and found him. But the sea this time had taken its revenge; the poor old sailor only brought home a corpse. The profoundest sympathy for his misfortune, and the admiration long felt for his conduct, were expressed in the memorandum sent to the Academy, which in 1866 granted him a prize of 3000 francs (£120).*

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* In imitation of M. de Montyon, a M. Souriau has founded an annual prize of a thousand francs (£40), for virtuous actions; and a Madame Marie Lasne has founded six 'medals' of three hundred francs each. The former came into operation in 1866, the latter in 1869. The awards are made by the Academy in the same way as for the Montyon prizes.

THE THREE WAYS OF LIVING.*

LIVING WITHIN THE MEANS.

'AND so, Frank, you are really going to be married?' asked Uncle Joshua.

'I really am, sir,' replied Frank.

'And live on broth?'

'Yes, sir; and if I cannot afford that, on water-gruel.'

'And pray, have you persuaded Jane to starve with you?'

'I have persuaded her, sir, that we can be happy on the bare necessaries of life; and those my industry will always procure us.'

'How do you know that you will always have health to labour in your profession?'

'I certainly do not; it would be presumption in me to speak securely on that subject.'

'Yet you are going to act as if this were a certainty.'

'And is it wrong, my dear sir, that I should? I have health and strength—these, to me, are positive wealth. I possess them now, and I must make the most of them. If the uncertainty of our possessions is to paralyse our exertions, those who have money are nearly as ill off as those who have not. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away; they are at the mercy of fire and water. Uncertainty is written upon all things. I believe my prospects are as stable as most people's.'

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* The present story (a few alterations excepted) formed a small volume of unpretending appearance, and of anonymous authorship, published some years ago at Boston, United States, and which had there gone through several editions. We were so much pleased with the production, as a contribution to good morals, virtuous habits, and domestic and social comfort—in which respects it reminded us of some of the early popular works of Miss Edgeworth—as to feel satisfied that we should be doing a duty to our readers, and a benefit to society, by its republication in our Miscellany.—ED.

'Let me hear what they are.'

'In the first place, sir, I have health; in the next, activity; and then my profession is a pretty sure one. A physician will always find patients, if he is attentive and skilful; and I mean to be both. However, I confess that our greatest security for a living will consist in our moderate desires and simple habits. You know, sir, Jane has no passion for fine dress; and, in short'——

'In short, Frank, you are determined to be married; and there is an end of all argument.'

'I only wait for your consent, sir.'

'You know very well that mine will follow Jane's. And she is willing to live with you on the bare necessaries of life?' Jane only answered by an assenting smile. 'Very well, I give up. One thing, however, let me tell you—beyond bread and water, a shelter for one's head, a bag of straw to sleep on, and covering and fuel to guard us from the inclemencies of the weather, there are no positive necessaries; all the rest are comparative.' Jane had hitherto sat very quietly at her work, but she now laid it in her lap, and looked up with an air of astonishment. 'You do not agree with me, I perceive,' said Uncle Joshua; 'tell me, then, what you think are the necessaries of life.'

'I confess, sir,' said Jane a little contemptuously, 'when I agreed with Frank that we could live on the necessaries of life, I did not mean like the beasts of the field or the birds of the air; but graduating our ideas to what is around us, I am sure we shall ask for nothing more than the necessaries of life. The luxuries,' added she with a pretty sentimental air, 'we will draw from our own hearts.'

'And I,' said Frank, looking enchanted with her eloquence, 'shall be the happiest of men.'

'Graduating our ideas to what is around us!' exclaimed Uncle Joshua. 'Ah, there it is; you could live on broth or water-gruel, if everybody else did; but the fact is, that nobody does; and so you, like the rest of the world, will live a little beyond your means.'

'No, sir,' said the young people eagerly; 'we are determined to make it a rule never to exceed our means.'

'As long as you keep to that rule, you are safe; you do not know what it is to be beset by temptations. But I have done; advice is of little value where we have nothing else to give—and that is pretty much my case; but a bachelor's wants are few.'

'Yes, dear uncle,' said Jane smiling; 'he wants nothing but the necessaries of life—an elbow-chair, a good fire, and a cigar half a dozen times a day; and long, long,' added she, affectionately embracing him, 'may you enjoy them, and give to us what is of far more value than money—your affection; and on every other subject, your advice.'

In one fortnight from this conversation Frank and Jane were man and wife. Perhaps a more united or a more rational pair had seldom pronounced the marriage vow. They began with the wise purpose of incurring no debts, and took a small house, at a cheap rate, in an obscure but populous part of the city.

Most young physicians begin life with some degree of patronage, but Frank had none. He came to the city a stranger from the wilds of Vermont, fell in love with Jane Churchwood, the niece of Uncle Joshua, a man whom nobody knew, and whose independence consisted in limiting his wants to his means. What little he could do for Jane, he cheerfully did. But after all necessary expenses were paid, the young people had but just enough between them to secure their first quarter's rent, and place a sign on the corner of the house, with 'Dr Fulton' handsomely inscribed upon it. The sign seemed to excite but little attention—as nobody called to see the owner of it, though he was at home every hour in the day.

After a week of patient expectation, which could not be said to pass heavily—for they worked, read, and talked together—Frank thought it best to add to the sign: 'Practises for the poor gratis.' At the end of a few days another clause was added: 'Furnishes medicines to those who cannot pay for them.' In a very short time the passers-by stopped to spell out the words, and Frank soon began to reap the benefit of this addition. Various applications were made; and though they did not, as yet, promise any increase of revenue, he was willing to pay for the first stepping-stone. What had begun, however, from true New-England calculation, was continued from benevolence. He was introduced to scenes of misery that made him forget all but the desire of relieving the wretchedness he witnessed; and when he related to his young and tender-hearted wife the situation in which he found a mother confined to her bed, with two or three helpless children crying around her for bread, Jane would put on her straw bonnet, and follow him with a light step to the dreary abode. The first quarter's board came round; it was paid, and left them nearly penniless. There is something in benevolent purpose, as well as in industry, that cheers and supports the mind. Never was Jane's step lighter, or her smile gayer, than at present. But this could not last: the next quarter's rent must be provided—and how? Still the work of mercy went on, and did not grow slack. One day taking a small supply of provisions with them, they went to visit a poor sick woman. After ascending a crooked flight of stairs, they entered the forlorn apartment, where lay the sick mother, while the hungry squalid children were gathered round the ashes upon the hearth.

But an object attracted their attention that might be said to afford all the picturesque relief which a painter would require in such a scene. By the side of the bed sat a lady in the prime of life, redolent with health and beauty, and dressed in the extreme of fashion. After gazing with some surprise at the new-comers, she bent over the sufferer, sweeping her bird-of-paradise feathers in the sick woman's face, and inquired who they were. In the meantime the children gathered round Jane, and, with a true animal instinct, began to scent the provision that the basket contained. It was with difficulty she could restrain their eager appetites. The lady looked on with wonder, and inhaled the odour of the vinaigrette attached to her watch-chain. 'I hope there is nothing infectious?' said she in a low voice to the doctor.

He assured her there was not. 'She has been,' said he, 'too weak to work for several months, and is reduced to this state as much by the want of nourishing food as disease.'

'How shocking!' said the lady, putting her embroidered pocket-handkerchief to her eyes. 'Why did she not go to the almshouse?' The woman's lips moved, but no sound was articulated. 'There is a very foolish prejudice against this institution,' said Mrs Hart—which was the name of the lady. 'I have known many people that had rather beg than go there.'

'It is foolish,' said the doctor, 'if that is the case; but as long as people can earn a living without applying to the town for support, we must commend them for their exertions.'

'I am very sorry,' replied she, 'that Martha did not let me know her situation before. I certainly would have done all I could to relieve her.'

'Then you know her, madam?' said Jane, for the first time speaking to the lady.

'Yes; that is, she has washed in my kitchen for some weeks.'

'Months,' said Martha with exertion.

'She sent to me,' continued the lady, 'a few days ago; and I ordered my coachman this morning to find out where she lived; and I have ventured here, notwithstanding my weak nerves and delicate health.'

'How good of you, madam!' said Jane, who was evidently impressed by the apparent rank of the lady. 'Mrs Barber is very destitute.'

'So I perceive; but I rejoice she has found friends in you, able and willing to assist her.'

'We are more willing than able,' said Jane meekly.

'That is precisely my case,' replied Mrs Hart. Jane glanced at her costly apparel. 'We who are called rich have constant claims; but I will assist you in aiding poor Martha;' and she drew from her reticule a splendid crimson purse, and drawing back the gold rings, placed in the woman's emaciated hand a small sum. Strange as it may seem, the woman discovered no gratitude, but rather made a rejecting motion.

'She is too sick, madam,' said Jane, springing forward, 'to thank you as she would; but, if you will trust me, I will see that your bounty is properly applied to the wants of the family; they are suffering for almost everything.'

'Certainly,' replied the lady; 'and I should esteem it a kindness if you or Dr Fulton would do me the favour to let me know how Martha goes on; my health does not often permit such exertions as these.'

Jane, who had been maturing a little plan in her own mind for the benefit of the children, promised her she would call in a few days; and Frank, with a native politeness that quite won Mrs Hart, saw her not only to the bottom of the crooked stairs, but to her carriage, where her footman stood holding the door in waiting for his lady.

'How happy,' said Jane when they returned home, 'must Mrs Hart be; so benevolent and so rich!'

'How do you know, my dear, she is so rich?' said her husband.

'Why, did not you observe how costly her dress was?'

'That is no proof,' said Frank; 'you know she said, like us, she was more willing than able.'

'But you know her situation must be very different from ours. Why, her pelisse cost more than all my gowns put together, I will answer for it.'

'If she spends so much upon her pelisse,' said Frank laughing, 'I am afraid she has but little left to give away.'

'That is by no means a candid conclusion,' said Jane, assuming her sentimental air; 'on the contrary, when we see a person richly dressed, it is but just to suppose that they are wealthy.'

'It would be so if everything were governed by justice and right reason, and we were not continually drawing false inferences from appearances. You know Mrs Hart said she was very glad Martha had found friends "able and willing to assist her;" perhaps she thought we were very rich.'

'Oh, I am sure she could not,' said Jane with some vexation, 'if she looked at my old straw bonnet and calico gown.'

'Well, dear,' replied Frank affectionately, 'I suppose she did not; she only looked at your bright blue eyes, and saw you feeding the hungry.'

In a few days things wore a more comfortable appearance at Martha's. By assistance of one kind or other, ostentatious in some, and benevolent in others, the poor woman's house resumed its wonted comfort; the fire blazed in the chimney as formerly, and Martha was able to sit up and employ herself in knitting. How little brings cheerfulness to the hearth of the industrious and deserving poor! In the meantime Dr Fulton pursued his course with persevering industry. Martha's return from what her own class styled death's door, gave him celebrity with them; but a new case more convincing soon occurred. He was called to a man who was dying. He hastened to the place, and found the too frequent companions of the poor—superstition and ignorance. The sick man was stretched on his bed of straw; his family huddled round him—groaning, sobbing, and crying aloud; the room crowded by people drawn there from curiosity—for, strange as it may seem, there are those who, much as they dread the agonies of death for themselves, are eager to witness them in others. The doctor's first care was to clear and ventilate the room, and then to administer such restoratives as he thought judicious. The consequence was, that the man began to draw a longer breath; and, in the course of a few days, was spoken of as cured by Dr Fulton, after everybody had given him over!

Frank had now no want of employment from the poor; but, by degrees, those who could afford to pay began to apply; and at length a carriage, but little inferior in elegance to Mrs Hart's, stopped at his lodgings. Jane's heart fluttered as she heard Mr Harrington's name announced, for she knew that he was one of the wealthiest men of the city. His visit was that of a hypochondriac, who, after trying various physicians and various systems, had heard of the fame of Dr Fulton, of his wonderful success, and came hoping to get aid for himself.

Perhaps there never was a fairer chance for quackery; but Dr Fulton, to do him justice, had no tact for such little arts. He frankly told him that his restoration depended much more on himself than on a physician—suggested modes of exercise, of diet, cheerful society, and relaxation from business and care; and when the gentleman insisted on the doctor's success in curing desperate cases, he assured him that his most powerful agents among the poor had been what they could command without his aid—temperance and cleanliness. Mr Harrington was struck with the doctor's honesty and good sense, and felt moved by the apparent poverty of his and his young wife's situation. At parting, he did not confine himself to a regular fee, but said: 'As you practise *gratis* for the poor, it is but just that the rich should pay you double.' He requested Frank to visit him daily; and this he continued to do; and as he had leisure to make long calls, and engage him in cheerful conversation, Mr Harrington rapidly improved under the best of all systems for a hypochondriac.

Thus far we have followed our young couple in their struggle for a living. Not a debt hitherto had been incurred; and besides time and medicines, they had always found something to give. But as their pecuniary prospect brightens, our walks must enlarge. Dr Fulton was daily working his way into the more enlightened orders of society. His day-book and ledger began to be necessary, and the gentle-hearted Jane was no longer obliged to beg a pittance for the poor.

We must now make an excursion to another part of the city. In a splendid apartment, ornamented with mirrors and girandoles, whose diamond-cut drops reflected the colours of the rainbow, hung round with paintings, and curtained with damask, in an elegant morning dress, on a cushioned divan, sat Mrs Hart. Twice she rang the bell, and twice a footman made his appearance.

'Have not the shawls come yet?' both times she inquired.

'No, madam.'

'Are you sure you made no mistake?'

'Yes, madam.'

'Give me my Cologne bottle. Not that—the porcelain;' and she poured the perfume over her handkerchief. 'So provoking!'

At that moment a man was ushered into the room with a box under his arm. The footman was ordered out, and the treasures of the box displayed. There were camel-hair shawls of different prices, from one hundred to three hundred dollars. The first were thrown scornfully aside. One for two hundred was elegant. It was, however, too dear. She could not afford it; but she must have some kind of a shawl. She was *suffering* for one. The man assured her that she never would repent taking one of them; and she began to think so herself. At length she decided to keep the one for two hundred, if there was no hurry for payment. 'Not the least,' the man assured her; 'but, perhaps, she had better look at another he had.' Another was displayed; but the cost of it was three hundred dollars. 'It was elegant—it was superb; but it was wholly out of her power to buy it; and yet, really, the one she had selected looked positively ordinary by the side of it;' and she cast a glance of indignation towards the two hundred dollar shawl. The man urged the merits of the three hundred one, and at length threw it over her shoulders. It hung gracefully to the hem of her garment. She surveyed herself before—turned—and, with her head over her shoulder, surveyed herself behind; she wrapped it round, and she flung it open; she disposed it over one arm in folds. This last effect was irresistible—it was truly Grecian drapery—it decided the matter. 'Very well,' said she; 'the shawl is mine. I must have one; and I suppose, in the end, this will be as cheap as any.'

At that moment Mrs Fulton was announced. The man was hurried out, and the shawl thrown gracefully over the arm of the sofa. 'My dear Mrs Fulton,' said the lady, 'I have been expecting you to call and see me; I remembered your promise.'

Jane was delighted with her reception, and proceeded at once to mention her plan. It was to get up a subscription to supply clothing as well as schooling for a certain number of poor children, including Martha's.

'I thought,' said Jane, 'that you would approve of my plan. I would not set it agoing till I was able to contribute my part by money as well as time. My husband has been successful beyond his expectations, and I have now a feeling of independence in asking.'

'How benevolent you are, my dear Mrs Fulton! I should be thankful to have the means of being equally so! But my time is wholly engrossed, and the claims upon my purse are constant. Perhaps none are so heavily taxed as the rich, or have less right to be called affluent. I declare to you,' said she, drawing forth her elegant crimson silk purse, and holding it suspended on her jewelled finger, 'I cannot command a farthing: you see how empty it is. But I approve of your plan. Perhaps you will be so kind as to advance the same sum for me that you pay for yourself. We will settle it when we next meet.'

Jane cheerfully assented, and took her leave; and Mrs Hart, with her three hundred dollar shawl, became the debtor of Jane.

'How strange it is,' said Mrs Fulton, as she related the circumstance to her husband, 'that, in the midst of such luxury, she had not five dollars to give in charity; for that was all I wanted!'

'You do not understand this thing, my dear Jane,' said Frank smiling; 'it seems to you incredible that Mrs Hart can be poor. I will demonstrate the matter to you. You admit that we are rich now compared to what we were two months ago. We have our next quarter's rent secure, are able to buy books, and have something left to give away. But if I were to make expensive purchases that would consume nearly all we have accumulated, and you took it into your head that you would have a pelisse as costly as Mrs Hart's, then you would be as poor as she was to-day, and could not afford to give anything away, instead of becoming her creditor.'

'According to your definition,' said Jane, 'those who live within their means are the only wealthy people.'

'They certainly are to all the purposes of present comfort; and so you must be thankful that you have married a man who has found out the philosopher's stone.'

'Better than that,' said Jane; 'who has the art of being rich with a very little money.'

The next day Jane went to see Mrs Barber, and propose to her the plan of clothing her children and providing a school for them. The woman expressed her gratitude; and Jane thought it but just to mention her benefactors. When she named Mrs Hart among them, Mrs Barber said: 'Indeed, madam, I do not ask her to give me anything, if she will only pay me what is justly my due.' Jane now learned with astonishment that the poor woman had washed 'in her kitchen' for nearly a year without being able to obtain payment.

'It was for that, ma'am, I sent to entreat her to come and see me, hoping she might be moved by my distress; and she did, you know, pay me a small sum. I have credited her for that; but it is a small part of what she owes me.'

'I hope,' said Jane, after a long pause, in which her countenance discovered the workings of her mind—'I hope there are few such instances as this?'

'I never met with such a one—not exactly,' added she hesitatingly; 'but indeed, ma'am, the rich little consider how important our wages for a day's work are to us. It would be bad manners in us to insist upon being paid immediately; and yet many is the time when I have depended upon one day's wages for my children's food for the next.'

'It must be such a trifle to the rich, that if you only let them know you are going away, they will pay you.'

'It is because it is such a trifle to them, I suppose,' said the woman, 'that they cannot understand how important it is to us. Somehow or other, rich ladies never have anything they call change; and they are very apt to say, "They will remember it," and "Another time will do as well;" and so it is as well for them, but not for us.' Mrs Barber's heart seemed to be quite opened by Jane's sympathy, and she went on. 'Indeed, ma'am, I sometimes think that there is more kindness than justice towards the poor. The ladies are very good in getting up societies and fairs to help us, but they very often seem unwilling to pay us the full price of our labour. If they would pay us well, and give us less, it would be better for us.'

'Perhaps you are right,' said Jane, 'about paying for work; but only think how much good has been done by fairs!'

'Yes, ma'am; good has been done to some, and injury to others. I know of a poor woman who was born a lady, and who was reduced in her circumstances. Her health was very feeble, but still she was able to earn a living by making those curious little things they sell at fairs: but since the ladies have taken to making them, it is hard times with her; for she says the market is overrun.'

'The right way,' said Jane, 'would be to employ these people to work for others; and instead of the ladies making pincushions and emery-bags, to buy them ready made, and sell them again. Then charity would operate equally among the poor; for what one class could not make, another could, and labour would be exchanged.'

'I don't know how it ought to be settled. Perhaps it is all right as it is; but we poor folks think we have our wrongs. For instance, ma'am, I sometimes do washing for people at boarding-houses. They will appoint me to come *about* nine o'clock in the morning to get their clothes. When I go, very likely they are not up. Then I must wait till they are—sometimes an hour or more. All this is lost time to me; and time, to daily labourers, is money. My husband was a carpenter; and he used to say that he gave the rich a great deal more than he got from them; for he gave them *time*. One fine lady and another would send for him, and ask him if he could not put a shelf up here, or make a closet there; and after he had measured and calculated, perhaps they would come to the conclusion not to have anything done, and he had his trouble for his pains.'

'All the wrongs you have mentioned,' said Jane, 'seem to arise from want of consideration, not want of benevolence.'

'That's pretty much what I said, ma'am, at first—that now-a-days there was more kindness than justice to the poor. If I were paid for all the time I have wasted in waiting upon the rich, sometimes for clothes, sometimes for *pay*—for I often have to go two or three times before I can find a lady at home—I should be better off than I am now. To be sure it is but small sums that are due to us; but my husband used to say these ought to be paid right away, because they don't go upon interest, like larger ones.'

'How true was your remark,' said Jane, when she related the poor woman's conversation to her husband, 'that if Mrs Hart spent so much upon her pelisse, she probably had little to give away! I am sure I never shall see a very costly dress again that I shall not think of poor Martha.'

Dr Fulton's business increased with his reputation, and his reputation with his business. Now, indeed, our young couple felt happy. There is something in home that gives dignity to life. The man who can say my home and my family, and who has a pride in them, possesses the strongest influence that can operate on character. As a mother, Jane was exemplary in her duties; and as the number of her children increased, she might be truly said to share the laborious toil of the family. At first she had but one female domestic, and then Mrs Barber's little daughter was occasionally called in. Many a weary day and night did Jane cheerfully go through: sometimes she had to watch by a sick child till the morning dawn; and then came washing-day, and she must hold her infant in her arms till night came round again. The comforts of life gradually increased, though they did not lose sight of the principle with which they set out—of living within their means. The close of every year left them a small overplus, which was scrupulously invested as capital.

We fear there are few who sincerely repeat: 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.' This was the situation to which Frank had attained. Blest with health, a promising family, respected as a physician, and cherished as a friend—with the wife of his youth, the partner and lightener of his cares—it seemed as if there was little more to desire. We talk of the blessing of an amiable disposition; what is it but the serenity of a mind at peace with itself—of a mind that is contented with its own lot, and which covets not another's? They sometimes made a morning call at the houses of the rich and fashionable; but Jane looked at the splendid apartments with vacant admiration. It never for a moment entered her head that she should like such herself. She returned home to take her seat by the side of the cradle, to caress one child, and provide for the wants of another, with a feeling that nobody was so rich as herself.

It would be pleasant to dwell longer on this period of Dr Fulton's life. It was one of honest independence. Their pleasures were home pleasures—the purest and the most satisfactory that this world affords. We cannot but admit that they might have been elevated and increased by deeper and more fervent principle. Nature had been bountiful in giving them kind and gentle dispositions and generous emotions; but the bark, with its swelling sails and gay streamers, that moves so gallantly over the rippling waters, struggles feebly against the rushing wind and foaming wave. Prosperous as Frank might be considered, he had attained no success beyond what every industrious, capable young man may attain, who, from his first setting out in life, scrupulously limits his expenses within his means. No one could appreciate the amiable qualities of Dr Fulton more highly than *poor*, *rich* Mr Harrington, who had been laughed at by his enemies, scolded by his friends, blistered by one physician, dieted by a second, and steamed by a third, till he was an epitome of human hypochondriacism. Frank soon saw that his case was an incurable one, and sought only to soothe and alleviate his sufferings. Perhaps Mr Harrington learned to appreciate some of the blessings of his own affluence, by witnessing the exertions that Frank and Jane were obliged to make. At anyrate he entertained much respect and regard for them, and was often heard to say that there was more happiness in their 'little bird's-nest' than in a palace. At length, worn out by nervous disease, his emaciated frame found refuge in its mother earth, and he quietly slept with his fathers. After his death, it was found that he had bequeathed to Dr and Mrs Fulton, 'as a mark of his regard,' five thousand dollars. This sum was immediately invested as capital, and both resolutely declared that they would consider the principal a sacred deposit, and not encroach upon it.

We have alluded to the increase of their family. The 'little bird's-nest' had become quite too small for the number of its inhabitants. Before Mr Harrington's legacy, they had determined to take another house. Perhaps the bequest might influence them in getting one in a more agreeable part of the city, though they only gave as a reason the health and advantage of their children.

LIVING UP TO THE MEANS.

Dr Fulton and his amiable wife, whom we have described as rising by slow but sure degrees to a state of comfort and respectability in the city of New York, were now placed in that happy medium condition in which it has been acknowledged the greatest earthly enjoyment consists. Had they foreseen their present degree of affluence when they first set out in life, they would have considered it little less than a miracle. But, like everything else that is gradually attained, it now excited no wonder in their minds. There was still a striking simplicity in Jane's manners and appearance, a consciousness of happiness, and a refinement of feeling, that intercourse with the world too often blunts. When her children were fairly in bed, and the domestic duties of the day over—when her husband laid aside his day-book and ledger—when the fire burned bright, and her little work-table stood by her side—when Frank ventured to pull off his boots, and lay half-reclined on the sofa—then came the hour of conversation. Then Jane loved to talk over the past and the present, and sum up their stores of happiness. Sometimes she requested her husband to read aloud; but he never got through a page without her interrupting him, to point out something congenial, or something in contrast with their situation; and the book was soon thrown aside, as far less interesting than their own conversation. 'I do positively believe,' said Jane, 'we are the happiest people in the world. I can say with truth that I have scarcely a wish ungratified. I am sure I envy nobody.'

'Yes, we are happy,' said Frank. 'Our condition is not what it once was. You remember when I paid our first quarter's rent that I had but three-and-ninepence in my pocket to pay the second.'

It was by reminiscences like these that their present enjoyment was heightened. Uncle Joshua often called on his young relatives; but their removal had increased the distance, and he began to feel the infirmities of advancing life. Jane had observed that he often pressed his hand upon his heart; and to her inquiries, he said: 'A pain—but it is gone.'

The house they rented was larger than they thought necessary; yet, as the rent was reasonable, and the situation good, they concluded it was best to take it. The whole of it need not be furnished. A large room might be left for the children's play-room, and another over it for a store-room. A little experience, however, convinced them that they wanted all of it; and, as Jane said, 'they could furnish these two rooms from the interest of their legacy.' They soon found that the size of the house required an additional domestic. Indeed, they seemed to have attained new importance by its size and situation. Mrs Hart, on this occasion, acknowledged Jane as an acquaintance, and made a morning visit, sporting her camel-hair shawl, which, to use her own phrase, 'looked still fresh and lovely.' She had never remembered to reimburse Jane for her subscription.

It was really astonishing how fast the Fultons became known. People in the first society, as it is termed, began to ask who they were. Those who called, professed themselves delighted with Jane's 'sweet, humble manner,' and determined to 'patronise her.' As yet, however, they had only reached the magic circle of genteel society; they had not stepped over it. They had no heart-burnings when their opposite neighbour gave a splendid ball, and did not invite them; and yet Jane said: 'On her children's account, she was glad to have a different circle of *friends* from what she formerly had.'

Poor Jane! The enemy had begun to sow his tares, and pride and ambition were springing up in her heart. Dr Fulton undoubtedly derived some advantage from their change of residence; and while Jane exulted for her children, he exulted for his profession: his patients were more able to pay, and he began to be employed by the opulent. Mr Bradish, with his millions, had the good fortune, for Frank, to be taken dangerously ill of a fever when Dr R—— was absent, and Dr Fulton was sent for. From this time he became one of their family physicians.

With all this increase of consequence, their habits were much the same. The happiness and improvement of the children was the great object. If they were extravagant, it was in schools. Even Mr Bradish could not be more particular than Dr Fulton in the excellence of the schools to which he sent his children. Accordingly, they were sent to those which had the highest reputation—as their improvement was the first wish of their parents. The neighbourhood into which they had moved was a fashionable one; and our city has not yet attained the happy eminence of not knowing who lives in the same mass of buildings with us. Most of these left a card; and now and then a wandering invitation reached them for a ball; but it was subject to no discussion. Frank wrote a regret when a leisure moment came, for Jane was little in the habit of using her pen; and to those who are not, even answering a note is a work of magnitude. Their next-door neighbours were the Reeds; and Mrs Reed and Jane soon became familiar friends. It was the first really stylish family into which Jane had become initiated. It certainly opened a new world to her. She saw forms and ceremonies used of which she had no conception. She learned that napkins and silver forks were essential to her dinner-table—that Mrs Reed could not use a steel fork; consequently other people could not. In these and various other things, Jane became an apt scholar; and the consequence was, that their expenses gradually increased. Yet there were luxuries for which Jane could only sigh, for she felt that they were far beyond her; for instance, Brussels carpets and pier-glasses, and, above all, a centre-lamp.

'How rich the Reeds must be!' said she one evening, when they returned from a visit they had been making there.

'You are mistaken,' said Frank; 'Mr Reed's income is but very little more than ours.'

'Not more than ours!' said Jane; 'then how can he afford to furnish his house so elegantly?'

'I protest I don't know,' said Frank; 'but he says his wife is an excellent manager. I wish, Jane, you would find out how they contrive the matter, and perhaps we can take a leaf out of their book.'

Mrs Reed had all the little vanity of being able to make a show on small means; and when Jane humbly asked advice and direction, willingly granted it. 'In the first place,' said she, 'I set it down as a rule, from the first, that the only way we could get forward in the world was to live in genteel style, and put the best foot foremost. You would be astonished, between ourselves, to know how little we have to spend; but then I have a great deal of contrivance. What wages do you give your servants?' To Jane's information she replied: 'You give too much. By the by, I can recommend an excellent seamstress to you, who will sew for twelve cents a day. But, my dear Mrs Fulton, you must not wear that shabby bonnet; and, excuse me, you do want a new pelisse tremendously. It really is not doing justice to your husband, when he has such a run of business, and such a handsome income, to dress in this manner.'

'I do not know how it is,' said Jane; 'but we spend a great deal more than we used to do; we send our children to expensive schools.'

'That is entirely a mistake. I don't send mine to any; it is my system. They get such vulgar habits associating with the lower classes! I educate them myself.'

'But do they learn as well as at school?'

'How can a woman of your sense ask that question? As if a mother could not teach her children better than strangers! Take my advice, and save all the money you are paying for them; it is just throwing it away. Educate them yourself. Rousseau approves of it.'

Though Jane did not entirely adopt Mrs Reed's ideas, she thought, with her, that they were paying an enormous sum for schools; and both she and Frank agreed, as demands for money increased, that they might just as well go to cheaper schools. The penalties of living beyond the means most generally fall upon the children of the family; not that parents love them less than other appurtenances, but because deficiencies here are more easily kept out of sight. We speak not of dress or food, but of education.

Many declaim on the expense of schools, who forget that teachers are qualified by devoting the best part of their lives to the subject; that the education of children cannot be taken up all at once merely for a living; but that, to be successful, it must be founded upon higher and nobler motives, and deserves a compensation equivalent to the preparation and importance of the object. Mrs Reed thought otherwise when she found how little trouble it was to educate her children, with a girl hired for an assistant. Those who saw not the interior, spoke of her as a most wonderful woman.

Perhaps there is no class of men less liable to extravagance than physicians. Their gains are slow and laborious, and they toil for daily bread from hour to hour. No large sum comes in, like a lawyer's fee, for a few words of advice; and no lucky speculations in coffee, indigo, or cotton, raise them, like merchants, from moderate means to sudden affluence. But the seeds of luxury and extravagance may be scattered everywhere; and even the very security that Frank felt in his profession and in his own moderate desires, had perhaps made him less vigilant.

Though Jane did not entirely trust to Mrs Reed's opinions as to teachers and schools, on many other subjects she yielded implicit deference. The consequence was, that, from a simple-dressed woman, she soon became a fashionable lady, bonneted and blonded in the extreme of fashion, and, even to her own surprise, a fine stylish-looking woman. Frank, who had hitherto only appreciated his wife's virtues and amiable qualities, began now to pride himself on her elegance. The moment this sort of pride takes possession of a husband, he delights to hang his idol with finery and trinkets. How much of honest, faithful affection and esteem mingles with this tribute, depends on the character; in the present instance there was an uncommon degree of affection. For many years they had been all the world to each other—had struggled through a degree of penury—had enjoyed comparative affluence meekly and thankfully—and even now, Jane sometimes doubted whether their enlarged income had increased their happiness. She still, however, continued her charities; and one day, when she applied to her husband for a sum to give away, was surprised when he replied: 'Really, Jane, I cannot afford such a donation.'

'Not afford it!' exclaimed she; 'why, it is no more than we have given for several years.'

'But our expenses have greatly increased.'

'And so has our income,' said Jane triumphantly. Frank looked thoughtful, and shook his head. 'Well,' said Jane cheerfully, 'we have been talking about getting a centre-table; now suppose we give that up, and devote the money to charity?'

'As you please,' said Frank coldly.

Jane was silent for a moment, and then said: 'No, dear; it is not as I please, but as you please.'

'A centre-table was your own proposal,' said Frank.

'I know it; but I should not have thought of it if Mrs Reed had not said it was necessary.'

'Mrs Reed seems to have become your oracle, with all her folly. Then it was only because she said so that we were to have a centre-table?'

'No, Frank; not entirely. I thought it would be very convenient; and then it gives a room such a sociable look; besides, as we had a centre-lamp'——

'I don't see how that helps your argument; the table doesn't hang to the lamp, does it?'

'No; and I begin to think it is of no consequence. Indeed I should never have thought of it, if it had not been for Mrs Reed.'

'Mrs Reed again!' exclaimed Frank peevishly. 'I really think that woman's acquaintance is a curse.' Jane made no reply, but her eyes filled with tears. 'Since you are so unwilling to give up either the centre-table or your donation, you shall have both,' said Frank; 'so pray go and select one with your friend.'

'Can you think me so unreasonable?' replied Jane. There was a pathos in her voice that restored her husband to his good-nature.

Frank had set Jane a task beyond her strength. The centre-table was purchased, and then an elegant centre-vase. Mrs Reed was not the only fashionable lady that had taken up Jane. There was Mrs Bradish, whose husband was said to be worth a million, and who had a right to spend what she pleased. Nothing could be more flattering than her attentions. It would seem as if wealth diffused some of its golden glare among the onlookers; else why is so much deference paid to it? In vain we say, philosophically, it is dross; or, experimentally, it benefits not us. Still, the rich have their humble imitators, and mammon its worshippers. Frank became the companion of the wealthy; and it was necessary that he should not disgrace his intimates by a penurious style of living. He and Jane were invited to dinners and soirées. Such constant invitations must be returned, and they began to give entertainments. Hitherto, the little Misses Fulton had kept their seats at the dinner-table; but their dinner was at a most inconvenient hour to accommodate them. It interfered with morning calls; and it was determined the children should dine wholly in the nursery.

Jane thought it a singular piece of good fortune that she should be taken up by three such friends as Mrs Reed, Mrs Bradish, and Mrs Hart. The first knew everything and everybody; the second was rich enough to make ducks and drakes of her money; and the last was the mirror of fashion and dress. It might be rationally asked, what benefit she derived from this triple alliance. But it was a question she never asked herself. With all this, however, she was obliged unwillingly to feel that neither her happiness nor her comfort was increased.

As the appearance of property had become necessary, economy must be practised somewhere, to bring out the year. This of course fell upon the interior. Jane had been in the habit of superintending her own affairs, and seeing that nothing was wasted, and nothing used superfluously. This system, while it extended to each and to all, was cheerfully received; but when the domestics found that the luxuries of the kitchen were not proportionate to the parlour, they became discontented, and left the family. Those mistresses who have ever experienced the harassing labour of keeping up a showy appearance in the parlour, with strict economy in the kitchen, will sympathise with poor Jane in her arduous task. Sometimes she looked back with a sigh to her first experiment in housekeeping—when, with her woman of all work, and Martha's little girl, everything went smoothly on in harmony and confidence. But this was a trifle compared to the apparent change in her husband's temper. From frank-hearted, open confidence in all around him, he began to be tenacious of civility; thought such a one looked coldly; it must be because they had not returned their call, or some other reason as important. Then he sometimes repeated his jests, which Jane felt were sarcasms.

'How long it is,' said Jane one morning, 'since Uncle Joshua has been here!'

'I suppose,' said Frank, 'he feels an awkwardness on account of our different rank in life.'

'O no; that is wholly unlike him. Suppose we send and ask him to dine to-day?'

'Not to-day. I have invited Professor R—— and Dr B——. You know they are both intellectual men. He would not enjoy his dinner.'

'Besides,' said Jane, 'when he comes, we must let all the children dine at the table. We will ask him to-morrow, and appoint dinner at two.'

'With all my heart,' said Frank, as he went out to pay a visit to the market, followed by his servant with the market-basket.

Jane began her preparations for dinner. Her constant change of servants, and increasing trouble with them, often made this an arduous task. She was soon in the midst of glass and china; and, assisted by her chambermaid, began to lay the table. They had got it nearly completed, with its plates, wine-glasses, and tumblers all in a row, when she was alarmed by a loud ringing at the door. The chambermaid was despatched, with strict injunctions to let nobody in, but say she was not at home. There was evidently a parley, and the step of a person was heard approaching. With a sudden feeling of mortification at being caught, Jane rushed into the closet, and closed the door. The sound of Uncle Joshua's voice struck her ear as he entered.

'Are you sure she is not at home?' said he to the girl.

'O yes, sir; quite sure. I saw her put on her things and go out.'

'How long has she been gone?'

'Fully an hour,' said the girl; who, as these kind of people often do, overacted her part.

'Then, probably, she will be back soon, and I will wait for her.'

'O no, sir; she said she would not be back till near dinner-time.'

'Why, you look as if you were going to have a company of aldermen to dine.'

The girl answered in a simpering tone: 'No, sir; only two or three friends.'

Jane, during this conversation, felt a consternation that disabled her from acting judiciously—which would have been to have come out from her hiding-place, and tell the simple truth. But she knew her uncle's straightforward mind, and she was sure he would not make the distinction which custom and fashion warrant—of not at home, as meaning engaged. The girl, too, had so positively implicated her in a falsehood, had shewn so completely that she understood no qualification, that Jane felt the utmost horror at being detected. She actually looked out of the window, to see if there was no possibility of escape. In the meantime Uncle Joshua laid down his hat and cane, seated himself by the open window, and asked for a glass of water.

Jane at length came to the conclusion that she had better remain perfectly quiet; that his calls were never very long; and she would send for him the next day, and should escape all unpleasant feeling. To her dismay, however, she presently heard him call for the morning's paper. She knew he was one of those inveterate newspaper readers that go through the whole, and she tried to be resigned to at least an hour's imprisonment. Alas, what a situation! The dinner at a stand, the marketing would be back, and ducks and geese in waiting! At length, however, Uncle Joshua got to the end of the everlasting newspaper; and, as he folded it up, told the girl, who had entered the room every five minutes, to say to his niece that 'he was sorry not to see her, but could not wait any longer.' Then turning suddenly upon the *closet* door, he grasped the handle.

'Sir, sir!' exclaimed the girl, 'that is the wrong door.' It was too late. He had turned the lock, and the door came open! There stood Jane in one corner, not pale as a lily, but the colour of a full-blown peony. His surprise for a moment was extreme. But he was not slow of comprehension; and the truth rushed upon him greatly exaggerated; for he believed it was a contrivance to avoid seeing him. He stood silent, with his eye fixed upon her.

'Dear uncle,' said she, 'I thought it was a stranger. I did not know it was you when I ran into the closet.'

'Silence!' said he; 'no more falsehoods.—Begone!' turning to the chambermaid. 'And you have taught that poor, ignorant girl to peril her soul by falsehoods! Jane, Jane, I have loved you like my own child, but I shall trouble you no more. You shall not be obliged to send word to your old uncle that you are not at home.' And he turned to go.

'You must not go, my dear, dear uncle,' said Jane, throwing her arms round him. 'You must hear my explanation.'

'I tell you I will not be the cause of any more falsehoods.'

'And you will give me up? Your sister's only child, who was left an orphan to your care—whom you have carried in your arms—whom you have held upon your knee—whom you have cherished in your bosom, when there was no other bosom to receive her!'

'Then,' said the old man in a faltering voice—'then you were my comfort, my own true-hearted Jane. Then I had nothing but you to love; and now I have nothing—nothing.' And he threw himself upon a chair, and put his handkerchief to his eyes.

'My dear uncle, only hear me. I told the girl to say that I was not at home if *anybody* called.'

'And yet you were at home!' said he indignantly.

'But everybody says so; it is not any falsehood. It only means they are not at home to company. It is understood.'

'Understood they are hid in the closet!' His anger evidently began to yield, for he laughed out. 'O Jane, what a ridiculous figure you cut when I stumbled upon the wrong door! I am glad I did it; it is a good lesson for you.'

'It is indeed, uncle. I promise you I will never say I am not at home again when I am.'

'Cooped up,' continued he, again laughing, 'in one corner, like a mouse in a cheese; and there you had been shut up a whole hour, like a naughty child.'

'I shall blush to think of it as long as I live.'

'And so you ought—to tell a downright falsehood.'

'Dear uncle, nobody calls it a falsehood; it only means you are very busy, and cannot see company.'

'Then why not say so at once? But the girl said you were out; that you would not be home till near dinner.'

'That was entirely her own addition. She had no right to say so; she was not told to say anything but that I was not at home.'

'You allow, then, that she told an untruth?'

'Certainly I do.'

'Now tell me, Jane, if you think she thought it more of an untruth to say you were out, than that you were not at home? It is all the same thing.'

Jane found it was in vain to try to convince her uncle; and she only hung upon him, and begged of him to love her as he used to do. The old man could not long retain his resentment, and he said with a serious air: 'I willingly forgive you for your offence to me; but I am no priest: I cannot forgive your telling a falsehood. You must ask pardon of a higher Power.'

When he made a motion to go, Jane entreated him to stay to dinner. 'It is such a long walk,' said she; 'you must not go. We were going to send for you to-morrow. I shall not think you have forgiven me if you refuse.'

Uncle Joshua at length consented, and she felt as if a load were taken from her heart—for she loved him affectionately. She carried him into another room, got him all the newspapers she could collect, and went cheerfully on with her preparations. When Frank returned, he expressed his pleasure at seeing Uncle Joshua; for however unfashionable and inelegant he might deem him, he could not refuse him his tribute of respect. The guests were men of good sense and intelligence; they were struck with the independence and originality of Uncle Joshua's character. He conversed without timidity or affectation, and felt no mortification at not knowing what never came within the sphere of his observation. All this Jane would have highly enjoyed, could she have spared any time from her dinner. The servant was a raw country lad, who required being told when to take a plate and where to put one. The boiled turkey was underdone, and the ducks overdone; the oyster-sauce spoiled before it reached the table; and by the time dinner was over, she looked as red as if she had been cooking it herself. When Jane rose to leave the table, her uncle said he would go with her to see the children. They repaired to the nursery, and found them with empty plates, greased to the ears, loudly vociferating for Sally, the chamber-maid, who was assisting below, to bring them more dinner. Jane at last succeeded in quieting them, and told her uncle that the nursery-maid left them the day before. The Misses Fulton, with one voice, said: 'Hurrah! it was a good day for them; for she was so cross, they hated her.' After Uncle Joshua had made his visit to them, he said: 'Now, Jane, I want to see you alone.' Jane led the way with fearful misgivings, for she saw a shade of melancholy on his countenance. 'My dear,' said he, 'sit down by me, and take everything kindly as I mean it. You know I first opposed your marriage, because I thought your husband could not make enough to support you; but afterwards I saw I was mistaken. I saw you not only comfortable, but possessing all that seemed necessary; for then you were moderate in your desires and expenses. I have since felt misgivings when I saw you increasing your manner of living. But I said, they know best their own means, and I believed that you were at least happier; but indeed, Jane, I must say I find it otherwise. When I last dined with you, your dinner was simple, and well cooked; your little, smiling children round you, well behaved, and patiently waiting for their turn to be helped. How was it to-day? A costly and more than abundant dinner spoiled in the cooking; a change of plates, knives, and forks, with difficulty to be procured; the children shut up in a chamber, noisy and half-fed; and their mother looking feverish, anxious, and unhappy, and unable to attend to the conversation at the table, hardly to give answers to her guests, so necessarily was she engrossed with the dinner.'

'O uncle, what a picture!'

'I daresay, Jane, you want to tell me everybody does so; but I know better than that. It is very well for people to live in what is called style, if they have all things in agreement—if they can afford to have the best of attendance, of cooks, &c.; but there is no gentility in doing things by halves.'

'Indeed, uncle,' said Jane, rallying her spirits, 'we were very unfortunate to-day. Our servants are all bad. I hope to get better; and I have a very good nursery-governess engaged.'

'A nursery-governess! Take care of your children yourself; don't make them over to a governess; and let them have their seats at your table. I feel indignation when I see these little men and women turned over to servants. And now, Jane, I know I have made this day an uncomfortable one for you; and God knows it has been so for me. I should be sorry if I had not meant, by all my advice, to do you the greatest kindness I have ever done you yet; and I close with one remark—that no style of living is good, or, to use your own phrase, genteel, that is not thorough, consistent, and well carried through. God bless you!' And he hurried away.

A tribute of tears followed his departure. In the midst of them, Frank entered. His friends had taken their leave.

'What is the matter, Jane?' said he. 'Oh, I understand; Uncle Joshua has been reading you a lecture upon extravagance. I suppose he never saw such a dinner! He knows nothing of fashionable life; and I daresay he thinks we are on the road to ruin. Come, tell me what he said about it.'

'He said,' replied Jane sobbing, 'it was badly served and badly cooked.'

Frank looked rather crest-fallen. 'Extremely polite, I must confess.'

'It was all true,' said Jane. 'I am mortified about it.'

'Never mind,' said Frank; 'I told them what wretched servants we had.'

From this time Uncle Joshua's visits were less and less frequent; and even Jane began to think that it was hardly worth while for him to take the trouble of coming.

When the year was drawing to a close, Frank found, with some dismay, that instead of adding to his little capital, it was with difficulty that he could get through without diminishing it. This conviction harassed him, and he began to be anxious about the future. He could not conceal from himself that his business had decreased, probably by inattention. Still, Jane was his confidante, and to her he communicated his anxieties. She proposed that they should retrench their expenses. But, after various calculations, there seemed to be nothing they could give up, except what was too *trifling* to make any difference. As if domestic economy did not consist in trifles!

'At anyrate,' said Jane one day, with some twinges of conscience, 'we have made out much better than we had any right to expect, considering we had nothing to begin with. We have, till this year, always lived within our means.'

We must take great pains to shut our eyes upon truth. There is a radiance about it that makes the outline of its form perceptible, even amongst the clouds of dust and rubbish that are sometimes heaped upon it. Error does not so often arise from ignorance of truth, as unwillingness to receive it. Many a wandering thought had entered both Dr and Mrs Fulton's minds, that they were departing from the principle on which they first set out—of limiting their desires to their means. But they consoled themselves with the idea that the Reeds, and twenty others, lived more expensively than they did, with no larger income; therefore it was all right and proper.

When Dr Fulton closed his account for the year, his expenses exactly met his income.

LIVING BEYOND THE MEANS.

A new era now opens on the married life of Frank Fulton and his wife. The first period of economical living WITHIN THEIR MEANS had been for some time past; so also had the second, during which they had lived UP TO THEIR MEANS; and we now find them, with a greatly increased family, living in a lesser or greater degree BEYOND THEIR MEANS. The various acts in this drama of real life had been quite progressive. There had been a gradual rise, little by little, from a condition of comparative poverty to one of considerable opulence. There had been no violent movement forward; all had been easy, and apparently the result of ordinary circumstances. Frank's professional engagements had greatly increased; he was now employed as a physician by families of the first consequence, and was enabled to live in a style of elegance which he at one period could not possibly have anticipated. Now was the time, then, when he was reaping the reward of his skill and perseverance, and when, without any difficulty, he might have realised such a competence as the prudent under such circumstances would by all means have secured. Whether he did so or not, we shall immediately learn.

Mrs Fulton, during the rise in her husband's circumstances, acted as many women do in like situations. She yielded to the pleasing current of prosperity, and considered that to be a fine lady was incompatible with being an attentive mother. Involving herself in an extensive circle of acquaintance, hardly one of whom cared anything at all about her, she was incessantly occupied in the most frivolous amusements and visitings; and instead of staying at home to bestow a motherly regard on her children, now grown up, and requiring more attention than ever, she was never so happy as when engaged in exchanging smiles and bows, and trifling words of course, with the class of friends with whom she had become involved. All was sunshine, gladness, and smiles abroad; while at home, the house was left very much to itself, or went on under the supreme government of servants. Could all this last? We shall see.

In the midst of Frank's heedless career, he bought a large and magnificent mansion. It stood next door to that of one of the best friends of the family, Mr Bradish, and was hence in a particularly fashionable quarter of the city. What a dear, delightful idea! How we shall be envied! Such were the feelings of Dr and Mrs Fulton as they prepared for the occupation of their new abode. As it was a thing for a considerable period, it was worth while to strain every nerve to furnish and lay it out in the best manner. Mrs Bradish had very kindly dropped a hint that, when a ball was given by either family, a door might be cut through, and both houses thrown into one. It became, therefore, almost indispensable that one house should be furnished nearly as elegantly as the other. The same cabinetmaker and upholsterer was employed; and when completed, it certainly was not much inferior to Mr Bradish's.

Jane was not behind Mrs Bradish in costume or figure. Every morning, at the hour for calls, she was elegantly attired for visitors. Many came from curiosity. Mrs Hart congratulated her dear friend on seeing her moving in a sphere for which it was evident nature intended her. Mrs Reed cautioned her against any false shame, that might remind one of former times. Others admired her furniture and arrangements without any sly allusions. On one of these gala-mornings Uncle Joshua was ushered into the room. Jane was fortunately alone, and she went forward and offered two fingers with a cordial air, but whispered to the servant: 'If any one else called while he was there, to say she was engaged.' She had scrupulously observed her promise, of never sending word she was not at home. There was a mock kind of deference in his air and manner that embarrassed Jane.

'So,' said he, looking round him, 'we have a palace here!'

'The house we were in was quite too small, now that our children are growing so large,' replied Jane.

'They must be greatly beyond the common size,' said Uncle Joshua, 'if that house could not hold them.'

'It was a very inconvenient one; and we thought, as it was a monstrous rent, that it would be better to take another. Then, after we had bought this, it certainly was best to furnish it comfortably, as it was for life.'

'Is it paid for?' asked Uncle Joshua drily.

Jane hesitated. This was a point she was not exactly versed in. 'Paid for!' she replied; 'why, of course—that is'——

'Oh, very well,' answered the old man; 'I am glad to hear it; otherwise I should doubt if it is taken for life.'

Jane was silent for a moment. She felt abashed; but at length said, in as soothing a tone as possible: 'You do not know, dear uncle, that Frank has been very successful in some speculations lately. He does not now altogether depend on his profession for a living; indeed he thinks it his duty to live as other people do, and place his wife and children upon an equality with others.'

'And what do you call an equality—living as luxuriously, and wasting as much time, as they do?—dwelling in as costly apartments, and forgetting there is any other world than this? When you were left to my care, and your dear mother was gone from us, how often I lamented that I could not supply her place—that I could not better talk to you of another world, to which she had gone; but then, Jane, I comforted myself that I knew something of the duties that belonged to this world, and that, if I faithfully instructed you in these, I should be preparing you for another. When I saw you growing up dutiful and humble, charitable and self-denying, sincere, and a conscientious disciple of truth, then I felt satisfied that all was well. But I begin now to fear that it was a short-sighted kind of instruction—that it had not power enough to enable us to hold fast to what is right. I begin now to see that we must have motives that do not depend on the praise or censure of this world—motives that must have nothing to do with it.' And so saying, he hurriedly took his leave, and departed.

Jane's feelings immediately after this interview with her venerable relative were anything but agreeable. She could impose upon others, but not upon herself. Frank, on returning home, found her more dull than usual; and upon being informed of the cause, remarked, that 'really Uncle Joshua was becoming a very tiresome old man—always croaking about something.' This, however, did not pacify Jane's conscience. 'I might,' thought she, 'have sent him home in the carriage, or persuaded him to stay and dine, and he would have recovered from his fatigue. I did, however, as I thought was best, and that is all we *can do*. We can only do as seems to us right for the present.'

How many deceive themselves with this opiate! The indolent, the selfish, and the worldly, lay this flattering unction to their consciences, as if doing what seems to us right for the present did not require reflection, judgment, and often all the self-denying as well as energetic qualities of our nature.

That evening Jane was engaged at a large party. She was still young and handsome, and, surrounded by the gay and frivolous, she danced quadrilles and cotillons, and returned at one o'clock. As they entered the door on their return, one of the women met them, and told Frank that there had been a message from Uncle Joshua, requesting him to come immediately to see him, as he was very sick.

Jane was alarmed. 'His walk was too much for him, I am afraid,' she exclaimed.

Frank looked at his watch. 'Half-past one! Do you think I had better go?'

'O certainly. I will go with you.'

'Nonsense! With that dress?' Jane was resolute, and Frank ceased to oppose her. They drove through the unfashionable parts of the town, stopped at Uncle Joshua's little green door, and knocked softly. A strange woman came to the door.

'How is my uncle?' said Jane.

'He is dead!' said the woman in an indifferent tone. They rushed in. It was true. The old man lay motionless—his features retaining the first benign expression of death. With what agony did Jane lean over him, and press with her parched lips his cold forehead!

'My more than uncle—my father!' she exclaimed, while torrents of tears fell from her eyes. Then recollecting the scene of the day before, she felt as if she was his murderer. 'Tell me,' said she, 'how it all happened? Did he live to get home? Tell me the worst, while I have power to hear it. My poor, dear uncle! But yesterday I could have folded my arms around you, and you would have smiled upon me, and loved me; but I was ungrateful and cold-hearted, and I let you go. O that I could buy back those precious moments!—that yesterday would again return!'

Frank strove to soothe her grief. But she constantly recurred to his long walk, which a word of hers might have prevented. They found, upon inquiry, that his death was without warning. He had returned home, and passed the afternoon as usual. In the evening, at about nine, he complained of a pain at his heart, and desired Dr Fulton might be sent for. Before the message could have reached him, his breath had departed. 'You see, Jane,' said Frank, 'that if I had been at home, it would have been too late.'

But what reasoning can stifle self-reproach? Jane would have given worlds to have recalled the last few years of worldly engrossment and alienation towards her uncle. But now it was all too late. He was insensible alike to her indifference or her affection. That sorrow which is excited merely by circumstances soon passes away; but there is a deep and holy grief, that raises and sublimates the character after its bitterness is gone. It is health and strength to the mind. It were to be wished that Jane's had been of this nature; but it was made up of sensation.

When Uncle Joshua's will was opened, it was found that the little property he left was secured to Jane's children, with this clause: 'At present, it does not appear that my beloved niece wants any part of it. But if, by any change of circumstances—and life is full of change—she should require assistance, she is to receive the annual income of the whole, quarterly, during her life.' He had appointed as executor and guardian of his will Samuel Watson, a respectable mechanic in his own walk of life.

'After all,' said Frank with an ironical air, 'I don't see, Jane, but you turn out an heiress.'

'My dear uncle,' returned she in a faltering voice, 'has left us all he had. I am unworthy of his kindness.'

'For Heaven's sake, Jane, don't keep for ever harping upon that string. What could you have done more? You say you asked him to come and live with us?'

'Yes; but now I feel how much more daily and constant attention would have been to him, than any such displays that I occasionally made. I earnestly hope he did not perceive my neglect.'

There are no lessons of kindness and good-will that come so home to the heart as those which are enforced by sudden death. Who has ever lost a beloved friend, that would not give worlds for one hour of the intercourse for ever gone—one hour to pour forth the swelling affection of the heart, to make atonement for errors and mistakes, to solicit forgiveness, to become perfect in self-sacrifice and disinterested devotion? This is one of the wise and evident uses of sudden death—that we may so live with our friends, that come when and how it will, we may not add to the grievous loss the self-reproach of unkindness or neglected duties.

Jane's heart was bleeding under a feeling of remorse; it wanted soothing and kindness; but Frank seemed vexed and out of humour. 'There could not,' he said, 'be anything more consistent with Uncle Joshua's narrow views than his last will and testament. To make such a man as Samuel Watson his executor and trustee for *my* children!'

'He was his particular friend; and I have often heard my uncle say he was "honesty and uprightness to the backbone,"' replied Jane.

'Yes; I know that was a chosen expression of the old gentleman's. However, thank fortune! I need have no association with him. If he had left the property to my care, who am the natural guardian of my children, I could have made something handsome of it by the time they wanted it; but he has so completely tied it up, that it will never get much beyond the paltry sum it is now.'

Samuel Watson, the guardian and executor, was a man much resembling Uncle Joshua in the honest good sense of his character; but he was a husband and a father. His sympathies had been called forth by these strong ties, and by the faithful affection of an excellent wife. They had lived to bury all their children but one, and that one seemed to exist only as a link between this world and another. He had been from infancy an invalid. They had hung over him, with prayers and anguish, through many a year of sickness, spending upon him a watchfulness and anxiety that the other two children did not seem to demand, for they were strong in health and activity. The blooming and beautiful had been called in the dawn of life, and the invalid still lingered on. But that health which had been denied to his material structure, seemed doubly bestowed on his mind. He was no longer the feeble object of his mother's solicitude; he was her friend—her counsellor. By degrees he obtained the influence of superior virtue over every one around him; and, from his couch of sickness and pain, afforded a striking proof that there is no situation in life which may not shew forth the goodness and power of the Creator. Such were the friends that Uncle Joshua meant to secure to Jane and her children.

The morning that Mr and Mrs Watson came to pay Mrs Fulton a visit, they found her in a becoming mourning dress, every curl and every fold in place. But their own feelings of kindness supplied the want of hers, and aroused something like sympathy in her mind. 'We must be friends,' said Mr Watson as he shook her hand with cordiality, 'or we shall not fulfil the last request of our excellent friend. You must fix on an afternoon to pass with us, and bring all your children.' Jane could not refuse, and the day was appointed; and as Mrs Watson left the room, she said: 'Don't make it later than four.'

'Impossible,' said Frank. 'Go at four! What Goths and Vandals! You will expire before you can get away. I will call and pass half an hour after tea, and I hope this will finish off the intercourse for a year at least. By the by, Jane, put down the day of the month, and next year we will return the invitation the same day.'

When the afternoon arrived, a new obstacle presented itself. Elinor, the eldest daughter, who had attained her sixteenth year, and was to *come out* the next winter, had her engagements and pursuits; and learned, with a feeling of disappointment, that a long afternoon was to be spent in a scene of domestic dulness and ennui. The sacrifice, however, was to be made; and, with a naturally amiable disposition, and much energy of character, she determined it should be made cheerfully; with a secret hope, however, that they should not see the sick young man.

The sick young man was the first to receive them—to welcome them, with a gay and cheerful expression, to his father's house. Mrs Watson lost at home all the constraint of forms, to which she was unused. She was kind, maternal, and affectionate. The table was loaded with prints, and works of fancy and taste. Everything was refined, and in good keeping; and, to the astonishment of the Fultons, Oliver, in fashionable phrase, was 'the life of the party.' Instead of allusions to his feeble health, and a list of his infirmities, which the visitors had anticipated, not a word was hinted on the subject. A new treat was prepared for the evening—his electrical machine, with its curious experiments; his magic lantern, with its grave and gay scenes, its passing characters, so true a picture of human life. When the carriage came to convey Elinor to the cotillon party, strange as it may seem, she preferred staying the evening, and the carriage was dismissed.

Dr Fulton did not come. Business undoubtedly prevented him. The family returned, delighted with their visit, and perfectly convinced that, though Oliver looked sick and emaciated, and his hands were so white and almost transparent, he could not *suffer much*. Mrs Fulton said: 'Suffering was not only marked upon the countenance, but it destroyed the force and resolution of the character.' In most cases she was undoubtedly right, but in the present one she was wrong. Sickness and suffering had nerved, not destroyed, the energy of his character; and he had learned to look upon his frame as a machine, which the mind was to control.

About a year passed on after this introductory visit, and during this period Elinor frequently visited Mrs Watson's family, but was at no time accompanied either by her father or mother. Both were engaged with society which they considered more exalted and more creditable. Yet both had not exactly the same ideas of spending time and money. Each followed a separate course in some respects. Frank had wholly ceased his communications to Jane with regard to his pecuniary affairs; consequently, this mutual source of interest was gone; and as she saw no restraint laid on anything, she presumed very naturally that, as long as his business was so flourishing, it was of little consequence what they expended. Sometimes, when her benevolent feelings were interested, and she gave lavishly and injudiciously, Frank accused her of extravagance. Then came retaliation, and hints that she had always heard that with increase of means came a greater tenacity of money; for her own part she considered it as dross, if it was not circulating.

Extravagance seems to be a slight fault. In youth we are indulgent to it. We say if there must be wrong, *that* extreme is better than the opposite; we had rather see it than sordid calculation. But is this all? Does it stop here? A little reflection will convince any one that, to support extravagance, it must bring a host of allies. There must be injustice—selfishness; and the last auxiliary is fraud. Extravagance is, in truth, living beyond our honest means. It is a word used so lightly, that we almost forget its import.

The time was approaching when a very important event in the family was to take place. This was Elinor's *coming out*—a thing which the fond mother had greatly set her heart upon, and which was to be signalised by a ball of inconceivable grandeur.

'My dear Elinor,' said Mrs Fulton as they both sat at work one morning, 'your father and I have fixed upon the first evening in November for the ball. It is now the second week in October, and we shall not have much more than time to get ready. We must make out a list. Take your pen, and we will begin.'

Elinor did as her mother directed. 'The right way,' said Mrs Fulton, 'is to arrange the names alphabetically.' It was soon found, however, that this was impossible. A string of Ps or Qs, &c. obtruded. Then Mrs Fulton said: 'Streets were the best way to begin with. R Street; then go to C or E Street; and so on.' But here numbers were forgotten; and at last she thought of the Directory.

Elinor continued writing the list in silence, with her head bent over the paper. 'The next thing will be to fix upon waiters and entertainments. We are to have the use of Mrs Bradish's two rooms, just as she had ours last winter. But how moping you are, Elinor! I really think, as we are taking all this trouble for you, you might shew a little interest in it.'

Elinor attempted to answer; but her emotions seemed to be irrepressible, and she laid down her pen, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. 'You are not well, dear?' said her mother tenderly.

'Yes, I am,' said Elinor. 'But, mother, do you know how sick Oliver is?'

'I know he has been sick for a great many years; I believe ever since he was born.'

'But he is much more so now. The doctor says he cannot live long.'

'It will be a mercy when he is taken,' said Mrs Fulton.

'He is everything to his mother,' said Elinor in a faltering voice.

'Yes; his father and mother will feel it at first, no doubt. Have you put down the Wilkinses on the list?'

'Mother,' said Elinor solemnly, 'perhaps Oliver may die the very evening you have fixed on for the ball.'

'Well, if he should, it would be unlucky; but we cannot help it, you know.'

'They were such friends of Uncle Joshua's!' said Elinor.

'They are so out of the world, they will never know it.'

'But *we* should, mother.'

'There is nothing so unwise as to torment ourselves about possibilities. I am sure things could not happen so unlucky.'

Jane was right in one point at least. There is nothing so unwise as to trouble ourselves about possibilities. We may lay a thousand plans, waste time in revolving consequent events, even go on to imaginary conversations, and, after all, the occasion for them never occurs, and our plans are swept away like chaff before the wind.

Elinor made out the list; the cards were written and sent; and the day before the ball arrived. The young, and those who remember the days of their youth, will not be severe on Elinor that her thoughts took a brighter hue as she busied herself in the splendid preparations; or that, when her ball-dress came home, her eye sparkled with pleasure as she gazed on it. Winters of sorrow and time must pass over the young head before its germs of anticipation, of hope, and of self-complacency can be blighted.

'It is a beautiful dress,' said Mrs Fulton. 'I will just run down and see if your father has come. He was to bring your ear-rings.' Down Mrs Fulton ran.

As she approached his room, which was on the basement story, she heard loud voices. She stopped at the door; and at that moment her husband said, in a deprecating voice: 'I assure you this is only a trifling embarrassment. Wait a few days, and everything will go right.'

'I know better,' was the ungracious reply; 'and I will wait no longer.' Jane turned away with a feeling of apprehension. Something of undefined evil took possession of her mind; and instead of returning to Elinor, she impatiently waited at the head of the stairs till the men were gone. When the door closed upon them, she again sought her husband. He was flushed and agitated.

'What do you want?' said he roughly as she entered.

'I came to see if you had got Elinor's ear-rings.'

'Don't torment me about such nonsense,' replied he; 'you worry my life out!'

Jane had caught his retaliating spirit. 'Something worries you, it is evident. Who were those men that have just gone?'

'That is my affair,' said he.

She was silent for a moment, and then affectionately exclaimed: 'My dear Frank, how can you say so? Are not your affairs and mine the same? If anything makes you unhappy, ought I not to know it?'

How true it is that a 'soft answer turneth away wrath.' He evidently felt the forbearance of his wife, and replied more gently: 'Indeed, Jane, if I had anything pleasant to tell you, I should be glad to tell it. But the truth is, it is from kindness to you that I do not speak.'

'Then there is something unpleasant to be communicated?'

'Yes; but wait till this horrid ball is over, and then I will tell you all. Here,' said he, taking a little box from his pocket; 'carry these to Elinor, and tell her—— No; tell her nothing.'

'Indeed, Frank, it is cruel in you to leave me in this state of suspense. Tell me the worst.'

'We are ruined! Now, Jane, go and finish your preparations for the ball. You would know all, and you have got it.'

What a day was this for poor Jane! Earnestly she entreated that the ball might be given up. But Frank said if anything could increase their misery, it would be making it so public; and, after seas of tears on the part of Jane, it was finally settled that everything should proceed the same.

Amidst the preparations for the evening, Mrs Fulton's depression was not observed. The only hope that remained to Frank was, that his affairs might be arranged with some degree of secrecy; and for this the ball, he conceived, was actually necessary. When the evening arrived, and Elinor came to shew herself, all equipped for her first appearance, any mother might have been proud of such a daughter, with her bright happy face, her sunny blue eyes, and a figure set off by her white satin bodice, and splendid necklace and ear-rings—the last present of her father. 'Does she not look like a queen, ma'am?' said the chambermaid, following her, and holding the light high above her head. Mrs Fulton cast upon her a look of anguish.

The company came. Everybody congratulated Jane on the beauty and elegance of her daughter. Everybody prophesied she would be the belle of the winter. Then came the supper; and at last the visitors departed. Elinor retired to bed, full of happy dreams; and her parents were left alone.

Jane attempted to converse with her husband; but he had done the honours of the whisky-punch and champagne till he had not a clear idea left; and broken slumbers and sad thoughts followed her through the night.

The next morning came, with bitter consciousness of what was before them. Frank had not the consolation of feeling that misfortune had reduced him; he had not lost any large amount by the sudden changes to which mercantile speculations are subject. He had been extravagant in his amusements; had thrown away a great deal of money in pictures and other works of art beyond his means; had lavished not a little on horses and an equipage; but, above all, he had allowed his wife to pursue a system of reckless extravagance both in her domestic concerns and expenditure on herself and children. All the money which could be commanded had been thus expended, and, to supply the deficiency of ready money, credit had been got, and bills signed to a ruinous amount.

When the circumstances of his somewhat disgraceful insolvency became known, they formed a tale which enlivened many an evening circle and morning gossip. The sagacity of the world was truly astonishing. It was incredible how many 'had expected such a crash.' Nearly all were loud in condemning Mrs Fulton's extravagance. Among their former friends, a few appeared to sympathise, but none to take the responsibility of counselling. Yet such a one appeared; and this was Samuel Watson—Uncle Joshua's 'vulgar friend.'

It was necessary that Frank should disappear from the scene of action; and Mr Watson was indefatigable in seeing that everything was transacted in the best possible manner, and in shielding Frank's conduct from reproach, as far as that was compatible with truth. His house was an asylum for Mrs Fulton and her children till something more eligible could be thought of. Among these early friends of her uncle, Jane's former impressions revived. She remembered his kind and judicious counsel, and wondered that she could so far have strayed from it. She spoke with perfect candour to Mr and Mrs Watson, and, in return, received counsel and consolation.

Uncle Joshua's legacy was a blessed resource for Mrs Fulton and her children. His house was a home to them; and to take possession of it was retiring as completely from the circle in which she had moved, as if she had followed her husband to the western country, where he went to begin life anew, and once more put up his sign—'Dr Fulton practises gratis.'

Elinor was at an age to feel the change that had taken place with poignancy; but she was also at an age when the mind opens to new impressions, and when virtuous principles are easily stamped upon it. Her intercourse with the Watson family had been a real blessing. This was still left to her; and she soon found, in constant employment, and the necessary labour of her own industry, a tranquillity that was new to her. Poor Jane!—her task was the hardest. She had much to unlearn—habits of self-indulgence, feelings of mortification, of pride, and even of envy, to struggle against.

In their dreary lot, the family had one thing to cheer them. The accounts they received from Dr Fulton and of him were on the whole encouraging; and his wife was anxious to join him with her family. But he was wise enough to forbid it, as premature. The last letter he wrote to Elinor contained the following passages, which may appropriately conclude the narrative:

'I begin to hope we may all again be gathered into one family, even in this world. My business is prosperous; and I have reasonable expectations of being able, in the course of a few years, to convince my creditors that however wide I have travelled from the right course, it is not irrecoverable. I willingly submit to every privation in this blessed hope. In the meantime, I daily thank God for my domestic relations—that He has preserved to me my wife and children—has given me such a child as you have proved yourself—and taught us all that real independence consists in *living within the means.*'

THE CHILD OF ELLE, AND OTHER BALLADS.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

ON yonder hill a castle stands
With walls and towers bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A young and lovely knight.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,
And stood at his garden pale,
When lo! he beheld fair Emmeline's page
Come tripping down the dale.

The Child of Elle he hied him hence,
I wis he stood not still,
And soon he met fair Emmeline's page
Come climbing up the hill.

'Now rest ye here, thou little foot-page,
Now rest thee here with me;
O tell me how does thy lady gay,
And what may thy tidings be?'

'My lady she is all wobegone,
And the tears they fill her een;
And aye she laments the deadly feud
Between her house and thine.

And here she sends thee a silken scarf,
  Bedewed with many a tear,
And bids thee sometimes think on her
  Who lovèd thee so dear.

And here she sends thee a ring of gold—
  The last boon thou mayst have—
And bids thee wear it for her sake
  When she is laid in grave.

For ah! her gentle heart is broke,
  And in grave soon must she be;
Since her father hath chose her a new, new love,
  And forbid her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight—
  Sir John of the north country;
And within three days she must him wed,
  Or he vows he will her slay.'

'Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
  And greet thy lady from me,
And tell her that I, her own true love,
  Will die, or set her free.

Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
  And let thy fair lady know
This night will I be at her bower window,
  Betide me weal or woe.'

The boy he tripped, the boy he ran,
  He neither stint nor stayed
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bower,
  When, kneeling down, he said:

'O lady, I've been with thy own true love,
  And he greets thee well by me;
This night will he be at thy bower window,
  And die, or set thee free.'

Now day was gone, and night was come,
  And all were fast asleep,
All save the Lady Emmeline,
  Who sat in her bower to weep.

And soon she heard her true love's voice,
  Low whispering at the wall:
'Awake, awake, my dear lady;
  'Tis I, thy true love, call.

Awake, awake, my lady dear;
  Come, mount this fair palfrey;
This ladder of ropes will let thee down;
  I 'll carry thee hence away.'

'Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight;
  Now nay, this may not be;
For aye should I tint my maiden fame,
  If alone I should wend with thee.'

'O lady, thou with knight so true
  Mayst safely wend alone;
To my lady mother I will thee bring,
  Where marriage shall make us one.'

'My father he is a baron bold,
  Of lineage proud and high;
And what would he say if his daughter
  Away with a knight should fly?

Ah, well I wot he never would rest,
  Nor his meat should do him no good,
Until he had slain thee, Child of Elle,
  And seen thy dear heart's blood.'

'O lady, wert thou in saddle set,
  And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
  Nor the worst that might befall.'

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
  And aye her heart did rue;
At length he seized her lily-white hand,
  And down the ladder he drew;

And thrice he clasped her to his breast,
  And kissed her tenderly;
The tears that fell from her fair eyes
  Ran like the fountain free.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
  And her on a fair palfrey,
And slung his bugle about his neck,
  And roundly they rode away.

All this beheard her own damsel,
  In her bed whereas she lay;
Quoth she: 'My lord shall know of this,
  So I shall have gold and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bold!
  Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fled with the Child of Elle,
  To do thee deed of shame.'

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
  And called his merry men all:
'And come thou forth, Sir John the knight;
  Thy lady is carried to thrall.'

Fair Emmeline scarce had ridden a mile,
  A mile forth of the town,
When she o'erheard her father's men
  Come galloping o'er the down;

And foremost came the carlish knight—
  Sir John of the north country:
'Now stop, now stop, thou false traitor,
  Nor carry that lady away;

For she is come of high lineage,
  And was of a lady born,
And ill it beseems thee, a false churl's son,
  To carry her hence to scorn.'

'Now loud thou liest, Sir John the knight,
  Now thou doest lie of me;
A knight me bred, and a lady me bore;
  So never did none by thee.

But light now down, my lady fair—
  Light down, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knight
  Do try this arduous deed.

But light now down, my dear lady—
  Light down, and hold my horse,
While I and this discourteous knight
  Do try our valour's force.'

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
  And aye her heart was woe;
While 'twixt her love and the carlish knight
  Passed many a baneful blow.

The Child of Elle he fought so well,
  As his weapon he waved amain,
That soon he had slain the carlish knight,
  And laid him on the plain.

And now the baron and all his men
Full fast approachèd nigh;
Ah! what may Lady Emmeline do!
'Twere now no boot to fly.

Her lover he put his horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;
And soon he saw his own merry men
Come riding o'er the hill.

'Now hold thy hand, thou bold baron;
I pray thee hold thy hand;
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
Fast knit in true love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Full long and many a day,
But with such love as holy kirk
Hath freely said we may.

O give consent she may be mine,
And bless a faithful pair;
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lineage fair.

My mother she was an earl's daughter,
And a noble knight my sire.'
The baron he frowned, and turned away
With meikle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling stand:
At length she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

'Pardon, my lord and father dear,
This fair young knight and me;
Trust me, but for the carlish knight
I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you called your Emmeline
Your darling and your joy;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroy!'

The baron he stroked his dark-brown cheek,
And turned his head aside,
To wipe away the starting tear
He proudly strove to hide.

In deep revolving thought he stood,
  And mused a little space;
Then raised fair Emmeline from the ground,
  With many a fond embrace.

'Here, take her, Child of Elle,' he said,
  And gave her lily-white hand;
'Here, take my dear and only child,
  And with her half my land.

Thy father once mine honour wronged,
  In days of youthful pride;
Do thou the injury repair,
  In fondness for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her dear,
  Heaven prosper thee and thine.
And now my blessing wend wi' thee,
  My lovely Emmeline!'

JOCK O' THE SYDE.*

NOW Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
  But I wat they had better hae stayed at hame;
For Michael o' Wingfield he is dead,
  And Jock o' the Syde he is prisoner ta'en.

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* Jock o' the Syde was a noted Border moss-trooper in the reign of Mary Queen of Scots. The site of his residence, the Syde, is pointed out on a heathy upland about two miles to the west of Newcastleton, in Liddesdale (the southern district of Roxburghshire); while Mangerton Tower, the seat of his maternal uncle, is still visible, in a ruined state, on the haugh below. The fame of Jock o' the Syde as a Border reiver seems to have reached even to the court of his sovereign at Edinburgh, as Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, in a poetical 'Complaint' which he wrote 'aganis the Thievis of Liddisdaill,' thus speaks of him in particular:

He is weel kenned, Johne of the Syde;
A greater thief did never ryde;
    He never tyres
    For to break byres;
    Owre muir and myres,
Owre gude ane guyde.

His real name was Armstrong, as was that of the Laird of Mangerton also. There is no historical certainty in the event of the ballad, though, when we consider the condition of the Border previously to the union of the crowns, there is not the least reason to doubt what is so strongly countenanced both by song and tradition. The ballad is here given directly from the *Border Minstrelsy;* but it was originally published in a little volume, printed at Hawick in 1784 (the *Hawick Museum*), having been communicated to the proprietors of that miscellany by John Elliot, Esq. of Reidheugh, a gentleman from whom Sir Walter Scott afterwards derived many of the best ballads which went to the composition of his own excellent collection. The air to which the ballad is usually sung is of a slow and melancholy kind, full of high romantic notes and pathetic cadences.

For Mangerton House Lady Downie has gane;
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee;
And down the water wi' speed she rins,
While tears in spates fa' fast frae her ee.

Then up and spoke our guid auld lord:
'What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?'
'Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton;
Michael is killed, and they hae ta'en my son Johnnie.'

'Ne'er fear, sister Downie,' quo' Mangerton;
'I have yokes of owsen eighty and three;
My barns, my byres, and my faulds a' weel filled;
I 'll part wi' them a' ere Johnnie shall dee.

Three men I 'll send to set him free,
A' harnest wi' the best o' steel;
The English loons may hear, and dree
The weight o' their braidswords to feel.

The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa;
O Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be!
Thy coat is blue; thou hast been true
Since England banished thee to me.'

Now Hobbie was an Englishman,
In Bewcastle dale was bred and born;
But his misdeeds they were so great,
They banished him ne'er to return.

Lord Mangerton then orders gave:
'Your horses the wrang way maun be shod;
Like gentlemen ye maunna seem,
But look like corn-caugers gaun the road.

Your armour guid ye maunna shew,
Nor yet appear like men o' weir;
As country-lads be a' arrayed,
Wi' branks and brecham on each mare.'

Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod,
And Hobbie has mounted his gray sae fine;
Jock his lively bay, Wat 's on his white horse behind,
And on they rode for the water o' Tyne.

At the Cholerford they a' light down,
And there, wi' the help o' the light o' the moon,
A tree they cut, wi' fifteen nogs on each side,
To climb up the wa' o' Newcastle town.

But when they came to Newcastle town,
And were alighted at the wa',
They fand their tree three ells owre laigh;
They fand their stick baith short and sma'.

Then up and spoke the Laird's ain Jock:
'There's naething for't; the gates we maun force.'
But when they came the gate until,
A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

His neck in twa the Armstrongs wrang;
Wi' foot or hand he ne'er played pa!
His life and his keys at ance they hae ta'en,
And cast the body ahint the wa'.

Now soon they reach Newcastle jail,
And to the prisoner thus they call:
'Sleeps thou, or wakes thou, Jock o' the Syde,
Or art thou weary of thy thrall?'

Jock answers thus, wi' dolefu' tone:
'Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep.
But wha's this kens my name sae weel,
And thus to soothe my woes does seek?'

Then out and spoke the guid Laird's Jock:
'Now fear ye na, my billie,' quo' he;
'For here are the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat,
And Hobbie Noble, come to set ye free.'

'Now haud thy tongue, my guid Laird's Jock;
For ever, alas! this canna be;
For if a' Liddesdale were here the night,
The morn's the day that I maun dee.

Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron
They hae laid a' right sair on me;
Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound
Into this dungeon dark and dreary.'

'Fear ye na that,' quo' the Laird's Jock;
'A faint heart ne'er won a fair lady;
Work thou within, we'll work without,
And I'll be sworn we'll set thee free.'

The first strong door that they came at,
They loosèd it without a key;
The next chained door that they came at,
They gar'd it a' to flinders flee.

The prisoner now upon his back
  The Laird's Jock has got up fu' hie;
And down the stair, him, irons and a',
  Wi' nae sma' speed and joy brings he.

'Now, Jock, my man,' quo' Hobbie Noble,
  'Some o' his weight ye may lay on me.'
'I wat weel no,' quo' the Laird's ain Jock;
  'I count him lighter than a flee.'

Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,
  The prisoner 's set on horseback high;
And now wi' speed they 've ta'en the gate,
  While ilk ane jokes fu' wantonly.

'O Jock! sae winsomely 's ye ride,
  Wi' baith your feet upon ae side!
Sae weel ye 're harnest, and sae trig!
  In troth ye sit like ony bride!'

The night, though wat, they didna mind,
  But hied them on fu' merrily,
Until they came to Cholerford brae,*
  Where the water runs like mountains high.

But when they came to Cholerford,
  There they met wi' an auld gray man;
Says: 'Honest man, will the water ride?
  Tell us in haste, if that ye can.'

'I wat weel no,' quo' the guid auld man;
  'I hae lived here thretty years and three,
And I never yet saw the Tyne sae big,
  Nor running ance sae like a sea.'

Then out and spoke the Laird's saft Wat,
  The greatest coward in the company;
'Now halt! now halt! we needna try 't—
  The day is come we a' maun dee!'

'Puir faint-hearted thief!' quo' the Laird's ain Jock:
  'There 'll nae man dee but him that 's fie.†
I 'll guide ye a' right safely through:
  Lift ye the prisoner on ahint me.'

---

* A ford upon the Tyne, a little above Hexham.

† Predestined.

Wi' that the water they hae ta'en;
  By anes and twas they a' swam through.
'Here are we a' safe,' quo' the Laird's Jock;
  'And, puir faint Wat, what think ye noo?'

They scarce the other brae had won,
  When twenty men they saw pursue;
Frae Newcastle town they had been sent,
  A' English lads baith stout and true.

But when the land-sergeant the water saw,
  'It winna ride, my lads,' says he;
Then cried aloud: 'The prisoner take,
  But leave the fetters, I pray, to me.'

'I wat weel no,' quo' the Laird's ain Jock;
  'I 'll keep them a'; shoon to my mare they 'll be;
My guid bay mare—for I am sure
  She has bought them a' right dear frae thee.'

Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,
  E'en as fast as they could hie;
The prisoner is brought to his ain fireside,
  And there o' his irons they make him free.

'Now, Jock, my billie,' quo' a' the three,
  'The day is come thou was to dee;
But thou 's as weel at thy ain ingle-side,
  Now sitting, I think, 'twixt thee and me!'

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

'O BILLIE, billie, bonnie billie,
  Will ye gae to the wood wi' me?
We 'll ca' our horse hame masterless,
  And gar them trow slain men are we.'

'O no, O no!' says Earlstoun,
  'For that 's the thing that maunna be;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
  Where I maun either gae or dee.'

So Earlstoun rose in the morn,
  And mounted by the break o' day;
And he has joined our Scottish lads
  As they were marching out the way.

'Now fareweel, father, and fareweel, mother,
And fare-ye-weel, my sisters three;
And fare-ye-weel, my Earlstoun,
For thee again I 'll never see!'

And they 're awa to Bothwell Hill,
And, waly, they rade bonnily!
When the Duke o' Monmouth saw them coming,
He went to view their company.

'Ye 're welcome, lads,' then Monmouth said;
'Ye 're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me;
And sae are ye, brave Earlstoun,
The foremost o' your company.

But yield your weapons, ane and a',
O yield your weapons, lads, to me;
For gin ye yield your weapons up,
Ye'se a' gae hame to your country.'

But up there spoke a Lennox lad,
And, waly, he spoke bonnily;
'I winna yield my weapons up
To you nor nae man that I see.'

Then he set up the flag o' red,
A' set about wi' bonny blue;
'Since ye 'll no cease, and be at peace,
See that ye stand by other true.'

They settled their cannons on the height,
And showered their shot down in the howe;
And beat our Scots lads evendown—
Thick they lay slain on every knowe.

As e'er ye saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow frae the bow,
Sae our Scots lads fell evendown,
And they lay slain on every knowe.

'O hold your hand,' then Monmouth cried;
'Gie quarters to yon men for me!'
But wicked Claverse swore an oath,
His cornet's death revenged should be.

'O hold your hand,' then Monmouth cried,
'If anything you 'll do for me;
Hold up your hand, you cursed Graham,
Else a rebel to our king ye 'll be.'

Then wicked Claverse turned about,
I wot an angry man was he;
And he has lifted up his hat,
And cried: 'God bless his majesty!'

Then he's awa to London town,
Ay, e'en as fast as he can drie;
False witnesses he has wi' him ta'en,
And ta'en Monmouth's head frae his body.

Along the brae, beyond the brig,
Many brave men lie cauld and still;
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
The bloody battle o' Bothwell Hill.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

'Rise up, rise up, Lord Douglas,' she says,
'And put on your armour so bright;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright;
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa the last night.'

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself on a dapple gray,
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit owre his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And he spied her father and seven brethren bold
Come riding owre the lee.

'Light down, light down, Lady Margaret,' he said,
'And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I make a stand.'

Sometimes she rode, and sometimes she gaed,
Till again that place she did near,
And there she saw her seven brethren slain,
And her father still fighting sae dear.

'O hold your hand, sweet William!' she said,
'For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I may get mony a ane,
But a father I can never get mair.'

And she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
That was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dichtit her father's bloody wounds,
Where the blood ran red as the wine.

'O choose, O choose, Lady Margaret,' he said;
'O whether will ye gang or bide?'
'I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William,' she said,
'For ye've left me no other guide.'

He lifted her on the milk-white steed,
Himself upon the gray,
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they rode away.

He lifted her on the milk-white steed,
Himself upon the brown,
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,
And they both went weeping along.

O they rode on, and on they rode,
And a' by the light o' the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to take a drink
Of the spring that ran so clear;
And down the stream ran his guid heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear.

'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says;
'For I fear that you are slain!'
''Tis nothing but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water so plain.'

O they rode on, and on they rode,
And a' by the light o' the moon,
Until they came to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

'Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says;
'Get up, and let me in!
Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says;
'For this night my fair lady I've won.

O make my bed, lady mother,' he says;
'O make it broad and deep;
And lay Lady Margaret at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep.'

Lord William was dead long ere midnight,
Lady Margaret long ere day;
And all true lovers that go together,
May they hae mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St Mary's kirk,
Lady Margaret in St Mary's quier:
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plet,
And fain they would be near;
And a' the world might ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear.

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS.

PART FIRST.

'O WALY, waly up yon bank,
And waly, waly down yon brae,
And waly, waly by yon burn-side,*
Where I and my love wont to gae!

Hey, nonnie, nonnie, but love is bonnie,
A little while, when it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxes cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.

I leant my back unto an aik;
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak,
And so did my false love to me.

My mother told me, when I was young,
That young men's love was ill to trow;
But unto her I would give no ear,
And alas, my ain wand dings me now!

O had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been so ill to win,
I had locked my heart wi' a key o' gowd,
And pinned it wi' a siller pin.

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* 'Waly, waly!' is a Scottish interjection of bewailment.

O wherefore should I busk my head,
O wherefore should I kame my hair,
Since my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair?

As we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I myself in cramasie.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me;
St Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.

O Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
And take a life that wearies me?

It's not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor driftin' snaw's inclemency;
It's not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.

And O an my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee;
And I myself were dead and gone,
And the green grass growing over me!

When lords and lairds came to this town,
And gentlemen o' high degree,
I took my auld son in my arms,
And went to my chamber pleasantly.

But when lords and lairds come next to the town,
And gentlemen o' high degree,
O I maun sit in the dark alane,
Wi' my young son on the nurse's knee!
O I maun sit in the dark alane,
And ne'er a ane to comfort me.'

PART SECOND.

'When I was sick, and very sick,
When I was sick, and like to dee,
As I drew near to my stair-head,
I heard my ain lord lightly me.

"Gae, little page, and tell your lord,
Gin he'll come down and dine wi' me,
I'll set him on a chair o' gowd,
And serve him on my bended knee."

The little page gaed up the stair:
"Lord Douglas, dine wi' your lady;
She'll set ye on a chair o' gowd,
And serve ye on her bended knee."

"When cockle-shells turn silver-bells,
When wine dreeps red frae ilka tree,
When frost and snaw will warm us a',
Then I'll come down and dine wi' thee."

What ails you at your youngest son,
That sits upon the nurse's knee?
I'm sure that he has done nae harm,
Unless to his ain nurse and me.

If I had kent what I ken now,
That love it was so ill to win,
I should ne'er hae wet my cherry cheek
For ony man or mother's son.

But when my father got word o' this,
O what an angry man was he!
He sent four-score o' his archers bold
To bring me safe to his ain country.

When I rose up then in the morn,
My goodly palace for to lea',
I knocked at my lord's chamber door,
But ne'er a word would he speak to me.

"Fare-ye-weel, then, Jamie Douglas;
I need care as little as ye care for me;
The Earl of Mar is my father dear,
And I soon will see my ain country.

Ye thought that I was like yourself,
And loving ilk ane I did see;
But here I swear by the heavens clear,
I never loved a man but thee."

Slowly, slowly rose he up,
And slowly, slowly came he down;
And when he saw me set on his horse,
He garred his drums and trumpets sound.

When I upon my horse was set,
  My tenants all were with me ta'en;
They set them down upon their knees,
  And they begged me to come back again.

"It's fare-ye-weel, my bonnie palace;
  And fare-ye-weel, my children three!
God grant your father may get mair grace,
  And love ye better than he has loved me.

It's fare-ye-weel, my servants all;
  And you, my bonnie children three!
God grant your father grace to be kind,
  Till I see you safe in my ain country."

Now woe be to you, false Blackwood;
  Ay, and an ill death may you dee!
Ye was the first and foremost man
  That parted my true love and me.'

PART THIRD.

'As on we came to Edinburgh town,
  My guid father he welcomed me.
He caused his minstrels meet to sound:
  It was nae music at a' to me;
For nae mirth nor music sounds in my ear,
  Since my true love's forsaken me.

"Now hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
  And of your weeping let me be;
For a bill of divorce I'll gar write for him,
  And I'll get as guid a lord to thee."

"O hold your tongue, my father dear,
  And of such talking let me be;
I wadna gie ae look o' my guid lord's face
  For a' the lords in the north country.

O I'll cast off my robes o' red,
  And I'll put on my robes o' blue,
And I will travel to some other land,
  To see gin my love will on me rue.

There shall nae wash come on my face,
  There shall nae kame come in my hair,
There shall neither coal nor candle light
  Be seen intil my bower mair."'

When she came to her father's land,
The tenants a' came her to see;
Never a word she could speak to them,
But the buttons off her claes would flee.

'The lintie is a bonnie bird,
And often flies far frae its nest;
Sae a' the world may plainly see
They 're far awa' that I love best.'

PART FOURTH.

As she was sitting at her bower window,
Looking afar owre hill and glen,
Wha did she see but four-score soldiers,
That came to take her back again!

Out bespak the foremost man,
And whaten a weel-spoken man was he!
'If the Lady Douglas be within,
Ye 'll bid her come down and speak to me.

But out bespak her father then;
I wat an angry man was he!
'Ye may gang back the gate ye came,
For her face again ye 'll never see.'

'Now hold your tongue, my father,' she says,
'And of your folly let me be;
For I 'll go back to my guid lord,
Since his love has come back to me.'

So she has dressed herself fu' braw,
And mounted on her dapple gray,
And, like a queen, wi' her men behind,
She has ridden gaily out the way.

She laughed like any new-made bride
When she took farewell o' her father's towers;
But the tear, I wat, stood in her ee,
When she came in sight o' her lover's bowers.

As she came by the Orange gate,
Whaten a blithe sight did she see—
Her guid lord coming her to meet,
And in his hand her bairnies three!

'Go, fetch to me a pint of wine,
That I may drink to my lady.'
She took the cup into her hand,
But her bonnie heart it broke in three.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

[MODERN BALLAD.]

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR, ESQ.

A. 'BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
And think nae mair of the Braes of Yarrow.'

B. 'Where got ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
Where got ye that winsome marrow?'
A. 'I got her where I daurna weel be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.'

B. 'Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?'

A. 'Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

What 's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
What 's yonder floats?—Oh, dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the dulefu' Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow;
And weep around, in waeful wise,
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow!

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
The arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow!

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? But, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk; green grows, green grows the grass;
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock;
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowing!

Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet, as sweet flows Tweed;
As green its grass; its gowan as yellow;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk;
The apple from its rocks as mellow!

Fair was thy love! fair, fair indeed thy love!
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter;
Though he was fair, and well beloved again,
Than I, he never loved thee better.

Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.'

C. 'How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How can I lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew, thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
  His purple vest—'twas my ain sewing;
Ah, wretched me! I little, little kenned
  He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
  Unmindful of my dule and sorrow:
But ere the too fa' of the night,
  He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow!

Much I rejoiced that waefu', waefu' day;
  I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was flown
  That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
  But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear—
  How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
  With cruel and ungentle scoffing
May bid me seek, on Yarrow Braes,
  My lover nailèd in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
  And strive, with threatening words, to move me;
My lover's blood is on thy spear—
  How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love!
  With bridal sheets my body cover!
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door!
  Let in the expected husband-lover!

But who the expected husband, husband is?
  His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter!
Ah me! what ghastly spectre 's yon
  Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
  O lay his cold head on my pillow!
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
  And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
  O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lie all night within my arms—
  No youth lay ever there before thee!

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth;
  Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night within my arms—
  No youth shall ever lie there after!'

A. 'Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride!
  Return, and dry thy useless sorrow!
Thy lover heeds not of thy sighs;
  He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.'

THE TWA CORBIES.

As I gaed down by yon house-end,
Twa corbies there were sitting their lane;
The tane unto the t'other did say,
'O where shall we gae dine to-day?'

'O down beside yon new-fa'n birk,
There, there lies a new-slain knight;
Nae living kens that he lies there,
But his horse, his hounds, and his lady fair.

His horse is to the hunting gane,
His hounds to bring the wild deer hame;
His lady 's ta'en another mate;
So we may make our dinner sweet.

O we 'll sit on his bonnie breast-bane,
And we 'll pike out his bonnie gray een;
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,
We 'll theek our nest when it blaws bare.

Mony a ane for him makes mane,
But nane shall ken where he is gane.
Owre his banes, when they are bare,
The wind shall blaw for evermair!'

THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD.

[The early verses of this wild old ballad recite how the two sons of the clerk of Owsenford, having been sent to Paris for their education, were there murdered. Their father having gone to seek them, returns to his lady with the doleful intelligence.]

His lady sat on her castle-wa'
  Beholding dale and down;
And there she saw her ain guid lord
  Come walking to the town.

'Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, my ain guid lord,
  Ye're welcome hame to me;
But whereaway are my twa sons?
  Ye should hae brought them wi' ye.'

'O they are putten to a deeper lair,
  And to a higher school;
Your ain twa sons will no be hame
  Till the hallow days o' Yule.'

'O sorrow, sorrow, come make my bed;
  And, dule, come lay me down;
For I will neither eat nor drink,
  Nor set a foot on ground!'

The hallow days o' Yule were come,
  And the nights were lang and mirk,
When in and came her ain twa sons,
  And their hats made o' the birk.

It neither grew in sike nor ditch,
  Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise
  That birk grew fair eneugh.

'Blow up the fire now, maidens mine;
  Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
  Since my twa sons are well.

O eat and drink, my merry men a',
  The better shall ye fare;
For my twa sons they are come hame
  To me for evermair.'

And she has gane and made their bed,
  She's made it saft and fine;
And she's happit them wi' her gay mantle,
  Because they were her ain.

But the young cock crew in the merry Linknou,
  And the wild-fowl chirped for day;
And the older to the younger said:
  'Brother, we maun away.

The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
  The channerin'* worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
  A sair pain we maun bide.'

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* Fretting.

'Lie still, lie still a little wee while;
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll gae mad ere it be day.'

* * *

O it's they've ta'en up their mother's mantle,
And they've hung it on a pin:
'O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantle,
Ere ye hap us again.'

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE.

O I will sing, if ye will hearken,
If ye will hearken unto me;
The king has ta'en a poor prisoner—
The wanton young Laird o' Logie.

Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel,
Carmichael's keeper o' the key;
And May Margaret's lamenting sair,
A' for the love o' young Logie.

When news came to our guidly queen,
She sighed, and said right mournfully:
'O what will come o' Lady Margaret,
Wha bears sic love to young Logie?'

May Margaret tore her yellow hair,
When as the queen told her the same:
'I wish that I had ne'er been born,
Or ne'er had known young Logie's name!'

'Lament, lament na, May Margaret,
And of your weeping let me be;
For ye maun to the king himsel',
To seek the life o' young Logie.'

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,
And curled back her yellow hair:
'If I canna get young Logie's life,
Fareweel to Scotland evermair.'

When that she came before the king,
She kneelèd lowly on her knee:
'O what's the matter, May Margaret?
And what needs a' this courtesy?'

'A boon, a boon, my noble liege;
A boon, a boon I beg of thee;
And the first boon that I come to crave,
Is to grant me the life o' young Logie.'

'O na, O na, May Margaret;
Forsooth, and so it maunna be;
For a' the gowd in fair Scotland
Shall not save the life o' young Logie.'

May Margaret she gaed down the stair,
I wat she gaed right mournfully:
'O a' the money in fair Scotland
Wadna save the life o' young Logie.'

And sae she tore her yellow hair,
Wringing her fingers ane by ane;
And cursed the day that she was born,
Or that she heard o' Logie's name!

'Lament, lament na, Margaret,
And of your weeping let me be;
And I will to the king mysel',
To seek the life o' young Logie.'

The queen she trippèd up the stair,
And lowly knelt upon her knee:
'A boon, a boon I crave, my liege;
Grant me the life o' young Logie.'

'If ye had asked me castles and towers,
I wad hae gien them, twa or three;
But a' the money in fair Scotland
Wadna buy the life o' young Logie.'

The queen she trippèd down the stair,
And down she gaed right mournfully:
'O a' the money in fair Scotland
Wadna buy the life o' young Logie.'

Lady Margaret tore her yellow hair,
When as the queen told her the same:
'I 'll take a knife and end my life,
And be in the grave as soon as him.'

'O fie; na, na!' then spoke the queen;
'Fie, na; fie, na! this maunna be!
I 'll set ye on another way
To win the life o' young Logie.'

May Margaret has ta'en the king's redding-kame,
Likewise the queen her wedding-knife,
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,
To cause young Logie get his life.

She sent him a purse o' the red gowd,
Another o' the white money;
She sent him a pistol for each hand,
And bade him shoot when he got free.

When he came to the tolbooth stair,
There he let his volley flee;
It made the king in his chamber start,
E'en in the bed where he might be.

And when he came to the queen's window,
Whaten a joyful shout ga'e he;
Saying: 'Peace be to our royal queen,
And peace be in her company.'

'O whaten a voice is that?' quo' the king;
'Whaten a voice is that?' quo' he.
'Whaten a voice is that?' quo' the king;
'I think it's the voice o' young Logie.

Gae out, gae out, my merry men a',
And bid Carmichael come speak to me;
For I'll lay my life the pledge o' that,
That yon's the voice o' young Logie.'

When Carmichael came before the king,
He fell down low upon his knee;
The very first word that the king spoke
Was: 'Where's the young Laird o' Logie?'

Carmichael turned him round about
(I wat the tear blinded his ee),
'There came a token frae your grace,
Has ta'en the laird away frae me.'

'Hast thou played me that, Carmichael?' he said;
'And hast thou played me that?' quo' he;
'The morn, therefore, at twelve o'clock,
Your men and you shall hangèd be.'

'O na; fie, na!' then quoth the queen;
'Fie, my dear love, this canna be;
If ye be gaun to hang them a',
Indeed ye maun begin wi' me.'

Carmichael is gane to Margaret's bower,
  Even as fast as he might drie:
'O if young Logie be within,
  Tell him to come and speak wi' me!'

May Margaret turned her round about;
  I wot a loud laugh laughèd she:
'The egg is chipped; the bird is flown;
  Ye'll see nae mair o' young Logie.'

The tane is shipped at the pier o' Leith,
  The t'other at the Queen's Ferrie;
And now the lady has gotten her love,
  The winsome young Laird o' Logie.

CHILDE ETHER.

CHILDE ETHER and Lady Maisry
  Were born baith at ae birth;
They loved each other tenderly,
  'Bune everything on earth.

'The lee likes na the summer shower,
  Nor grass the morning dew,
Better, dear Lady Maisry,
  Than Childe Ether loves you.'

'The bonnie doo likes na its mate,
  Nor the babe at breast its mother,
Better, my dearest Childe Ether,
  Than Maisry loves her brother.'

But he needs go to gain renown
  Into some far country;
And Childe Ether has gone abroad
  To fight in Paynimie.

And he has been in Paynimie
  A twelvemonth and a day,
But never did any tidings come
  Of his welfare to say.

Then she's ta'en ship, awa' to sail
  Out owre the roaring faem,
A' for to find him, Childe Ether,
  And for to bring him hame.

She hadna sailed the sea a month,
  A month but barely three,

Until she landed on Cypress' shore,
  By the moonlight sae lee.

Lady Maisry put on her green mantle,
  Took her purse in her hand;
And called to her her mariners,
  Syne walked up through the land.

She walkèd up, she walkèd down,
  Till she came to a castle high;
There she sat down on the door-stane,
  And weepèd bitterly.

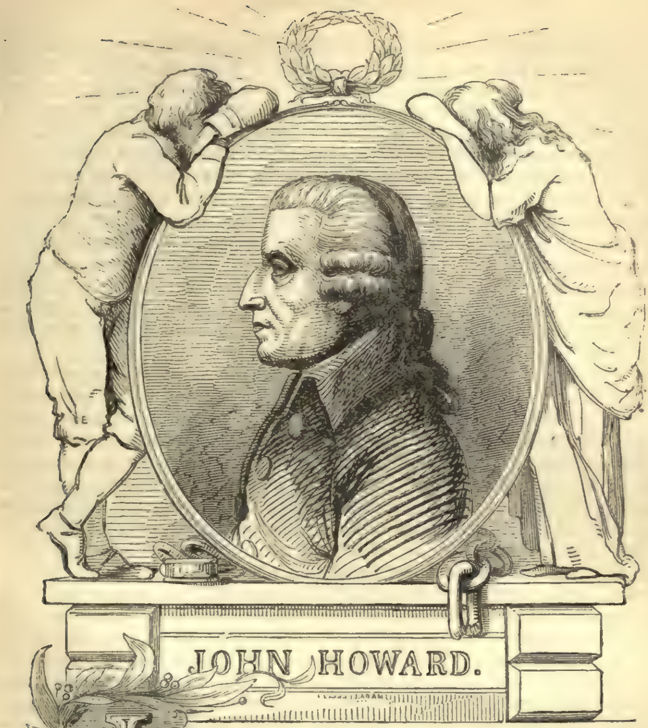
Then out and spoke a sweet, sweet voice,
  Out owre the castle-wa':
'Now is na that Lady Maisry,
  That makes sic a dolefu' fa'?

But gin that be Lady Maisry,
  Let her make mirth and glee;
For I 'm her brother Childe Ether,
  That loves her tenderly.

But gin that be Lady Maisry,
  Let her take purse in hand,
And gang to yonder castle-wa'—
  They call it Gorinand.

Speer for the lord of that castle;
  Give him dollars thirty-three;
Tell him to ransom Childe Ether,
  That loves you tenderly.'

She 's gone her up to that castle,
  Paid down her guid money;
And sae she 's ransomed Childe Ether,
  And brought him hame her wi'.



JOHN HOWARD.

JOHN HOWARD, whose name as a philanthropist must be familiar to a number of our readers, was born at Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, in the immediate vicinity of London, in or about the year 1727. His father was an upholsterer and carpet-warehouseman, who had acquired a considerable fortune in trade, and had retired from business to live at Hackney. Being a dissenter, and a man of strong religious principles, he sent his son at an early age to be educated by a schoolmaster named Worsley, who kept an establishment at some distance from London, where the sons of many opulent dissenters, friends of Mr Howard, were already boarded. The selection appears to have been injudicious; for in after-life Mr Howard assured an intimate friend, with greater indignation than he used to express on most subjects, 'that, after a continuance of seven years at this school, he left it not fully taught any one thing.' From Mr Worsley's school he was removed, probably about the age of fourteen, to one of a superior description in London, the master of which, Mr Eames, was a man of some reputation for learning. His acquisitions at both seminaries seem to have been of the meagre kind then deemed sufficient for a person who was to be engaged in commercial pursuits; and it is the assertion of Mr Howard's biographer, Dr Aikin, founded on personal knowledge, that he 'was never able to speak or write his native language with grammatical correctness, and that his acquaintance with other languages—the French perhaps excepted—was slight and superficial.' In this, however, he did not differ perhaps from the generality of persons similarly circumstanced in their youth, and destined, like him, for business.

At the age of fifteen or sixteen, Mr Howard was bound apprentice by his father to Messrs Newnham and Shipley, extensive wholesale grocers in Watling Street, who received a premium of £700 with him. His father dying, however, shortly afterwards, and the state of his health or his natural tastes indisposing him for the mode of life for which he had been destined, he made arrangements with his masters for the purchase of the remaining term of his apprenticeship, and quitted business. By the will of his father, who is described as a strict methodical man, of somewhat penurious disposition, he was not to come into possession of the property till he had attained his twenty-fourth year. On attaining that age, he was to be entitled to the sum of £7000 in money, together with all his father's landed and movable property: his only sister receiving as her share £8000 in money, with certain additions of jewels, &c. which had belonged to her mother. Although nominally under the charge of guardians, Mr Howard was allowed a considerable share in the management of his own property. He had his house at Clapton, which his father's parsimonious habits had suffered to fall into decay, repaired or rebuilt, intending to make it his general place of residence. Connected with the repairing of this house an anecdote is told of Mr Howard, which will appear characteristic. He used to go every day to superintend the progress of the workmen; and an old man who had been gardener to his father, and who continued about the house until it was let some time afterwards, used to tell, as an instance of Mr Howard's goodness of disposition when young, that every day during the repairs he would be in the street, close by the garden-wall, just as the baker's cart was passing, when he would regularly buy a loaf and throw it over the wall, saying to the gardener as he came in: 'Harry, go and look among the cabbages; you will find something for yourself and family.'

After passing his twentieth year, Mr Howard, being of delicate health, quitted his native country, and made a tour through France and Italy, which lasted a year or two, but of the particulars of which we have no account. On his return to England, probably about the year 1750, he took lodgings in Stoke-Newington, living as a gentleman of independent property and quiet retired habits, and much respected by a small circle of acquaintances, chiefly dissenters. The state of his health, however, was such as to require constant care. His medical attendants, thinking him liable to consumption, recommended to him a very rigorous regimen in diet, which 'laid the foundation,' says one of his biographers, 'of that extraordinary abstemiousness and indifference to the gratifications of the palate which ever after so much distinguished him.' This condition of his health obliged him also to have recourse to frequent changes of air and scene. Newington, however, was his usual place of residence. Here, having experienced much kindness and attention, during a very severe attack of illness, from his landlady, Mrs Sarah Loidoire, an elderly widow of small property, he resolved to marry her; and although she remonstrated with him upon the impropriety of the step, considering their great disparity of ages—he being in his twenty-fifth, and she in her fifty-second year—the marriage was concluded in 1752. Nothing but the supposition that he was actuated by gratitude can account for this singular step in Mr Howard's life. The lady, it appears, was not only twice as old as himself, but also very sickly; and that no reasons of interest can have influenced him, is evident, as well from the fact that she was poor in comparison with himself, as from the circumstance of his immediately making over the whole of her little property to her sister. Mr Howard seems to have lived very happily with his wife till her death shortly afterwards, in November 1755.

On his wife's death, he resolved to leave England for another tour on the continent. In his former tour he had visited most of the places of usual resort in France and Italy; during the present, therefore, he intended to pursue some less common route. After some deliberation, he determined to sail first to Portugal, in order to visit its capital, Lisbon, then in ruins from the effects of that tremendous earthquake the news of which had appalled Europe. Nothing is more interesting than to observe the effects which great public events of a calamitous nature produce on different minds; indeed, one of the most instructive ways of contrasting men's dispositions is to consider how they are severally affected by some stupendous occurrence. It is to be regretted, therefore, that we are not informed more particularly by Howard's biographers of the reasons which determined him to visit the scene of the awful catastrophe which had recently occurred in Portugal—whether they were motives of mere curiosity, or whether they partook of that desire to place himself in contact with misery, that passion for proximity to wretchedness, which formed so large an element in Howard's character, and marked him out from the first as predestined for a career of philanthropy.

Before leaving England to proceed on his tour to the south of Europe, Mr Howard broke up his establishment at Stoke-Newington, and, with that generosity which was so natural to him, made a distribution among the poorer people of the neighbourhood of those articles of furniture for which he had now no necessity. The old gardener already mentioned used to relate that his *dividend* of the furniture on this occasion consisted of a bedstead and bedding complete, a table, six new chairs, and a scythe. A few weeks after this distribution of his furniture, Mr Howard set sail in the *Hanover*, a Lisbon packet. Unfortunately, the vessel never reached her destination, being captured during her voyage by a French privateer. The crew and passengers were treated with great cruelty by their captors, being kept for forty hours under hatches without bread or water. They were carried into Brest, and confined all together in the castle of that place as prisoners of war. Here their sufferings were increased; and after lying for many hours in their dungeon without the slightest nourishment, they had a joint of mutton thrown in amongst them, which (not having a knife to cut it) they were obliged to tear with their hands, and gnaw like dogs. For nearly a week they lay on straw in their damp and unwholesome dungeon, after which they were separated, and severally disposed of. Mr Howard was removed first to Morlaix, and afterwards to Carpaix, where he was allowed for two months to go about on parole—an indulgence usually accorded to officers only, but which Mr Howard's manners and behaviour procured for him from the authorities. He was even furnished, it is said, with the means of returning to England, that he might negotiate his own exchange for some French naval officer, a prisoner of war in the hands of the English. This exchange was happily accomplished, and Mr Howard was once more at liberty, and in England. His short captivity in France, however, was not without its good effects, by interesting him strongly in the condition of those unfortunate men who, chancing like himself to be captured at sea during war, were languishing in dungeons both in France and England, and atoning by their sufferings for the mutual injuries or discords of the nations to which they belonged. Mr Howard's imprisonment may be said to have first given a specific direction to his philanthropic enthusiasm. In his *Account of the State of Prisons*, published a considerable time afterwards, he subjoins the following note to a passage in which he contrasts the favourable treatment which prisoners of war usually receive, with the cruelties which domestic prisoners experience: 'I must not be understood here to mean a compliment to the French. How they then treated English prisoners of war I knew by experience in 1756, when a Lisbon packet in which I went passenger, in order to make the tour of Portugal, was taken by a French privateer. Before we reached Brest, I suffered the extremity of thirst, not having, for above forty hours, one drop of water, nor hardly a morsel of food. In the castle of Brest I lay for six nights upon straw; and observing how cruelly my countrymen were used there and at Morlaix, whither I was carried next, during the two months I was at Carpaix upon parole I corresponded with the English prisoners at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinan. At the last of these towns were several of our ship's crew and my servant. I had sufficient evidence of their being treated with such barbarity, that many hundreds had perished, and that thirty-six were buried in a hole at Dinan in one day. When I came to England, still on parole, I made known to the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen the sundry particulars, which gained their attention and thanks. Remonstrance was made to the French court; our sailors had redress; and those who were in the three prisons mentioned above were brought home in the first cartel-ships. Perhaps what I suffered on this occasion increased my sympathy with the unhappy people whose case is the subject of this book.' In Mr Howard's conduct, as here described by himself, we discern the real characteristic of active philanthropy. How few men are there who, like him, would have turned a personal misfortune to such good account; and who, while enduring sufferings themselves, would have occupied their thoughts with the means of putting an end, for all time coming, to the system which permitted such sufferings! Most men would have occupied the time of their imprisonment with sighs and lamentations; and once at liberty, they would have returned gleefully to the enjoyment of their homes, without troubling themselves about their less fortunate fellow-sufferers whom they had left behind, or at least without conceiving that their exertions could do anything for their benefit. But it is the characteristic of men like Howard, when once their attention is called to a wrong, not to rest until they have seen it rectified.

PRIVATE AND DOMESTIC CHARACTER—CONDUCT AS A LANDLORD.

On his return to England, Mr Howard went to reside on the small estate of Cardington, near Bedford, which had been left him by his father, and which he had increased by the purchase of an additional farm. He appears to have resided here for the next two years, leading the life of a quiet country-gentleman, superintending his farms, and earning the respect and good-will of all the people in the neighbourhood by his attention to the comforts of his tenants, and his charities to the poor. It was during this period also, on the 13th of May 1756, that he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; an honour which did not necessarily imply that he possessed reputation as a scientific man, or even as a man of brilliant abilities, but only that he was a gentleman of respectability, who, like many others of his class, took an interest in scientific pursuits. Howard's attainments in science do not seem to have ever been very great, and the only point of his character which connected him particularly with a scientific body was his taste for meteorological observations.

On the 25th of April 1758, Mr Howard contracted a second marriage with Miss Henrietta Leeds, eldest daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq. of Croxton, Cambridgeshire. The lady whom he had selected as his partner in life is described as amiable, affectionate, pious, and in every way worthy of such a husband. Her tastes were the same as his, and she cordially seconded all his charitable plans for the assistance and relief of those who depended upon his benevolence.

For seven years Mr Howard enjoyed uninterrupted happiness in the society of his wife. During this period, he resided first at Cardington, next for about three years at Watcombe in Hampshire, and latterly at Cardington again. The even tenor of his existence during these years presents few incidents worth recording. Reading, gardening, and the improvement of his grounds occupied most of his time. His meteorological observations were likewise diligently continued; and it is mentioned, as a proof of his perseverance in whatever he undertook, that on the setting in of a frost, he used to leave his bed at two o'clock every morning while it lasted, for the purpose of looking at a thermometer which he kept in his garden. His charities, as before, were profuse and systematic. His desire, and that of his wife, was to see all around them industrious and happy. To effect this, they used all the influence which their position as persons of property and wealth gave them over the villagers and cottagers in their neighbourhood. One of their modes of dispensing charity was to employ persons out of work in making articles of furniture or ornament; and in this way, it is said, Mrs Howard soon increased her stock of table-linen to a quantity greater than would ever be required by any household.

On the 31st of March 1765, Mrs Howard died in giving birth to a son, the first and only issue of their marriage. This event was a source of poignant affliction to her husband. On the tablet which he erected to her memory in Cardington Church, he caused to be inscribed the following passage from the Book of Proverbs: 'She opened her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue was the law of kindness.' Her miniature was ever after his constant companion by sea or land; and the day of her death was observed by him annually as a day of fasting, meditation, and prayer.

From the death of his wife in 1765 to the end of the year 1769, Mr Howard appears to have remained in England, and at Cardington as before, with the exception of a month or six weeks in the year 1767, which he devoted to a tour through Holland. His principal occupation during these four years was the education of his infant son. From the circumstance that this boy, when he arrived at the years of manhood, conducted himself in a profligate manner, and at last became insane, much attention has been drawn to Mr Howard's mode of educating him in his infancy; some insisting that his conduct as a parent was harsh and injudicious, others going so far as to assert that this man—whom the world reveres as a philanthropist, and whose benevolent soul yearned for the whole human race—was in his domestic relations a narrow and unfeeling tyrant. This last assertion—although, abstractly considered, there is nothing impossible or absurd in it, inasmuch as we may conceive such a thing as real philanthropy on the large scale conjoined with inattention to one's immediate duties as a husband or a father—appears to have absolutely no foundation whatever in Howard's case; and to have originated either in malice, or in that vulgar love of effect which delights in finding striking incongruities in the characters of great men. Nor does the other assertion—that Howard's mode of educating his infant son was harsh and injudicious—appear more worthy of credit. The truth seems to be, that Howard was a kind and benevolent man, of naturally strict and methodical habits, who entertained, upon principle, high ideas of the authority of the head of a family. A friend of his relates that he often heard him tell in company, as a piece of pleasantry, that before his marriage with his second wife he made an agreement with her, that in order to prevent all those little altercations about family matters which he had observed to be the principal causes of domestic discomfort, *he* should always decide. Mrs Howard, he said, had cheerfully agreed to this arrangement; and it was attended with the best effects. The same principle of the supremacy of the head of a family—a principle much less powerful in society now than it was a generation or two ago—guided him in his behaviour to his son. 'Regarding children,' says Dr Aikin, 'as creatures possessed of strong passions and desires, without reason and experience to control them, he thought that nature seemed, as it were, to mark them out as the subjects of absolute authority, and that the first and fundamental principle to be inculcated upon them was implicit and unlimited obedience.' The plan of education here described may to some appear austere and injudicious, while others will cordially approve of it, as that recommended by experience and common-sense; but, at all events, the charges of harshness and cruelty which some have endeavoured to found upon it are mere calumnies, refuted by the testimony of all who knew Mr Howard, and were witnesses to his affection for his son.

Sensible of the loss which the boy had sustained by the death of his mother, Mr Howard placed him, in his fifth year, under the care of a lady in whom he had confidence, who kept a boarding-school at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire. This and other arrangements having been made, he went abroad on a fourth continental tour towards the end of 1769. Proceeding through the south of France, and spending a few weeks at Geneva, he visited most of the remarkable places in Italy, some of them for the second time; and returned home through

Germany in the latter part of 1770, having been absent in all about twelve months.

When Howard had again settled at Cardington, he resumed his benevolent schemes of local improvement. It appears that the vicinity of Bedford, and Cardington especially, was inhabited by a very poor population, liable to frequent visitations of distress from the fluctuations of the only manufacture which yielded them employment—that of lace; as well as generally from the unhealthy and marshy nature of the soil, rendering ague prevalent. Mr Howard's first care with respect to those to whom he was attached as landlord, was to improve their dwellings. 'At different times,' says his biographer, Mr Brown, 'he pulled down all the cottages on his estate, and rebuilt them in a neat but simple style, paying particular attention to their preservation, as much as possible, from the dampness of the soil. Others which were not his property before, he purchased, and re-erected upon the same plan; adding to the number of the whole by building several new ones in different parts of the village. To each of these he allotted a piece of garden-ground sufficient to supply the family of its occupier with potatoes and other vegetables; and generally ornamented them in front with a small fore-court, fenced off from the road by neat white palings, enclosing a bed or two of simple flowers, with here and there a shrub or an evergreen; thus imparting to these habitations of the poor, with their white fronts and thatched roofs, that air of neatness and comfort so strikingly characteristic of everything in which he engaged.' 'These comfortable habitations, which he let at a rent of twenty or thirty shillings a year,' says another biographer, Dr Aikin, 'he peopled with the most industrious and sober tenants he could find; and over them he exercised the superintendence of master and father combined. He was careful to furnish them with employment, to assist them in sickness and distress, and to educate their children.' In consequence of these exertions of Mr Howard, aided and seconded by those of his friend and relative, Samuel Whitbread, Esq., who possessed property in the same neighbourhood, 'Cardington, which seemed at one time to contain the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, soon became one of the neatest villages in the kingdom—exhibiting all the pleasing appearances of competence and content, the natural rewards of industry and virtue.' Industry and cleanliness were the two virtues which Mr Howard sought by all means to naturalise among the villagers of Cardington. It was his custom to visit the houses of his tenants now and then, conversing with them on the state of their affairs. During such visits, he was particular in requesting them to keep their houses clean; and it was one of his standing advices that they should 'swill the floors well with water.' After talking with the children, he would tell them, at parting, to be 'good boys and girls, and keep their faces and hands clean.'

Among Mr Howard's other benefactions to the locality of Cardington, he established schools for the education of the boys and girls of the neighbourhood in the rudiments of knowledge. Of these it was strictly required that they should regularly attend some place of worship on Sundays; whether the Established Church, or any other, was indifferent, provided it was a church at all. His anxiety on this point also led him to convert one of his cottages into a preaching station, where the neighbouring clergymen of different persuasions, or occasionally a clergyman from a distance passing through the village, might officiate to such as chose to attend; and very rarely was the little congregation without at least one sermon a week. Mr Howard, when at Cardington, was invariably present at these meetings. His regular place of worship was the Old Meeting-house at Bedford, of which the Rev. Mr Symonds was pastor from 1766 to 1772. In the latter year, however, when Mr Symonds declared his adherence to the theological tenets of the Baptists, Mr Howard seceded along with a considerable part of the congregation, and established a new meeting-house. The truth is, however, that, with all his piety, and indeed on account of the very strength and sincerity of it, the theological differences of sects occupied very little space in his attention, and did not in the least affect his schemes of philanthropy; and though a dissenter of a particular denomination himself, dissenters of all other denominations, as well as members of the Established Church, were equally the objects of his respect and his benevolent solicitude.

The following recollections of Mr Howard's habits at this period, by the Rev. Mr Townsend, who resided with him at Cardington for a short period, in the interval between the secession from the Old Meeting-house and the erection of the new one, may be interesting. 'He found him,' he said, 'not disposed to talk much; he sat but a short time at table, and was in motion during the whole day. He was very abstemious; lived chiefly on vegetables, ate little animal food, and drank no wine or spirits. He hated praise; and when Mr Townsend once mentioned to him his labours of benevolence'—not those general ones for which he is now so celebrated, but his exertions for the improvement of the condition of the people in his neighbourhood—'he spoke of them slightingly, as a whim of his, and immediately changed the subject.' 'He was at all times,' adds his biographer, Mr Brown, 'remarkably neat in his dress, but affected no singularity in it. Though he never thought it right to indulge in the luxuries of life, he did not despise its comforts. Wine or fermented liquors of any kind he himself never drank; but they were always provided, and that of the best quality, for his friends who chose to take them. He always maintained an intercourse of civility with some of the most considerable persons in the county, and was on visiting terms with the greater part of the country-gentlemen around him, and with the most respectable inhabitants of the town of Bedford, churchmen and dissenters. His aversion to mix much with promiscuous assemblies was the result of his religious principles and habits, which taught him that this was no very profitable method of spending his time; yet however uncomplying he might be with the freedoms and irregularities of polite life, he was by no means negligent of its received forms; and though he might be denominated a man of scruples and singularities, no one would dispute his claim to the title of a *gentleman*.'

APPOINTED HIGH-SHERIFF OF BEDFORD—COMMENCES AND COMPLETES HIS SURVEY OF BRITISH PRISONS.

From these details, our readers will be able to fancy Mr Howard as he was in the year 1773—a widower country-gentleman of plain, upright, methodical habits, aged about forty-six; devout and exemplary in his conduct, and a dissenter by profession, but without any strong prejudices for or against any sect; temperate and economical, but the very reverse of parsimonious; fond of travelling, and exceedingly attentive to what fell under his observation; of a disposition overflowing with kindness at the aspect of a miserable object, and prompting him to go out in search of wretchedness, and to distribute over his whole neighbourhood the means of comfort and happiness. Such was Mr Howard in the year 1773; and if he had then died, his name would never have been so celebrated as it is over the world, but would only have been remembered in the particular district where his lot was cast, as the names of many benevolent landlords and good men are locally remembered all over the country. Fortunately, however, a circumstance happened which opened up for this unostentatious benefactor of a village a career of world-wide philanthropy. This was his election, in the year 1773, to the important office of high-sheriff of the county of Bedford. Regarding the special circumstances which led to his election to such a post, we have no information. It may be mentioned, however, that, in accepting the office, he subjected himself to the liability of a fine of £500—the laws which disqualified dissenters from holding such offices not having been yet repealed, although they were practically set at defiance by the increasing liberality of the age. A story was indeed once current that Mr Howard, on his nomination to the office, stated to Earl Bathurst, then Lord Chancellor, his scruples about accepting it, arising from the fact of his not being a member of the Church of England; and that Lord Bathurst, in reply, gave him an assurance of indemnification, in case any malicious person should endeavour to put the law in force against him. This story, however, does not appear to have been well founded.

The duties of a high-sheriff in England are important and various. 'To him are addressed the writs commencing all actions, and he returns the juries for the trial of men's lives, liberties, lands, and goods. He executes the judgments of the courts. In his county, he is the principal conservator of the peace. He presides in his own court as a judge; and he not only tries all causes of forty shillings in value, but also questions of larger amount. He presides at all elections of members of parliament and coroners. He apprehends all wrong-doers, and for that purpose, in criminal cases, he is entitled to break open outer doors to seize the offender. He defends the county against riot, or rebellion, or invasion. The sheriff takes precedence of all persons in the county. He is responsible for the execution of criminals. He receives and entertains the judges of assize, on whom he is constantly in attendance whilst they remain in his shire. To assist him in the performance of his duties, the sheriff employs an under-sheriff, and also a bailiff and jailers, from whom he takes securities for their good conduct.'* Such was the office to which, fortunately for society, Mr Howard was appointed at the annual election of sheriffs in the year 1773.

The office of high-sheriff became a different thing in the hands of such a man as Howard from what it had been before. It was no longer a mere honourable office, all the drudgery of which was performed by the under-sheriff; it was no longer the mere right of going in state twice a year to meet the judges, and of presiding during the gaieties of an assize-week; it was a situation of real power and laborious well-doing. Already alive to the existence of numerous abuses in prison management—as well by his general information respecting the institutions of the country, as by his own experience of prison-life in France seventeen years before—he had not been a month in office before all the faculties of his heart and soul were engaged in searching out and dragging into public notice the horrible corruptions and pollutions of the English prison-system.

Within Mr Howard's own cognisance as sheriff of Bedfordshire, there were three prisons—the county jail, the county bridewell, and the town jail, all in Bedford; and, as a matter of course, it was with these that his inquiries commenced. Various abuses struck him in their management, particularly in that of the county jail, the accommodations of which, whether for the purposes of work, health, or cleanliness, he found very deficient. But what roused his sense of justice most of all was to find that the jailer had no salary, and depended for great part of his income on the following clause in the prison regulations: 'All persons that come to this place, either by warrant, commitment, or verbally, must pay, before being discharged, fifteen shillings and fourpence to the jailer, and two shillings to the turnkey.' The effect which this and similar exactions from prisoners in the Bedford jail made upon him, will be best learned from his own statement prefixed to his *Account of the State of Prisons.* 'The distress of prisoners,' he says, 'of which there are few who have not some imperfect idea, came more immediately under my notice when I was sheriff of the county of Bedford; and the circumstance which excited me to activity in their behalf was seeing some who, by the verdict of juries, were declared *not guilty*—some on whom the grand-jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to trial—and some whose prosecutors did not appear against them—after having been confined for months, dragged back to jail, and locked up again till they should pay sundry fees to the jailer, the clerk of assize, &c. In order to redress this hardship,' he continues, 'I applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the jailer in lieu of his fees. The bench were properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired; but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense.'

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* Art. 'Sheriff,' *Penny Cyclopædia.*

With a view to find the precedent required, Mr Howard undertook to visit the jails of some of the neighbouring counties, that he might inquire into the practice adopted there. His first visits were to the jails of Cambridge and Huntingdon; and in the course of the same month—November 1773—he prosecuted his tour through those of the following counties in addition—Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Stafford, Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, Oxford, and Buckingham. In each and all of these jails he found abuses and grievances; different, indeed, in one from what they were in another, and in some fewer and less shocking than in others, but in all disgraceful to a civilised country. In all of them, the income of the jailer was derived, as at Bedford, from fees exacted from the prisoners, and not from a regular salary; nay, in one of them the sheriff himself drew fees from the prisoners; and in another, that of Northampton, the jailer, instead of having a salary, paid the county £40 a year for his office. To enter into the details of his investigations of the abuses of the various prisons above enumerated, as these are given in the first edition of his *Account of the State of Prisons*, would be impossible; suffice it to say that Mr Howard's reports on the various jails he visited are not mere general assertions that this or that jail was defective in its arrangements, but laborious and minute accounts of the statistics of each—containing, in the briefest possible compass, every circumstance respecting every jail which it could possibly be useful to know. Indeed, no parliamentary commission ever presented a more searching, clear, and accurate report than Howard's account of the state of the prisons he visited.

His visits to the jails of the counties adjoining Bedford had only disclosed to him those depths of misery which he was yet to sound. 'Looking into the prisons,' he says, 'I beheld scenes of calamity which I became daily more and more anxious to alleviate. In order, therefore, to gain a more perfect knowledge of the particulars and extent of it, by various and accurate observation, I visited most of the county jails in England.' This more extensive tour was begun in December 1773, and by the 17th of that month he had inspected the jails of the counties of Hertford, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, Hants, and Sussex; occupying, therefore, it will be perceived, a much less space of time in his survey than most official commissions, and yet probably doing the work much better. The next six weeks he appears to have spent at Cardington with his son, then about eight years of age, and at home no doubt on his Christmas vacation; but towards the end of January 1774, his philanthropic tour was resumed. The jails of Rutlandshire were first visited, then those of York: on his journey southward from York he passed through the shires of Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, visiting the prisons of each: a fortnight was then devoted to an examination of the monster prisons of London: from London he set out on a journey to the western counties, inspected the jails of Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, Hereford, and Monmouth; and, after a short absence, returned to London, having, in the course of three months of expeditious and extensive, but most thorough scrutiny, acquired more knowledge of the state of English prisons than was possessed by any other man then living. Such is the effect of having a definite object in view, and attending exclusively to it. If we measure ability by mere largeness of intellect, there were undoubtedly hundreds of abler men than Howard then alive in England; but what is the lazy and languid greatness of these intellectual do-nothings compared with the solid greatness of a man like Howard, who, gifted by God with a melting love for his fellow-men, laboriously and steadily pursued one object, made himself master of one department, and dragged into daylight one class of social abuses till then unknown or unheeded!

It happened, by a fortunate conjunction, that at the time Mr Howard was pursuing his prison inquiries, a few members of the legislature were interesting themselves in the same subject. In the previous session of parliament a bill had been introduced into the House of Commons by Mr Popham, member for Taunton, proposing the payment of jailers, not by fees from the prisoners, as heretofore, but out of the county rates. The bill had been dropped in committee on the second reading; but the subject of prison management was resumed next session, the principal movers in the inquiry being Mr Popham, and Mr Howard's intimate friends, Mr St John and Mr Whitbread. It would appear that it had been in consequence of consultations with Mr Howard that these gentlemen broached the subject in parliament at so early a period in the session; at all events, we find Mr Howard, immediately after his return from his western tour, examined before a committee of the whole House regarding his knowledge of the state of English prisons. So full and valuable were the details submitted to the committee by Mr Howard, that on the House being resumed, the chairman of the committee, Sir Thomas Clavering, reported that 'he was directed by the committee to move the House that John Howard, Esq., be called in to the bar, and that Mr Speaker do acquaint him that the House are very sensible of the humanity and zeal which have led him to visit the several jails of this kingdom, and to communicate to the House the interesting observations he has made upon that subject.' The motion passed unanimously; and Mr Howard had, accordingly, the honour of receiving the public thanks of the House for his philanthropic exertions. To shew, however, how little the spirit which animated these exertions was understood or appreciated, we may mention that it is related that, during his examination before the committee, one member put the question to him: 'At whose expense he travelled?'

Mr Howard, however, was still only at the commencement of his labours. In the month of March 1774, only a few days after receiving the thanks of the House of Commons, he set out for the extreme north of England, to visit the jails there. In an incredibly short space of time he had traversed the counties of Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancaster, Chester, and Shropshire, visiting the jails in each; then, after revisiting those of Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, and Northampton, he returned home to Cardington; from which, after a week's repose, he set out for Kent. With the examination of the jails of Kent, Mr Howard's first survey of the jails of England may be said to have been finished. To give, once for all, an idea of the minute and thorough manner in which he discharged his self-imposed duty, we may quote his remarks on the county jail at Durham. After giving a list of the officials and their salaries, he proceeds thus: 'The high jail is the property of the bishop. By patent from his lordship, Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., is perpetual sheriff. The court for master's side debtors is only 24 feet by 10: they are permitted sometimes to walk on the leads. They have beds in the upper hall, and in several other rooms. Their rooms should be ceiled, that they might be lime-whited, to prevent infectious disorders, and that great nuisance of bugs, of which the debtors complain much here and at other places. Common side debtors have no court; their free wards, the *low jail*, are two damp, unhealthy rooms, 10 feet 4 inches square, by the gateway; they are never suffered to go out of these except to chapel, which is the master's side debtor's hall; and not always to that; for on a Sunday, when I was there, and missed them at chapel, they told me they were not permitted to go thither. No sewers. At more than one of my visits I learned that the dirt, ashes, &c. had lain there many months. There is a double-barrelled pump, which raises water about 70 feet. Felons have no court; but they have a day-room, and two small rooms for an infirmary. The men are put at night into dungeons: one, 7 feet square, for three prisoners; another, the *great hole*, 16½ feet by 12, has only a little window. In this I saw six prisoners, most of them transports, chained to the floor. In this situation they had been for many weeks, and were very sickly; their straw on the stone floor almost worn to dust. Long confinement, and not having the king's allowance of two shillings and sixpence a week, had urged them to attempt an escape; after which the jailer had chained them as already mentioned. There is another dungeon for women felons, 12 feet by 8; and up-stairs a separate room or two. The common side debtors in the *low jail*, whom I saw eating boiled bread and water, told me that this was the only nourishment some had lived upon for near a twelvemonth. They have, from a legacy, one shilling and sixpence a week in winter, and one shilling a week in summer, for coals. No memorandum of it in the jail: perhaps this may in time be lost, as the jailer said two others were—namely, one of Bishop Crewe, and another of Bishop Wood, from which prisoners had received no benefit for some years past. But now the bishop has humanely filed bills in Chancery, and recovered these legacies, by which several debtors have been discharged. Half-a-crown a week is paid to a woman for supplying the debtors with water in the two rooms on the side of the gateway. The act for preserving the health of prisoners is not hung up. The clauses against spirituous liquors are hung up. Jail delivery once a year. At several of my visits there were boys between thirteen and fifteen years of age confined with the most profligate and abandoned. There was a vacant piece of ground adjacent, of little use but for the jailer's occasional lumber. It extends to the river, and measures about 22 yards by 16. I once and again advised the enclosing this for a court, as it might be done with little expense; and it appears that formerly here was a doorway into the prison. But when I was there afterwards in January 1776, I had the mortification to hear that the surgeon, who was uncle to the jailer, had obtained from the bishop, in October preceding, a lease of it for twenty-one years, at the rent of one shilling per annum. He had built a little stable on it.'

Having completed his survey of the English jails, Mr Howard turned his attention next to those of Wales; and by the end of the autumn of 1774, he appears to have visited the principal jails in that principality. During these last months the field of his inquiries had been extended, so as to embrace a new department. 'Seeing,' he says, 'in two or three of the jails some poor creatures whose aspect was singularly deplorable, and asking the cause of it, the answer was: "They were lately brought from the *bridewells*." This started a fresh subject of inquiry. I resolved to inspect the bridewells; and for that purpose travelled again into the counties where I had been; and indeed into all the rest, examining *houses of correction*, *city* and *town jails*. I beheld in many of them, as well as in the *county jails*, a complication of distress.'

Mr Howard's philanthropic labours for now nearly a twelvemonth had of course made him an object of public attention, and it became obviously desirable to have such a man in parliament.

Accordingly, at the election of 1774, he was requested by a number of the electors of Bedford to allow himself to be put in nomination for that town, in the independent interest, along with his friend Mr Whitbread. Mr Howard consented; but when the polling had taken place, the numbers stood thus—Sir William Wake, 527 votes; Mr Sparrow, 517; Mr Whitbread, 429; and Mr Howard, 402. A protest was taken by the supporters of Mr Whitbread and Mr Howard, most of whom were dissenters, against the election of the two former gentlemen, on the ground that the returning officers had acted unfairly in rejecting many legally good votes for Messrs Whitbread and Howard, and receiving many legally bad ones for the other two candidates. Petitions impeaching the return were also presented to the House of Commons by Mr Whitbread and Mr Howard.

Nothing, however, could divert our philanthropist from his own peculiar walk of charity, and the interval between the election and the hearing of the petitions against its validity was diligently employed by him in a tour through Scotland and Ireland, for the purpose of inspecting the prisons there, and comparing them with those of England and Wales. With the Scotch system of prison management he seems to have been, on the whole, much better pleased than with that of England; and he mentions, with particular approbation, that in Scotland 'all criminals are tried out of irons; and when acquitted, they are *immediately* discharged in open court;' that 'no jailer has any fee from any criminal;' and that 'women are not put in irons.' Still he found sufficient grounds for complaint in the state of the prisons themselves. 'The prisons,' he says, 'that I saw in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Jedburgh, Haddington, Ayr, Kelso, Nairn, Banff, Inverness, &c. were old buildings, dirty and offensive, without court-yards, and also generally without water.' 'The tolbooth at Inverness,' he afterwards observes, 'has no fire-place, and is the most dirty and offensive prison that I have seen in Scotland.' In the Irish prisons he found, as might have been expected, abuses even more shocking than those he had generally met with in England.

In March 1775, Mr Howard having by this time returned to England, his petition and that of Mr Whitbread against the return of Sir William Wake and Mr Sparrow were taken into consideration by a committee of the House of Commons. On a revision of the poll, the numbers, after adding the good votes which had been rejected, and striking off the bad ones which had been accepted, stood thus—Mr Whitbread, 568; Sir William Wake, 541; Mr Howard, 537; Mr Sparrow, 529. Thus, although by a small majority Mr Howard lost the election, his friend, Mr Whitbread, who had formerly been in the same predicament, was now returned at the top of the poll in lieu of Mr Sparrow.

It was perhaps a fortunate circumstance for the world that Mr

Howard did not succeed in being returned to parliament. He might no doubt have been of great service as a member of the legislature; but his true function was that which he had already chosen for himself—a voluntary and unofficial inquirer into the latent miseries of human society. It was not so much as a propounder of schemes of social improvement that Mr Howard appeared; it was rather as an explorer of unvisited scenes of wretchedness, who should drag into the public gaze all manner of grievances, in order that the general wisdom and benevolence of the country might be brought to bear upon them. In a complex state of society, where wealth and poverty, comfort and indigence, are naturally separated from each other as far as possible, so that the eyes and ears of the upper classes may not be offended and nauseated by the sights and sounds of woe, the interference of this class of persons—*inspectors*, as they may be called, whose business it is to see and report—is among the most necessary of all acts for social wellbeing.

VISITS TO FOREIGN PRISONS—PUBLICATION OF HIS GREAT WORK ON EUROPEAN PRISONS.

Mr Howard having completed his survey of the prisons of Great Britain, began to prepare his reports for publication. 'I designed,' says he, 'to publish the account of our prisons in the spring of 1775, after I returned from Scotland and Ireland. But conjecturing that something useful to my purpose might be collected abroad, I laid aside my papers, and travelled into France, Flanders, Holland, and Germany.' The precise route which he pursued during this his fifth continental tour is not known; he appears, however, to have gone to France first. He gives the following account of his attempt to gain admission to the famous Bastille of Paris. 'I was desirous of examining it myself, and for that purpose knocked hard at the outer gate, and immediately went forward through the guard to the drawbridge before the entrance of the castle. But while I was contemplating this gloomy mansion, an officer came out much surprised, and I was forced to retreat through the mute guard, and thus regained that freedom which, for one locked up within those walls, it is next to impossible to obtain.' On this singular adventure of Mr Howard one of his biographers makes the following remark: 'In the space of four centuries, from the foundation to the destruction of the Bastille, perhaps Mr Howard was the only person that was ever compelled to quit it reluctantly.' Although denied admission to the Bastille, Mr Howard was able to obtain entrance into the other prisons of Paris. His first application, indeed, for admittance to the Grand Châtelet was unsuccessful; but happening to remark that, by the tenth article of the *arrêt* of 1717, jailers were authorised to admit persons desirous of bestowing charity on the prisoners, he pleaded it before the *Commissaire de la Prison;* and in this way gained admission not only to that prison but to the others. Except for the horrible subterranean dungeons, in which he found that certain classes of prisoners were sometimes confined in France, he appears to have considered the prisons in that country better managed than those of England.

Mr Howard's proceedings in France, French Flanders, and the Netherlands, will be best gathered from the following letter to a friend: 'I came late last night to this city; the day I have employed in visiting the jails, and collecting all the criminal laws, as I have got those of France. However rigorous they may be, yet their great care and attention to their prisons is worthy of commendation: all fresh and clean; no jail distemper; no prisoners ironed. The bread allowance far exceeds that of any of our jails; for example, every prisoner here has two pounds of bread a day; once a day, soup; and on Sunday, one pound of meat. I write to you, my friend, for a relaxation from what so much engrosses my thoughts. And indeed I force myself to the public dinners and suppers for that purpose, though I shew so little respect to a set of men who are so highly esteemed (the French cooks), that I have not tasted fish, flesh, or fowl since I have been this side the water. Through a kind Providence, I am very well; calm, easy in spirits. The public *voitures* have not been crowded, and I have met, in general, agreeable company. I hope to be in Holland the beginning of next week.'

After visiting the principal prisons in Holland and part of Germany, most of which seem to have particularly pleased him, when contrasted with those at home, Mr Howard returned to England in the end of July 1775—not to rest, however; for he immediately commenced a second survey of the English prisons. This was interrupted, in the beginning of the year 1776, when he made a trip to Switzerland to visit the Swiss jails, taking some of the French ones in his way. Returning to England, he resumed his second survey of the English and Welsh prisons; and when this was completed to his satisfaction in the beginning of 1777, he took up his residence for the spring at the town of Warrington, in Lancashire, where he had resolved to have his work on Prisons printed. His reasons for printing the book there, rather than in London, were various; one of them was, that he wished to be near his friend, Dr (then Mr) Aikin, employed as a surgeon in Warrington, whose literary talents were of assistance to him in fitting the work for publication. Dr Aikin gives the following account of the process which Mr Howard's notes underwent, in order to qualify them for being sent to press—his own composition, as our readers are already aware, being none of the most correct in a grammatical point of view. 'On his return from his tours,' says Dr Aikin, 'he took all his memorandum-books to an old retired friend of his, who assisted him in methodising them, and copied out the whole matter in correct language. They were then put into the hands of Dr Price, from whom they underwent a revision, and received occasionally considerable alterations. With his papers thus corrected, Mr Howard came to the press at Warrington; and first he read them all over carefully to me, which perusal was repeated sheet by sheet, as they were printed. As new facts and observations were continually suggesting themselves to his mind, he put the matter of them upon paper as they occurred, and then requested me to clothe them in such expressions as I thought proper. On these occasions, such was his diffidence, that I found it difficult to make him acquiesce in his own language, when, as frequently happened, it was unexceptionable. Of this additional matter, some was interwoven with the text, but the greater part was necessarily thrown into notes.' So intent was he upon the publication of the work, that, 'for the purpose,' we are told by his biographer, Mr Brown, 'of being near the scene of his labours, he took lodgings in a house close to his printer's shop; and during a very severe winter he was always called up by two in the morning, though he did not retire to rest till ten. His reason for this early rising was, that in the morning he was least disturbed in his work of revising the sheets as they came from the press. At seven he regularly dressed for the day, and had his breakfast; when, punctually at eight, he repaired to the printing-office, and remained there till the workmen went to dinner at one, when he returned to his lodgings, and putting some bread and raisins, or other dried fruit, in his pocket, generally took a walk in the outskirts of the town, eating, as he walked, his hermit fare, which with a glass of water on his return, was the only dinner he took. When he had returned to the printing-office, he generally remained there until the men left work, and then repaired to Mr Aikin's house, to go through with him any sheets which might have been composed during the day; or, if there were nothing upon which he wished to consult him, he would either spend an hour with some friend, or return to his own lodgings, where he took his tea or coffee in lieu of supper, and at his usual hour retired to bed.'

In April 1777 appeared the work which had cost him so much labour. Its title was, '*The State of the Prisons in England and Wales, with Preliminary Observations, and an Account of some Foreign Prisons.* By John Howard, F.R.S.' Although the work was very bulky, consisting of 520 quarto pages, with four large plates, yet 'so zealous was he,' says Dr Aikin, 'to diffuse information, and so determined to obviate any idea that he meant to repay his expenses by the profitable trade of book-making, that he insisted on fixing the price of the volume so low, that, had every copy been sold, he would still have presented the public with all the plates and great part of the printing.' Besides, he distributed copies profusely among all persons who possessed, or might possibly possess, influence in carrying his benevolent views into effect. 'As soon as the book appeared,' continues Dr Aikin, 'the world was astonished at the mass of valuable materials accumulated by a private unaided individual, through a course of prodigious labour, and at the constant hazard of life, in consequence of the infectious diseases prevalent in the scenes of his inquiries. The cool good sense and moderation of his narrative, contrasted with that enthusiastic ardour which must have impelled him to the undertaking, were not less admired; and he was immediately regarded as one of the extraordinary characters of the age, and as the leader in all plans of meliorating the condition of that wretched part of the community for whom he interested himself.'

To give an idea of the extent of the evils of the prison system in the time of Howard, and of the thorough manner in which these were taken cognisance of by him, we will present our readers with an abridgment of the introductory section of his work, in which, before passing to his special report on the state of the various prisons which he had visited, he gives a summary, or 'General View of Distress in Prisons.' The extracts will be found not only interesting in their connection with Howard's life, but also interesting in themselves.

'There are prisons,' he begins, 'into which whoever looks will, at first sight of the people confined, be convinced that there is some great error in the management of them; their sallow, meagre countenances declare, without words, that they are very miserable. Many who went in healthy, are in a few months changed to emaciated, dejected objects. Some are seen pining under diseases, "sick and in prison," expiring on the floors, in loathsome cells, of pestilential fevers and confluent small-pox; victims, I must not say to the cruelty, but I will say to the inattention, of sheriffs and gentlemen in the commission of the peace. The cause of this distress is, that many prisons are scantily supplied, and some almost totally destitute, of the necessaries of life.

'*Food.*—There are several *bridewells* in which prisoners have no allowance of food at all. In some, the keeper farms what little is allowed them; and where he engages to supply each prisoner with one or two pennyworths of bread a day, I have known this shrunk to half, sometimes less than half the quantity—out of, or broken from, his own loaf. It will perhaps be asked: Does not their work maintain them? The answer to that question, though true, will hardly be believed. There are few bridewells in which any work is done, or can be done. The prisoners have neither tools nor materials of any kind, but spend their time in sloth, profaneness, and debauchery, to a degree which, in some of those houses that I have seen, is extremely shocking. . . . . The same complaint—*want of food*—is to be found in many *county jails*. In above half of these, debtors have no bread, although it is granted to the highwayman, the housebreaker, and the murderer; and medical assistance, which is provided for the latter, is withheld from the former.

In many of these jails, debtors who would work are not permitted to have any tools, lest they should furnish felons with them for escape, or other mischief. I have often seen these prisoners eating their water-soup (bread boiled in mere water), and heard them say: "We are locked up, and almost starved to death." As to the relief provided for debtors by the benevolent act 32d of George II., I did not find in all England and Wales, except the counties of Middlesex and Surrey, *twelve debtors* who had obtained from their creditors the fourpence a day to which they had a right by that act. The truth is, some debtors are the most pitiable objects in our jails. To their wanting necessary food, I must add not only the demands of jailers, &c. for fees, but also the extortion of bailiffs. These detain in their houses (properly enough denominated *sponging-houses*), at an enormous expense, prisoners who have money. I know there is a legal provision against this oppression; but the mode of obtaining redress is attended with difficulty, and the abuse continues. The rapine of these extortioners needs some more effectual and easy check: no bailiff should be suffered to keep a public-house. . . . . Felons have in some jails two pennyworth of bread a day; in some, three halfpennyworth; in some, a pennyworth; in some, none. I often weighed the bread in different prisons, and found the penny loaf seven ounces and a half to eight ounces: the other loaves in proportion. It is probable that, when this allowance was fixed by its value, near double the quantity that the money will now purchase might be bought for it; yet the allowance continues unaltered, and it is not uncommon to see the whole purchase, especially of the smaller sums, eaten at breakfast—which is sometimes the case when they receive their pittance but once in two days; and then, on the following day, they must fast. This allowance being so far short of the cravings of nature, and in some prisons lessened by farming to the jailer, many criminals are half-starved; such of them as at their commitment were in health, come out almost famished, scarcely able to move, and for weeks incapable of labour.

'*Water.*—Many prisons have no water. This defect is frequent in bridewells and town jails. In the felons' courts of some county jails there is no water; in some places where there is water, prisoners are always locked up within doors, and have no more than the keeper or his servants think fit to bring them; in one place they were limited to three pints a day each—a scanty provision for drink and cleanliness.

'*Air.*—And as to air, my reader will judge of the malignity of that breathed in prisons, when I assure him that my clothes were, in my first journeys, so offensive, that in a post-chaise I could not bear the windows drawn up, and was therefore obliged to travel commonly on horseback. The leaves of my memorandum-book were often so tainted that I could not use it till after spreading it an hour or two before the fire; and even my antidote—a vial of vinegar—has, after using it in a few prisons, become intolerably disagreeable. I did not wonder that in those journeys many jailers made excuses, and did not go with me into the felons' wards. From hence any one may judge of the probability there is against the health and life of prisoners crowded in close rooms, cells, and subterranean dungeons for fourteen or fifteen hours out of the four-and-twenty. In some of these caverns the floor is very damp; in others there is an inch or two of water; and the straw, or bedding, is laid on such floors—seldom on barrack bedsteads. Where prisoners are not kept in underground cells, they are often confined to their rooms, because there is no court belonging to the prison—which is the case in many city and town jails; or because the walls round the yard are ruinous, or too low for safety; or because the jailer has the ground for his own use. Some jails have no sewers or vaults; and in those that have, if they be not properly attended to, they are, even to a visitor, offensive beyond description. How noxious, therefore, to people constantly confined in those prisons! One cause why the rooms in some prisons are so close is the window-tax, which the jailers have to pay; this tempts them to stop the windows, and stifle the prisoners.

'*Bedding.*—In many jails, and in most bridewells, there is no allowance of bedding or straw for prisoners to sleep on; and if by any means they get a little, it is not changed for months together, so that it is offensive, and almost worn to dust. Some lie upon rags, others upon the bare floors. When I have complained of this to the keepers, the justification has been: "The county allows no straw; the prisoners have none but at my cost."

'*Morals.*—I have now to complain of what is pernicious to the morals of prisoners; and that is, the confining all sorts of prisoners together—debtors and felons, men and women, the young beginner and the old offender; and with all these, in some counties, such as are guilty of misdemeanours only. In some jails, you see—and who can see it without sorrow?—boys of twelve or fourteen eagerly listening to the stories told by practised and experienced criminals of their adventures, successes, stratagems, and escapes.

'*Lunatics.*—In some few jails are confined idiots and lunatics. These serve for sport to idle visitants at assizes, and other times of general resort. Many of the bridewells are crowded and offensive, because the rooms which were designed for prisoners are occupied by the insane. When these are not kept separate, they disturb and terrify other prisoners.

'*Jail-fever.*—I am ready to think that none who have given credit to what is contained in the foregoing pages, will wonder at the havoc made by the jail-fever. From my own observations in 1773, 1774, and 1775, I was fully convinced that many more prisoners were destroyed by it than were put to death by all the public executions in the Kingdom.* This frequent effect of confinement in prison seems generally understood, and shews how full of emphatical meaning is the curse of a severe creditor, who pronounces his debtor's doom to *rot in jail.* I believe I have learned the full import of this sentence from the vast numbers who, to my certain knowledge, and some of them before my eyes, have perished by the jail-fever. But the mischief is not confined to prisons. In Baker's *Chronicle*, p. 353, that historian, mentioning the assize held in Oxford in 1577 (called, from its fatal consequences, the *Black Assize*), informs us that "all who were present died within forty hours—the lord chief-baron, the sheriff, and about three hundred more"—all being infected by the prisoners who were brought into court. Lord Bacon observes, that "the most pernicious infection next the plague is the smell of a jail when the prisoners have been long, and close, and nastily kept; whereof," he says, "we have had in our time experience twice or thrice, when both the judges that sat upon the jail, and numbers of those who attended the business, or were present, sickened and died." At the Lent assize in Taunton, 1730, some prisoners who were brought thither from Ivelchester jail infected the court; and Lord Chief-baron Pengelly, Sir James Sheppard, sergeant, John Pigot, Esq., sheriff, and some hundreds besides, died of the jail distemper. At Axminster, a little town in Devonshire, a prisoner discharged from Exeter jail in 1755, infected his family with that disease, of which two of them died; and many others in that town afterwards. The numbers that were carried off by the same malady in London in 1750—two judges, the lord mayor, one alderman, and many of inferior rank—are well known. It were easy to multiply instances of the mischief; but those which have been mentioned are, I presume, sufficient to shew, even if no mercy were due to prisoners, that the *jail distemper* is a national concern of no small importance.†

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* It may be necessary to remind our readers here that the annual number of public executions in Howard's time was fearfully large.

† Of the famous 'Black Assize' at Oxford, mentioned in the text as an instance of the malignity of the jail-fever, the following is the account given by the chronicler Stowe: 'The 4th, 5th, and 6th days of July 1577, were holden the assizes at Oxford, where was arraigned and condemned one Rowland Jenkes for his seditious tongue; at which time there arose such a damp, that almost all were smothered. Very few escaped that were not taken at that instant. The jurors died presently. Shortly after died Sir Robert Bell, lord chief-baron; Sir Robert D'Olie, Sir William Babington, Mr Weneman, Mr D'Olie, high-sheriff; Mr Davers, Mr Harcourt, Mr Kirle, Mr Phetplace, &c. &c. There died in Oxford three hundred persons; and sickened there, but died in other places, two hundred and odd, from the 6th of July till the 12th of August, after which day died not one of that sickness, for one of them infected not another, nor any one woman or child died thereof.' An occurrence so horrible gave rise of course to much speculation at the time, and various strange explanations were had recourse to, of which the following will serve as a specimen: 'Rowland Jenkes,' says one anonymous writer, 'being imprisoned for treasonable words spoken against the queen, and being a popish recusant, had notwithstanding, during the time of his restraint, liberty sometimes to walk abroad with a keeper; and one day he came to an apothecary and shewed him a recipe which he desired him to make up; but the apothecary, upon the view of it, told him that it was a strong and dangerous recipe, and required some time to prepare it, but also asked him to what use he would

'*Vicious Examples.*—The general prevalence and spread of wickedness in prisons and abroad by discharged prisoners, will now be as easily accounted for as the propagation of disease. It is often said: "A prison pays no debts;" I am sure it may be added, that a prison mends no morals. Sir John Fielding observes, that "a criminal discharged, generally by the next sessions after the execution of his comrades, becomes the head of a gang of his own raising." And petty offenders who are committed to bridewell for a year or two, and spend that time, not in hard labour, but in idleness and wicked company, or are sent for that time to county jails, generally grow desperate, and come out fitted for the perpetration of any villainy. Half the robberies in and about London are planned in the prisons, and by that dreadful assemblage of criminals, and the number of idle people who visit them. Multitudes of young creatures, committed for some trifling offence, are totally ruined there. I make no scruple to affirm, that if it were the wish and aim of magistrates to effect the destruction, present and future, of young delinquents, they could not devise a more effectual method than to confine them so long in our prisons, those seats and seminaries of idleness and every vice.

'Those gentlemen who, when they are told of the misery which our prisoners suffer, content themselves with saying: "Let them take care to keep out," prefaced perhaps with an angry prayer, seem not duly sensible of the favour of Providence which distinguishes them from the sufferers. They do not remember that we are required to imitate our gracious Heavenly Parent, who is kind to the unthankful and to the evil; they also forget the vicissitudes of human affairs; the unexpected changes to which all men are liable; and that those whose circumstances are affluent, may in time be reduced to indigence, and become debtors and prisoners. And as to criminality, it is possible that a man who has often shuddered at hearing the account of a murder, may, on a sudden temptation, commit that very crime. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall, and commiserate those that are fallen.'

apply it. He answered, to kill the rats that, since his imprisonment, spoiled his books; so, being satisfied, he promised to make it ready. After a certain time he cometh to know if it were ready; but the apothecary said the ingredients were so hard to procure, that he had not done it, and so gave him the recipe again, of which he had taken a copy, which mine author had there precisely written down, but did seem so horribly poisonous, that I cut it forth, lest it might fall into the hands of wicked persons. But after, it seems, he had got it prepared, and against the day of his trial had made a week or wick of it (for so is the word—that is, so fitted, that, like a candle, it might be fired), which, as soon as ever he was condemned, he lighted, having provided himself a tinder-box and steel to strike fire. And whosoever should know the ingredients of that wick or candle, and the manner of the composition, will easily be persuaded of the virulency and venomous effects of it.' This explanation seems to have been adapted to the public appetite for the wonderful; at all events, being anonymous, it is to be regarded as nothing more than a curiosity. The generally received explanation was, that the disease arose from infection brought into court by the prisoners; and the opinion, sanctioned by Lord Bacon, that this infection was a fever bred by the filth of the jail, was but too surely confirmed by subsequent instances of a precisely similar nature.

Such, in an abridged form, is the introductory section of Mr Howard's work, entitled 'A General View of Distress in Prisons;' but in order fully to appreciate the enormous extent of his labours, it would be necessary to follow him into the remainder of the work, in which he describes and criticises, one by one, the various prisons, both foreign and British, which he had visited during the preceding four years. It is only in this way that one can gain an adequate conception of the misery and wretchedness of the prison system of Great Britain in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

DOMESTIC MISFORTUNES—NEW SCHEME OF PHILANTHROPY—SURVEY OF FOREIGN HOSPITALS.

Mr Howard did not consider that his labours were over when he had published his work on Prisons, and laid before the world grievances which had long flourished in society undetected and unknown. In the end of the first edition of his work, he had made a promise that, 'if the legislature should seriously engage in the reformation of our prisons, he would take a third journey through the Prussian and Austrian dominions, and the free cities of Germany. This,' he says, 'I accomplished in 1778, and likewise extended my tour through Italy, and revisited some of the countries I had before seen in pursuit of my object.' His observations during this tour he published in a second edition of his work in 1780. Wishing, before the publication of a third edition, to acquire some further knowledge on the subject, he again visited Holland and some cities in Germany. 'I visited also,' he says, 'the capitals of Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland; and, in 1783, some cities in Portugal and Spain, and returned through France, Flanders, and Holland.' The substance of all these travels he threw into a third and final edition of his work on Prisons.

Thus, during ten years, had Howard laboured incessantly at a single object, allowing no other to interfere with it; travelling almost without intermission from place to place, and undergoing innumerable risks. From a table drawn up by one of his biographers, it appears that, between 1773 and 1783, he had travelled on his missions of philanthropy, at home and abroad, upwards of forty thousand miles. Forty thousand miles travelled in ten years!—not from mountain to mountain, or from one object of natural beauty to another, but from jail to jail, and bridewell to bridewell—no wonder that Howard, on the retrospect of such a labour fairly accomplished, wrote in his diary, 'I bless God who inclined my mind to such a scheme.'

During his journeys in Great Britain and Ireland, Mr Howard was usually accompanied by a single servant. He travelled generally on horseback, at the rate of forty miles a day. 'He was never,' says his biographer, Dr Aikin, 'at a loss for an inn. When in

Ireland, or the Highlands of Scotland, he used to stop at one of the poor cabins that stuck up a rag by way of sign, and get a little milk. When he came to the town he was to sleep at, he bespoke a supper, with wine and beer, like another traveller; but made his man attend him, and take it away while he was preparing his bread and milk. He always paid the waiters, postilions, &c. liberally, because he would have no discontent or dispute, nor suffer his spirits to be agitated for such a matter; saying that, in a journey which might cost three or four hundred pounds, fifteen or twenty pounds in addition were not worth thinking about.'

In the spring of 1784, Mr Howard, now about fifty-seven years of age, retired to his estate of Cardington, intending to spend the remainder of his life in peace and quiet, assisting in his private capacity in furthering those schemes of prison improvement which his disclosures had set on foot. He resumed the mode of life which he had led before commencing his prison inquiries; with this difference, that, being now a distinguished public character, his visitors were more frequent and more numerous than formerly. There was one sad circumstance, however, which embittered the peace of this benevolent man. His only son, who had received his early education at several academies in England, and had been sent in his eighteenth year to the university of Edinburgh, and placed under the care of the venerable and well-known Dr Blacklock, had unhappily contracted habits of extravagance and dissipation; which, to any parent, and especially to one of Howard's principles, must have caused poignant grief. Already the unfortunate young man had shewn symptoms of that malady, brought on by his own imprudent and vicious conduct, which ultimately settled into complete insanity. Of the full extent of this domestic misfortune Mr Howard was not yet aware.

After nearly two years of repose, interrupted only by the circumstance to which we have alluded, Mr Howard resolved to quit home on a new mission of philanthropy, fraught with greater danger than the one he had accomplished so successfully. During his inquiries into the state of prisons, his attention had been often directed to the spread of infectious diseases, and the inadequacy of the means provided for checking the progress of fever, pestilence, &c., whether originating in jails or elsewhere. The subject thus suggested to him occupied much of his thoughts during his leisure at Cardington; and he at length determined to devote the remainder of his life to an inspection of the principal hospitals and lazarettos of Europe, with a view to ascertain their defects, and the possibility of effecting such improvements in them as would in future preserve the populations of Europe from the ravages of that dreadful visitation—the plague.

Towards the end of November 1785, Mr Howard left England on his new expedition of philanthropy. He proceeded first to France, with a view to inspect the lazaretto at Marseille; but, owing to the jealousy of the French government, it was with the utmost difficulty he could accomplish his object; indeed, he narrowly escaped apprehension and committal to the Bastille. After visiting the hospitals of Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, and Florence, he next proceeded to Rome. Here he was privately introduced to Pope Pius VI., himself a benevolent man. On this occasion, the ceremony of kissing the pope's toe was dispensed with; and at parting, his Holiness laid his hand on his visitor's head, saying kindly: 'I know you Englishmen do not mind these ceremonies, but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm.' From Rome our traveller went to Naples, and thence to Malta, pursuing always, as his single object, a knowledge of the state of the hospitals on his route. Writing from Malta to a friend in England, he says: 'I have paid two visits to the Grand Master. Every place is flung open to me. I am bound for Zante, Smyrna, and Constantinople. One effect I find during my visits to the lazaretto; namely, a heavy headache—a pain across my forehead; but it has always quite left me in an hour after I have come from these places. As I am quite alone, I have need to summon all my courage and resolution.'

After remaining about three weeks at Malta, Mr Howard set out for Zante. 'From thence,' he says, 'in a foreign ship I got a passage to Smyrna. Here I boldly visited the hospitals and prisons; but as some accidents happened, a few dying of the plague, several shrunk at me. I came thence to Constantinople, where I now am, about a fortnight ago. As I was in a miserable Turk's boat, I was lucky in a passage of six days and a half. I am sorry to say some die of the plague about us. One is just carried before my window; yet I visit where none of my conductors will accompany me. In some hospitals, as in the lazarettos, and yesterday among the sick slaves, I have a constant headache; but in about an hour after it always leaves me. I lodge at a physician's house, and I keep some of my visits a secret.' From Constantinople he returned to Smyrna, where the plague was also raging; his object being to obtain a passage from that port to Venice, in order that he might undergo the full rigours of the quarantine system, and be able to report, from personal observation, respecting the economy of a lazaretto. On the voyage from Smyrna to Venice, the ship in which he sailed was attacked by a Tunis privateer, and all on board ran great risks. At length, after a desperate fight, a cannon loaded with spikes, nails, and old iron, and pointed by Mr Howard himself, was discharged with such effect upon the corsair vessel, that it was obliged to sheer off. From Venice he writes thus to his confidential servant Thomasson, at Cardington; the letter being dated Venice Lazaretto, October 12, 1786: 'I am now in an infectious lazaretto, yet my steady spirits never forsook me till yesterday, on the receipt of my letters. Accumulated misfortunes almost sink me. I am sorry, very sorry, on your account. I will hasten home; no time will I lose by night or day. But forty days I have still to be confined here, as our ship had a foul bill of health, the plague being in the place from whence we sailed. Then that very hasty and disagreeable measure that is taken in London wounds me sadly indeed. Never have I returned to my country with such a heavy heart as I now do.' The two circumstances which he alludes to in this extract as distressing him so much, and making him so anxious to leave Venice and return home, were the misconduct of his son, of which he had received further accounts, and a proposal which had just been made in London, and of which intelligence had been conveyed to him, to erect a monument to commemorate the nation's sense of his former philanthropic labours.

The term of his quarantine at Venice being finished, he proceeded to Trieste, and thence to Vienna. How the thoughts of his sad domestic affliction mingled and struggled with his daily exertions in connection with the great object of his tour, we may learn from the following touching postscript to a letter to Mr Smith of Bedford, written from Vienna, and dated 17th December 1786: 'Excuse writing, &c., as wrote early by a poor lamp. What I suffered, I am persuaded I should have disregarded in the lazaretto, as I gained useful information. Venice is the mother of all lazarettos; but oh, my son, my son!' At Vienna, Mr Howard had an interview with the Austrian emperor, who entered into conversation with him on the subject of his tour, discussed with him the state of the prisons and hospitals in his Austrian dominions, and expressed his intention to adopt some of his suggestions for their improvement. The attention shewn by the emperor to his distinguished visitor procured him the notice of many of the courtiers; and a characteristic anecdote is told of his interview with the governor of Upper Austria and his lady. The Austrian noble asked Howard, in a somewhat haughty manner, what he thought of the prisons in *his* government. 'The worst in all Germany,' said Howard; 'particularly as regards the female prisoners; and I recommend your countess to visit them personally, as the best means of rectifying the abuses in their management.' 'I!' said the astonished countess—'I go into prisons!' and she rapidly descended the staircase with her husband, as if shocked beyond measure. The philanthropist indignantly followed, and called after her: 'Madam, remember you are but a woman yourself; and must soon, like the most miserable female in a dungeon, inhabit a little piece of that earth from which both of you sprung.'

Returning home in February 1787, after an absence of fifteen months, Mr Howard found his unhappy son a confirmed and incurable lunatic. For some time he attempted to keep him in his own house at Cardington, under a mild restraint; at length, however, he yielded to the advice of the medical attendants, and suffered him to be removed to a well-conducted asylum at Leicester.

The proposal to erect a memorial to Mr Howard was so strenuously resisted by him on his return to England, that it was obliged to be given up. Out of £1533 which had been subscribed for the purpose, about £500 were returned to the donors; the remainder was placed in the stocks—£200 of it being employed in obtaining the discharge of fifty-five poor prisoners in London, a similar sum in the striking of a medal in memory of Howard, and the rest being appropriated, after his death, to the object for which it had been originally collected. Howard's opposition to the scheme of erecting to him any species of monument amounted to positive antipathy; indeed, nothing was more remarkable in his character than his dislike to be praised for what he had done. When one gentleman happened to speak to him respecting his services to society in a flattering manner, Howard interrupted him by saying: 'My dear sir, what you call my merit is just my hobby-horse.'

The three years which followed Mr Howard's return from his first tour through the lazarettos of Europe, were spent by him in a new general inspection of the English, Scotch, and Irish prisons, with a view to ascertain whether any improvements had been effected in them since his former survey; and in the preparation of a work giving an account of his recent continental journey. This work was entitled, *An Account of the Principal Lazarettos of Europe, with Papers Relative to the Plague;* and was published in the year 1789. It contained, in the form of an Appendix, additional remarks on the state of British prisons.

LAST PHILANTHROPIC JOURNEY—ILLNESS AND DEATH.

In the conclusion of his work on Lazarettos, Howard announced his intention of again quitting England to visit the hospitals of Russia, Turkey, and the Eastern countries, in order to gain more accurate and extensive views of the plague. 'I am not insensible,' he says, 'of the dangers that must attend such a journey. Trusting, however, in the protection of that kind Providence which has hitherto preserved me, I calmly and cheerfully commit myself to the disposal of unerring Wisdom. Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty, and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life.' With regard to his objects in undertaking this journey, his biographer, Dr Aikin, observes that he had various conversations with him on the subject; and found rather a wish to have objects of inquiry pointed out to him by others, than any specific views present to his own mind.

On the 4th of July 1789, Mr Howard, accompanied by a single servant, quitted England on his last philanthropic journey. He passed through Holland, part of Germany, Prussia, and several cities of Russia, examining the state of the hospitals; and about the end of the year had reached Cherson, a new settlement of the Russian empress, at the mouth of the Dnieper. This was destined to be the closing scene of his labours. Visiting, according to one account, the Russian hospital of the place—according to another, a young lady, whose friends were anxious that he should prescribe for her, as he had done successfully in many similar cases, he caught a malignant fever, which, after an illness of twelve days, carried him off on the 20th of January 1790, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. On his death-bed he shewed the same calm and Christian spirit which had distinguished him through life. To Admiral Priestman, who resided at Cherson, and who visited him during his illness, and endeavoured to amuse and cheer him by his remarks, thinking to divert his thoughts, he said: 'Priestman, you style this a dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling on death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured the subject is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live: my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and therefore I must die. It is such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, that get over these fevers.' Then alluding to the subject of his funeral, he continued: 'There is a spot near the village of Dauphigny; this would suit me nicely. You know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor any monument nor monumental inscription whatever, to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten.' These directions were in spirit, although not strictly, complied with; and on the 25th of January 1790, the body of Howard was buried in the spot which he had chosen near the village of Dauphigny, at a little distance from Cherson. The authorities and the inhabitants of the place testified their respect for him by attending his remains to the grave. Instead of the sun-dial, a small brick pyramid was erected on the spot. In Cardington Church, according to his directions, a plain slip of marble was erected by his wife's tomb, bearing this inscription: 'JOHN HOWARD; died at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, January 20, 1790. Aged 64. Christ is my hope.' A more stately monument was soon afterwards erected to his memory in St Paul's Cathedral. Howard's son, who never recovered from his malady, died in April 1799, in his thirty-fifth year.

CONCLUSION.

Howard is described as having been under the middle size, thin and spare in his make, sallow-complexioned, large featured, with nothing striking or commanding, but rather something mean and forbidding, in his general appearance. His eye was keen and penetrating; his gait quick and animated; his demeanour soft, gentle, and sweet, indicated by a voice almost effeminate. Of all the features of his character, the grandest was his unintermitted determination towards a single object; the calm, slow, resolute obstinacy with which he persevered in the particular walk of well-doing which he had chosen as properly his. 'It was this singular devotedness to the great work in which he was engaged,' says his biographer, Mr Brown, 'that induced him not only to decline so generally as he did every invitation to dinner or supper while upon his tours, but also to abstain from visiting every object of curiosity, how attractive soever it might be to his taste and natural thirst for information, and even from looking into a newspaper, lest his attention should be diverted for a moment from the main end of his pursuit. Once, indeed, and it would seem only once, he deviated from the rule he had prescribed for himself, by yielding to the entreaties of some of his friends, who wished him to accompany them to hear some extraordinarily fine music in Italy; but finding his thoughts too much occupied by the melody, he could never be persuaded to repeat the indulgence. The value he set upon his time was most remarkable. Punctual to a minute in every engagement he made, he usually sat, when in conversation, with his watch in his hand, which he rested upon his knee; and though in the midst of an interesting anecdote or argument, as soon as the moment he had fixed for his departure arrived, he rose, took up his hat, and left the house.' It was this resolute adherence to one object, conjoined with his noble philanthropic heart, which so distinguished Howard above his fellow-men; and not what we call intellect, genius, or comprehensiveness of mind. 'Minuteness of detail,' says Dr Aikin, 'was what he ever regarded as his peculiar province. As he was of all men the most modest estimator of his own abilities, he was used to say: "I am the *plodder* who goes about to collect materials for men of genius to make use of."' With all this absence of those general ideas and large views of human life, the existence of which we usually imply when we use the word genius, Howard was an infinitely greater man than thousands of those whom the world honours with the name. Listen to the following eulogies pronounced on him by two men who possessed, in an extraordinary degree, that very generality of thought which he wanted. 'This man,' says Edmund Burke, 'visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, or to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals, or to collate manuscripts—but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and of pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan was original; and it was as full of genius as it was of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery—a circumnavigation of charity; and already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country.' And Bentham, speaking of the literary defects of Mr Howard's productions, says even more eloquently: 'My venerable friend was much better employed than in arranging words and sentences. Instead of doing what so many could do if they would, what he did for the service of mankind was what scarce any man *could* have done, and no man *would* do, but himself. In the scale of moral desert, the labours of the legislator and the writer are as far below his as earth is below heaven. His was the truly Christian choice; the lot in which is to be found the least of that which selfish nature covets, and the most of what it shrinks from. His kingdom was of a better world; he died a martyr, after living an apostle.'

The best eulogy on Howard, however, is the reformation which has been effected in the prison system since his time, and in consequence of his labours. Until his time, little or no attention had been paid to the subject of prisons or prison discipline: all doomed to incarceration were treated with uniform indifference; and every jail was an engine of vengeful inhumanity. Howard's revelations turned attention to the subject, and various regulations were instituted, which in time remedied some of the more obvious evils of the system. Yet it was left for Mrs Fry and other philanthropists of our own day to effect a thorough revision of prison management—to cause the separation and classification of individuals, to introduce work of various kinds into the jails, and to aim at the moral reform of offenders. Much still remains to be effected in all these respects; but not the less is society indebted to the early and untiring exertions of the BENEVOLENT HOWARD.

NAMES OF PERSONS.

IN the Bible, the oldest and most venerable of our books, the personages mentioned are, with few exceptions, respectively distinguished by a name consisting of but a single word; such as Abraham, David, Samuel, Matthew, and so on. Such was the ancient practice in the east in regard to the names of individuals; the term employed by parents in giving names to their children having often a reference to some passing and memorable circumstance. According to this method of naming, there were no family names. It was therefore customary, for the sake of distinguishing the family connection, to specify whose son a person was, as for example, 'Joshua the son of Nun.' The Scriptures, old and new, abound in lists of nativity of this kind.

The Greeks were not farther advanced in their system of naming than the Hebrews. They bore only one name from the beginning to the end of their political existence. It was customary to give the eldest son the name of his paternal grandfather, and other relatives were similarly complimented by giving their names to the other children. The Greeks, aided by the remarkable flexibility of their language, had a happy knack in inventing names, and thus possessed a large stock. Still the ambiguity arising from the single-name system made it necessary to have recourse to expedients for marking more unmistakably who was meant. The most common expedient was to say who a person's father was, as Socrates the (son) of Sophroniscus. This was sometimes done by what is called a patronymic, that is, a name formed from the father's name; thus, Achilles was Peleides or Peleus-son. To indicate a man's city, or nation, or his profession, served the same purpose, as Thucydides 'the Athenian,' Dionysius 'the Tyrant.' In the familiar intercourse of life, they made a liberal use of nicknames.

The Romans were more ingenious. They had a very complete system of nomenclature, more perfect, in fact, than anything in modern times. Every Roman in the days of the republic had at least two, and nearly always three names—(1) a forename (*prænomen*). (2) a name (*nomen*), and (3) an additional name, called *cognomen*. The forename belonged to the individual personally, corresponding to our Christian name; and of this class there were never more than about thirty. The middle name denoted the *gens* (kin) or clan to which he belonged, and was socially of great importance. Every Roman belonged to some clan, who all bore the same 'name;' thus, all the members of the Julian clan had Julius for their second name.

Much of the Roman law turned on the mutual rights and obligations of those possessing the same clan-name. Names of this class end in *ius* or *eius*, and are of the nature of patronymics, like M'Donald or O'Connor, as if all the Juliuses had been descended from a common ancestor Julus. Each clan comprised a number of branches or families, and the cognomen designated to which of these families a man belonged. Thus, Caius Julius Cæsar denotes the individual Caius of the Julian clan, and of that branch or family of it called Cæsar; Marcus Tullius Cicero is another typical example. Some Romans had a second cognomen added as an honorary distinction, as Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus (from his wars in Africa). But clan and family were not the only social and genealogical relations that the Roman nomenclature could express. If a person by adoption passed from one gens into another, he assumed the three names of his adoptive father, and added to these the name of his former gens, with the termination *anus* (sometimes *inus*); Caius Octavius being adopted by C. Julius Cæsar, became C. Julius Cæsar Octavianus. Slaves had only one name; and when a slave was manumitted, he received the forename and clan-name of his former master along with his own name as a cognomen. Cicero's slave, Tiro, became as a freedman M. Tullius Tiro. This shews what might be made of a rational and consistent nomenclature.

The Romans, however, stood alone in having an effective name system; and this is one of the many proofs we have of that genius for political and social organisation in which that people so far transcended all the other nations of antiquity. But even among the Romans, in the earlier period of their history, one name seems to have been the rule, at least with some of the tribes that united to form the Roman people; as we see in the case of Romulus and Remus.

Although the Romans conquered and held sway for a time over a large part of Western Europe, including the British Islands, their example in the way of naming individuals was not followed. The Germans and Celts continued as formerly to maintain the single-name system. By the introduction of Christianity, the plan was adopted of giving a child a name at its baptism, such as John, Andrew, Mary, and so forth, by which the child on growing up came to be generally known; but this still created no family name. It remained the practice, for distinction's sake, to say Andrew the son of John, or William the son of Thomas. Evidently, there was in all this a great social imperfection. Such was the inconvenience that, as in the case of the Greeks, nicknames were employed to distinguish certain individuals. Of this practice we have examples in Frederick Barbarossa, meaning 'Frederick with the red beard;' Richard Cœur de Lion, 'Richard the Lion-hearted;' Malcolm Canmore, 'Malcolm with the large head.' In humble life, nicknames, or they may be called distinguishing names, were exceedingly common; such as

Walter the smith, Thomas the cooper, and so on. Old writs connected with heritable property, or with civic offices, are prolific in names of this familiar kind.

Things continued in this primitive condition till about the eleventh century of our era, in some places till a later period. The confusion became so great, that as a remedy the plan of having a family name which should descend from father to son was adopted; every one having a baptismal name besides. The reason why the family name was called the *sur*name is not very clear. The French style it the *surnom*, or overname, because, as is alleged, it was originally written *over* the baptismal or Christian name; and our term surname may have the like origin.

It is impossible to assign any definite date to the introduction of surnames; like the abolition of serfdom and many other social changes, it took place silently, gradually, and without being noted or recorded at the time. It is only indirectly, by inference from genealogies and other incidental notices, that we can gather what progress it had made at particular epochs. The innovation seems to have been begun in France by the beginning of the eleventh century; at all events before the invasion of England in 1066, many of the Norman chiefs had taken family names from their châteaux in Normandy. These names (De Warren, De Mortimer, &c.) the adventurers brought with them into England; and with the establishment of the feudal system, the practice of taking a territorial designation there became general, families of Saxon origin styling themselves de Ford, de Ashburnham, and the like. The Anglo-Norman knights whom David I. (died 1153) and his successors gathered round them, established the same system in Scotland in the twelfth century. It spread about the same time into Germany and other parts of Europe. Of course it was only the lords of the soil who could assume names of this kind; and from this circumstance the prefix *de*, and the corresponding German *von*, continue to be coveted distinctions in France and Germany, as marks that their owners belong to, or at least are descended from the landed nobility. In England, as the Norman conquerors melted into the native population, the *de* was gradually dropped, and only a few relics of it remain, as de Clifford, de Ros, de Vere.

In the reign of Henry I. (1100—1135), it had already become indispensable in persons of rank to have two names; for when that monarch wished to marry his natural son Robert to Mabel, one of the heiresses of Fitz-Hamon, the lady demurred:

> 'It were to me a great shame
> To have a lord withouten his twa name.'

The difficulty was got over by the king giving his son the surname of Fitzroy. The essential principle of a surname, however, that of descending from father to son, was not steadily adhered to for several generations. A Norman called Alan accompanied the Conqueror into England, and got a gift of lands in Shropshire. His eldest son, William, became the ancestor of the Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel; the second son, Walter Fitzalan, passed into Scotland, in the service of David I., and acquired large possessions along with the office of Grand Steward. His son bore the name, not of Alan Fitzalan, but of Alan Fitzwalter, with the title of Steward of Scotland, and it was this title of Steward or Stewart that finally became fixed as the family name.

But while this was going on among the lords of the soil, the commonalty continued, for two or three generations, to be distinguished for the most part by names like the following, taken from records of the beginning of the fourteenth century: William at Byshope Gate, Agnes the Pr’sts sister, Thom in Thelane, Johēs le Taillour, Peter atte the Bell. After a while, however, the example set by the aristocracy, and the obvious convenience of the thing itself, produced its effect, and the second names of the middle and lower classes began to descend from father to son. Yet it took centuries to establish it as a regular practice. ‘Hereditary surnames,’ says Mr Lower, ‘can scarcely be said to have been permanently settled among the lower and middle classes before the era of the Reformation. The introduction of parish registers was probably more instrumental than anything else in settling them; for if a person were entered under one surname at baptism, it is not likely that he would be married under another, and buried under a third. Exceptions to a generally established rule, however, occurred in some places. The Rev. Mark Noble affirms that it was late in the seventeenth century that many families in Yorkshire, *even of the more opulent sort*, took stationary names.’ It is doubtful if the use of hereditary surnames is even yet fully established in some places, unless the recent more stringent laws regarding registration have brought it about.

Let us now take a survey of the sources whence surnames are derived. Their variety, and the oddness of some of them, are surprising.

The territorial names of the landed gentry have already been considered. If the commonalty had not estates and castles, they could at least call one another after their places of birth or residence. A naturalised foreigner was called after his native country; hence Alman (German), Burgoyne (Burgundian), Fleming, French or Francis, Hanway (Hainault), Ireland. The first Scott probably got his name while sojourning temporarily in England, and brought it back with him to his native land; similarly, English originated in Scotland, where it has the form Inglis.

A person coming from one county or town and settling in another, was distinguished by his birthplace: as Cornwall, Durham, Berwick, Aberdeen, Sutherland, London, Wells, Bathgate. Not only counties and cities, but obscure villages, and even manors, farms, and single houses have furnished surnames that count by thousands.

We have seen that before there were surnames, one John or William was distinguished from another as John over the water, John in the lane, William atte kirk, atte hall, atte mylne, atte wood, atte style, under wood, by field, &c. These topographical descriptions of residence now became stereotyped, and descended from father to son, generally shortened into one word—Water, Lane, Kirk, Hall, Milne, Wood and Attwood, Style or Styles, Underwood, Byfield. Before a vowel, *atte* took the form of *atten*, as 'atten ash,' 'atten oaks;' and in shortening, the *n* naturally adhered to the following word, giving the familiar names Nash and Noakes. Every conceivable object natural or artificial, forming a distinguishable feature in a locality, was thus pressed into the service of name-making.

Before the invention of numbering houses, merchants' or artisans' shops, and inns, were distinguished by signs, as many old established inns are to this day; and the tradesman or innkeeper was known as Will at the Bull, Tom at the Tankard, Dick at the Mallet, Ned at the Needle, &c.—'which names,' says Camden, 'as many other of like sort, with omitting *at*, became afterward hereditary to their children.' It can hardly be doubted that a great majority of our natural-history family names, as we may call them, had this origin—Moon, Hart, Kydd, Gammon, Crane, Heron, Wildgoose, Herring, Salmon, Blackadder, Crabbe, Broome, Nutt, Oates, Chrystal, Gold, Flint, &c.; as well as such names as Cross-keys, Griffin, Hammer, Pott, Scales, &c. Some of them, perhaps, were first given as emblematic nicknames; the forefather of the Foxes (in Scotland Todds) was perhaps counted a sly fellow; of the Pikes, greedy; of the Bullocks or Stotts, stolid and bovine.

Pertaining to a household of the olden time, there was the Chamberlayne; and there were the Butler, and the Baker, and the Cook, with the Cookson to help him make the cakes; and the Brewer to brew good beer; and the Gardner, and Hunter, and Fisher, and Fowler, and the Groom to come in hot from their toil, and drink it; and the Forrester, Ranger, Woodman, Parker, Grover, Sheppard, and Hind to have their share of the good draught too. And if the house wanted mending, there were the Mason, Sawyer, Glaisher, Painter, Plummer, Thatcher, Carpenter, Tyler, and the Smith, ready at once to do it; and they had but to go to the Marchant, Brazier, Naylor, Leadbetter, Tinker, Sclater, and the Turner, and they could get all the materials to set to work. Whosoever's name is Taylor, may be sure one of his ancestors made clothes; whosoever's name is Glover, may be as sure his progenitors made (or sold) gloves; and the Draper sold *drap*, the French for cloth; and these were helped by the Dresser and the Webber (weaver), the Skinner and the Tanner, the Fuller and the Dyer; all of whom trusted their wares to the Chapman, the Hawker, and the Pedler, to sell them when they were done. The same office might give rise to more than one name. Thus John the Chamberlayne was otherwise designated as John atte the Chambers; and hence the name Chambers—a provincial form of which is Chalmers. The name Chambers is in some families traced to the French name De la Chambre, but that does not alter the characteristic origin of the name, which is the same in France as in England.

With regard to the families of King, Emperor, Knight, Bishop, we cannot suppose them descended from persons actually holding these dignities; the most probable explanation is that they originated in the popular plays and merry-makings of those days, when the man who excelled in personating a bishop would get the title as a sobriquet, and so of the rest.

Personal characteristics, as we have seen, were the source of most of our personal or baptismal names, and they were copiously drawn upon when second names came in vogue. As these, however, were formed at a more recent stage, and mostly from the vernacular tongue, they are more transparent than the former. The Blacks, Browns, Fairbairns, Grissels, Whitelocks; the Longs or Langs, Longfellows, Smalls, Broadheads, Cruickshanks, Prettymans, Lowes, Strongs, Starks, Armstrongs, Lightfoots, Heavisides; the Hardys, Meeks, Moodys, Wilds, Humbles, Stills, Goodenoughs, require no explanation of their pedigree.

Baptismal names have furnished surnames in several ways. A considerable number are used without change of any kind; as Walter, Adam, Oliver, James, Arthur, Andrew, David. Others are corruptions of old forenames, some of which are no longer in use; as Austin (Augustin), Edlin (Atheling), Bennet (St Benedict), Ingram (Ingelram), Semple (St Paul), Terry (Theodoric), Tipple (Theobald), Tudor (Theodoric).

Patronymics, or names derived by modification from the father's name, form a very large class of surnames. This, as already observed, was one of the oldest expedients in name-making. The most obvious kind of English patronymic is made by affixing *son*, as Williamson, Johnson. Others consist of the father's name in the possessive case, the *son* being suppressed; John Williams was originally John William's (son); William Jones was William John's (son); Harris corresponds to Harrison. The Normans prefixed Fitz (Lat. *filius*, son), and formed names like Fitz-Alan. This is exactly parallel to the Gaelic Mac (son) in Macadam, M'Alaster. The Welsh form of the word is *Map*, which shortened into *ap*, gives ap Griffith, ap Roger, ap Rhys. When the *p* is capable of coalescing with the first letter of the name, the *a* is dropped, and we have Prodger, Price, Pritchard (ap Richard), Powell (ap Howell), Pugh (ap Hugh), Parry and Barry (ap Harry), and a great many of the current English surnames beginning with B and P. In early times, a Welshman's name gave his pedigree for half-a-dozen generations. The following dialogue is quoted by Lower from a play printed in 1600:

> '*Judge.* What bail? What sureties?
>
> *Davy.* Her cozen ap Rice, ap Evan, ap Morice, ap Morgan, ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith, ap Griffin, ap Davis, ap Owen, ap Shinkin Jones.
>
> *Judge.* Two of the most sufficient are enow.
>
> *Sheriff.* And 't please your Lordship, these are all BUT ONE!'

The O' in Irish patronymics, as O'Connel, is a corruption of *ua* a grandson, and, hence, any descendant. But in many Irish names *Mac* has been substituted for O'. Other languages have equivalent forms. The Germans have their Mendels*sohns*, the Danes their Thorwald*sens*, the Russians their Paulowitz (Paulson). The German names Jacobi and Pauli are the Latin genitives of Jacobus and Paulus, corresponding to the English possessive, Jacobs and Pauls. The Italian dei Medici means (one) of the Medici, or descendants of Medico (the physician); and the Spanish Fernandez is Fernand's son.

Diminutives may be considered a kind of patronymics. They are mostly formed in English by the affixes *kin* and *cock*, or *ock*, of Teutonic origin, and *ot* or *et*, a French termination. Peterkin, little or young Peter, was perhaps first used to distinguish the son from old or big Peter his father. They were also used as terms of endearment, and then became fixed as real names. Most of them, as well as patronymics in *son*, are derived, not from the full name, but from the shortened and familiar form of it; thus, Walter, Watt, Watson, Watkin. By means of these various modes of derivation, a single personal name sometimes gives birth to a long list of family names: Ex.—

WILLIAM—Williams, Williamson, Will, Wills, Willock, Willox, Wilks, Willmot, Wilkin, Wilkins, Wilkinson, Wickens, Bill, Bilson, Wilson, Wilcocke, Wilcox, Wilcockson, Willet, Willott, Willy, Willis, Wylie, Till, Tillot, Tilson, Tillotson, Tilly.

PETER—Peters, Peterson, Pierce, Pierson, Perkin, Perkins, Peterkin, Peterkins, Purkiss, Perk, Parkins, Parkinson, Parr, Porson, Parson.

NICHOLAS—Nichol, Nicholls, Nicholson, Nixon, Cole, Colet, Colson, Colins, Collison.

JOHN—Jones, Johnson, Janson, Jennings, Jenks, Jenkin, Jenkins, Jenkinson, Jack, Jackson, Hanson, Hancock.

GILBERT—Gilbertson, Gill, Gillot, Gilpin, Gibb, Gibbs, Gibbon, Gibbons, Gibson, Gubbins, Gipp, Gipps.

Many of these variations in names originated, doubtless, in that disregard of orthography which was once so prevalent. Of three brothers, one will write his name Johnson, another Jonson, and the third Johnston. Instances of this indifference to accuracy are often observable in the records of births and marriages in old family

Bibles. A man would seldom write his own surname the same way.

Chance circumstances have originated names. This is particularly the case in regard to foundlings thrown on the bounty of the parish. Any term that strikes the fancy of the officials is given to the child. One found in a place will be called Place, another found in a street would be called Street. In Camden's *Remains*, the story is told of a foundling at Newark-upon-Trent who received from the inhabitants the name of Tom Among-us; but who, becoming a great man, changed it to Dr Thomas Magnus. One luckless child found exposed on the high-road was called by the indignant vestrymen Jack Parish; another, found tied up in a napkin beside a brook, got the name of Napkin Brooker. Among names derived from casual circumstances, we may reckon such as Father, Brothers, Youngson, Younghusband, Bairnsfather, Child, Suckling, Winter, Day, Monday.

Epithets of ridicule and contempt have had a good deal to do with names. A great many of this description would come under the head of Personal Characteristics, but they merit consideration apart. That a man's neighbours should fix upon him a ridiculous or opprobrious nickname, is natural enough; but that any one should be content to hand down such a name as an inheritance to his family is hard to understand. To what an extent this has been done is amazing; witness Addlehead, Scraggs, Sheepshanks, Trollope (slattern), Bastard, Silliman, Hussey, Gallows, Pennyfather (penurious), Craven, Saveall, Doolittle, Timeslow, Boast, Swindles, Drinkwater, Drinksop, Pistol, Coffin, Twigger, Ragg, Prigg, and hundreds more equally complimentary. Not a few of this class, however, were, in their origin, innocent of the vulgar or ridiculous ideas now associated with them. Among the most inelegant, not to say offensive, of surnames are those compounded with *bottom*. Yet there was no reference to the person intended by them. Bottom means a low-lying ground or valley, and in some dialects takes the place of valley or dale, so that what in one county is Longdale is in another Longbottom. These names, then, were names of places before they became names of persons. Ramsbottom is the name of a township in Lancashire, so called probably from the wild onions (*roms*) for which it is remarkable. Shufflebottom is thought to be a corruption of Shaw-field-bottom; and Higginbottom may be from *hickin*, a provincial name for the mountain-ash. Rather than believe that any one would be so callous as to brand his offspring as Cowards, we prefer to think that he was a respectable Cow-ward, an important officer in a village community, where the pasture was in common.

In many cases the derivation is obscured by corruption, or by the words being foreign or obsolete. Duffus is probably Dovehouse; Malthus, Malthouse. Law has nothing to do with the profession so called, it is from the provincial word Law, a hill (Ang.-Sax. *hlæw*, probably cognate with Lat. *cliv*(us), Celt. *sliev*). Thorpe is Ang.-Sax. for a village; Spence, a yard or enclosure; Stow, Stoke, a place; Cheyne, Fr. *chêne*, an oak. Wallace is from Lat. *Wallensis*, or Welsh, that is, foreign, one who has been in foreign countries; Gowan, Celt. smith; Chapman, a merchant, from Ang.-Sax. *chepe*, a market; Latimer, originally Latiner, one who knew Latin, and hence an interpreter; Barker, a tanner; Jenner, a joiner; Lorimer, a harness-maker (Lat. *lorica*, a cuirass); Arkwright, a chest or cabinet maker; Lander, contracted for (Fr.) Lavandier, a washerman; Walker, a fuller (Ang.-Sax.; in Scotland a fulling-mill is still a wauk-mill); Crocker, Croker, a potter; Naper, Napier, one who had charge of the napery; Notman for Neatman, the neat-herd; Tupper, a maker of tubs; Trotter, a running footman; Lardner, a hog-keeper; Bowyer, bow-maker; Fletcher, a maker of arrows (Fr. *flèches*); Todhunter, a foxhunter; Ussher, the door-keeper (Fr. *huissier*, from Lat. *ostiarius*); Durward, the door-ward; Spencer, the steward (Fr. *le Despenser*); Kemp, a champion; Coleman, a charcoal-burner. Brewster, Sangster, Baxter, Webster, are the feminine forms in Ang.-Sax. of Brewer, Sanger (singer), Baker, Webber. As the feminine forms prevail in Scotland, perhaps we might infer that in that country these occupations were in early times chiefly filled by women. Lizars, probably from Lazarhouse; Michel, Mitchel (Ang.-Sax.), great; Seward, the warden of the coast; Corbet (Fr.), a raven. Bickerstaff, probably from the sign of an inn where *bickering*, or skirmishing with staves, was practised. Some suppose Fisher to be a corruption of the Norman name Fitzurze, which became Fitzour, and then Fishour.

We are quite at a loss to conceive what chance or caprice led to the choosing of such names as the following: Moneypenny, Bodle, Playfair, Fairweather, Double, Third, Furlong, Cubitt, Foote, Peabody, Hathaway, Beanskin, Goodyear. There is said to be a family called AND, who have for arms the character &.

The Registrar-general for England, in one of his instructive annual reports, gives a list of 2000 'peculiar' surnames, from which a writer in *Chambers's Journal* has culled a number of amusing groups.

'The need of the *law* is vindicated by Lawless, Felony, and Felons—its character by Just and Justice—its operations by Sessions and Jury—its pleasures by Fee—and one of its results by Fines.

'The science of *medicine* is celebrated under the homely name of Physick. The Pothecary and his Pill are not far apart. A Hospital, indeed, leaves the mind free to roam over Collick, Cramp, Fever, and the painful plural Fevers; but more cheerful thoughts of Balm and Balsam are not absent; while Heal and Cure shed a cheerful hue over the sable scene.

'*Naval matters* are not overlooked. The Ship multiplies into Shipping, and it swells into a Fleet. The single vessel has its Keel and Deck, its Helm, its Middlemast, and its Tackle; and for the boat there must be the Oar. When launched, it can Float, and with a Chart may set out upon its Cruise, in the course of which it will often have to Tack before the Gale. Should a Tempest cause a Leak, the sailors will look with anxiety for a Harbor or Haven on the Mainland; and failing this, even the most skilful Diver will be liable to Drown.'

THE MEANINGS OF NAMES.

Although proper names are not, in their ordinary use, intended to convey any meaning, they were all significant words to begin with; and an interesting branch of etymology consists in accounting for the application of words as names, and tracing out the original signification where it has become obscure. The subject is not only curious but instructive, for not a little of the history and character of a people may be traced in the personal names that have prevailed among them.

In most names of modern origin the meaning is transparent enough; but in the majority of historical names it has been obscured—in some cases altogether lost—by the root words having either died out of the language as we know it, or been so changed and disguised that only a student of antiquity, and not always he, can interpret the meaning. In fact, it is only within the last half-century that the meanings of many names in everyday use over the most of Europe have been dug up, as it were, after lying hid for many hundreds of years. Not that there were wanting attempts to explain them before; in fact this kind of etymology has always been a favourite exercise of ingenuity; but the method was, until lately, none of the surest, and the results generally laughable enough. In a monastery in the north of France, of which the register for the ninth century is still extant, it appears that the abbot, Smaragdus, was in the habit, when he recorded the admission of a new brother, of appending to the name an explanation in Latin of what he thought it meant, in thiswise: Altmir, *vetulus mihi* (old to me); Ainard, *unus durus* (one hard). Even men like Luther and Grotius, when they tried their hand at this kind of interpretation, could only produce such desperate conjectures as Albert, *all beard;* Harald, *old hair;* Altwin, *old wine;* Heinrich (Henry), *rich in hens.* It was little wonder that speculations of this kind should be looked upon as childish trifling. But the inquiry is now conducted in a very different way. Instead of catching at superficial resemblances of sound in the names as they now stand, they are first traced back historically to their oldest known forms, and then the resources of the modern science of comparative philology are brought to bear in dissecting them and finding their significant roots. The best scholars of the day do not think this branch of antiquarianism beneath their serious attention, and much that may be trusted has been brought to light.* We will therefore now bring together, from a variety of sources, a few of the more remarkable results.

In early times, with the remarkable exception of the Romans, people were contented with one name; it is not above eight hundred years since the custom became established of having a second name descending from father to son. Individual, personal, or, as we call them, baptismal or Christian names, are thus older than family names or surnames, and it is chiefly names of this class that require explanation. Not that there is any absolute distinction between the two classes as regards the words themselves; for almost all personal names are also used as family names, as we have seen.

Our present stock of personal names has been gathered chiefly from five languages—the Teutonic, Celtic, Greek, Roman, and Hebrew.

1. *Teutonic Names.*

We will begin with those names that have their roots in the Teutonic languages—that is, the class to which English belongs—and come down to us from our own ancestors of the heathen heroic age. They were made expressive of the attributes then held in highest estimation, betokening either personal qualities or the favour of the gods. Originally, no doubt, they were bestowed upon grown-up men who had deserved them; but they were spread and perpetuated by being given to the young, as of good omen; they were thought to be a kind of presage of what the fortune of the individual would be. Among the northern peoples, most names were compounded of two words; this was the case also among the Greeks; and it is remarkable how identical many of them are in meaning and in mode of formation. The Greek Theophilus, beloved of God, looks like a translation of Godwin, or Oswin; Democrates, ruler of the people, of Theoderich. And yet we know that they must have been formed independently: the two peoples only felt and thought alike, and naturally expressed these thoughts and feelings in a similar way.

The words that enter into our primitive proper names relate for the most part either to religion, or to the all-engrossing occupation—war. The most general appellation for a Divine Being, Gott, God, Gode, is copiously employed, as in Gottfrid (Godfrey) and Godwin. As or Ans (in other dialects, Os, Es), plural, Asen or Ansen, was the general name for the gods of the Odin dynasty; and though this word has died out of the language, as the beings it designated have out of our creed, we find petrifactions of it in Anshelm, Oskar, Esmond, and the like. (The other elements in these and the following names will be explained farther on.)

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* Among the foremost investigators in this field may be mentioned the German scholars Wackernagel and Pott. For the English reader, Miss Young's *History of Christian Names* is a perfect repertory of all that concerns one branch of the subject; and Lower's *English Surnames* is equally exhaustive of the other branch.

Of the various spirits and genii with which our ancestors peopled the air, the earth, and the waters, none occupied a more prominent place than the *alps*, *albs*, *aelfs*, or *elves*. The word is akin to the Latin *albus*, white; and denotes the 'white' benign spirits. It is an element in Alfred, Albuin, Aelfstan, and many more. One case deserves special notice: with the syllable *ric* or *rich*, which is neither more nor less than *rex*, 'ruler,' it forms Aelfric—the name of the Bishop of Canterbury in the year 1000. This name in other dialects was Alberich; in Norman and other Romanic languages, it became Auberon, and hence the Oberon of our poets—an appropriate enough title, being literally, Elfin-king.

The primitive goddess of the northern peoples, the feminine complement of Wodan or Odin, went by various names in different localities: one of the most prevalent was Berta or Berchta. This goddess presented the benign side of the divine attributes. She owes her name, Berchta, to the appearance under which she manifested herself: it is from the same root as the English *bright*. Frau Berchta, therefore, was 'the shining one.' Traces of this benign being still linger in the White Lady, that watches over the destinies of many a distinguished house. The name is not yet quite extinct; and surely, if there is anything in antiquity, it is one in every way to be proud of, reaching back to the foretime of Odin himself; Clara, or Claire, of the same import, is a mere parvenu in comparison, though it may have come in with William the Conqueror. Besides, Clara is a Latin stranger, unable to claim kindred with words of the native stock. We are disposed at once to augur bright things of any young woman that wears the name of Bertha.

Besides forming a name by itself, the syllable *bert*, *bercht*, *brecht*, *precht*, in its sense of brightness and splendour, was a favourite ingredient in compound names. Thus, we have Bertram, Landpert or Lambert, Robert, Albrecht or Albert, &c.

At that stage of civilisation when the fiercer animals are rivals with man for the lordship of the forest, their strength, swiftness, and cunning are objects of his admiration and envy. To be likened to the eagle or the lion, is to receive the highest praise; to be named after them, the highest honour. The animals that chiefly served as ideals of excellence to our ancestors, were the bear, the wolf, the boar, the eagle, the swan, the raven, and the serpent. In the estimation in which these animals were held, there was a blending of respect for their qualities and of religious feeling; for there is good reason to believe that at one time every tribe had some one animal that they held in special reverence as a kind of god, and whose name they bore. In the north of Europe, in days of yore, it was the bear that was the king of the beasts, and not the lion, which was probably unknown. The Bear was styled Forest-king, Goldfoot, Honey-hand, the Great, the Ancient, Grandfather, &c. His worship yet lingers in Bern, of which city he was the patron divinity. The worshippers of Odin delighted to bear his name. It appears in their nomenclature in the form of *pero*, *pirin*, *birn*, *beren*, *bern*, *beorn*—as in Bernhard, hardy or brave as a bear; Wolfsbirin, the (she) wolf-bear—a rather fierce title, we should think, for a lady; Asbîörn, (Anglo-Saxon) Osbeorn, Osborne, the god-bear—a name, therefore, as old as the times of the demigods and heroes.

Our name for the Eagle is, through the French, from the Latin, *aquila;* his native northern name was *ara*, *ar*, *arn*, allied to the Celtic root from which our *eyry* is derived. This element is recognisable in Arnold—which does not, however, mean *old* eagle, but *valiant* as an eagle.

The Boar (Ger. *eber*, Lat. *aper*), besides being admired for his strength, was also a sacred animal: he first taught men how to plough the earth, and no doubt the first ploughshare was made after the model of his snout. Such names as Eberhard, Everard, took their rise in this reverence for the wild-boar.

But above all others, the Wolf and the Raven were held in special esteem as beasts of good omen. The appearance of a wolf or a raven leading the way, was the sure sign that Odin was on your side. The very names presaged victory; and that, to a warlike people, embraced all good-fortune. Accordingly, there are countless proper names in early history into which the wolf and the raven enter, and many of them are still in use. Wolfgang, so well known as Goethe's Christian name, denotes a hero whom the wolf of victory goes before—wolf-attended. Wolf takes the forms *wulf*, *ulf*, *olf;* and raven—in German *rabe*, *raben*—becomes *ram*. In Wolfram and Ramnulf both the auspicious names are united. Others are Adolf, Bertram, Ludolf.

It will save repetition in explaining the meanings, if we throw the more common of the name-roots signifying qualities into the form of a glossary.

Adal, *aethel*, birth, nobility.
Balt, *bald*, *bold*, *pold*, bold, prince.
Brand, a sword, so called, according to some, because it *burns* or glitters.
Deut, *diut*, *theod*, the people; the Germans call themselves *the* Deutsch, or people, par excellence.
Fried, *frid*, peace.
Ger, *gar*, *kar*, spear or dart. Compare Fr. *guerre*, and Eng. *war*; the Germans are supposed to be so called because they were 'spear-men.'
Gunt, *gund*, war. This word is preserved in Italy in *gon*falone, war-standard, imported thither by the northern nations.
Har, *heri*, *her*, warrior, army.
Hart, hardy.
Heim, *hein*, home.
Helm, helmet.
Hild, *Hilta*, battle, the goddess of battle.
Hlut, *hlud*, *chlod*, *lud*, *lot*, is allied to Eng. *loud;* the sounding of praise or fame is the idea involved.

Hruod, *rud*, *rot*, *ro*, also signifies fame; compare *cry*.
Hugo, thought.
Kun, brave; allied to 'keen.'
Leip, *laf*, left, relict, progeny, born.
Lieb, *leof*, love.
Liut, *leut*, the people; compare *laity* and *lewd*.
Macht, *mat*, might.
Mund, *mond*, protection.
Od, *ead*, *ed*, possession or fortune. This root enters into all*od*ial and fe*od*al: the first meaning a possession all or quite one's own; the second, that which is held for a fee.
Rad, *rat*, *red*, and
Ragin, *regin*, *rein*, counsel, wisdom; compare Lat. *rat*io, reason.
Reich, *rich*, rule or ruler.
Sig, victory
Thiuda, *theod*, *teut*, the people.
Trut, *trud*, the trusted, beloved, a maiden.
Walt, *wald*, *oald*, *old*, expresses the exercise of power or sway; it is allied to Eng. *wield*, and Lat. pre*vail*.
Wart, *ward*, guard.
Wig or *wik*, war or fight; probably allied to *vic*tory.
Will. A mysterious power was ascribed to the act of willing or wishing, similar to that ascribed to the eye.
Win, liking, love; compare *win*some.

In these roots the reader will find a key to such of the names already cited as have been left partly unexplained, and to many besides. It is not, indeed, always easy to see how the one of the two ideas usually entering into a name was intended to modify the other, but a general notion can mostly be gathered. We give a few specimens of interpretation, confining ourselves to the more usual and interesting of the class we are discussing.

The religious idea prevails in such names as—*Gottfried*, or *Godfrey*, God's peace; *Godwin* and *Oswin*, beloved of God; *Esmond*, god-guardian; *Godgifu*, or *Godiva*, God's gift; *Gotthard*, or *Goddard*, divine firmness, or bold in God; *Gottlob*, praise-God; *Ansgar*, or *Oskar*, divine spear; *Anshelm*, or *Anselm*, divine helmet.

Nobility of birth and large possessions in—*Adalolf*, *Adolf*, or *Adolphus*, the noble wolf, another form of which is *Ethelwolf*; *Adalbercht*, *Albercht*, or *Albert*, of illustrious birth; *Adela*, or *Adele*, *Ethel*, the noble lady; *Landpert*, or *Lambert*, bright land; *Edward* and *Edmund*, guardian of the possession.

Authority and rule in—*Theoderic*, ruler of the people; *Heimrich*, *Heinrich*, or *Henry*, ruler of the home or country; *Liutpold*, or *Leopold*, bold among the people, or prince of the people; *Harald*, powerful warrior; *Friedrich*, or *Frederick*, prince of peace; *Walther*, wielder of the army.

Personal prowess and courage in—*Randolf*, the shield-wolf; *Hildebrand*, the war-brand, or flame of war; *Gerhard*, or *Gerard*, spear-strong; *Gerold*, spear-wielding; *Garibaldi*, spear-bold; *Wiclef*, or *Wicliffe*, son of war; *Gunstaf*, *Gustaf*, or *Gustavus*, the staff of war (though some make this to be the divine staff); *Wilhelm* (*William*), wishing or resolute helmet.

Next to personal strength, wisdom was held in high esteem, as we see in such names as—*Alfred*, elfin-counsel, or wise as the fairies; *Kunrat*, or *Konrad*, bold in counsel; *Reginhard*, *Reinhard*, or *Reynard*, daring in counsel—the appropriate title of the fox in the fable.

Glory was prized before there were cannons' mouths to seek it in; witness—*Hludwig* (*Clovis*), now *Ludwig*, or *Louis*, glorious warrior; *Ruotprecht*, *Rupert*, or *Robert*, bright with fame; *Lothar*, or *Luther*, glorious army, or warrior; *Roderic*, renowned commander.

Charles, Ger. *Karl*, seems to have signified primarily male, manly. It became the name of the line of rulers that culminated in Charles Martel and Charles the Great, and has continued to be popular ever since.

These instances will suffice to give our readers a notion of this branch of antiquarianism. They suggest some curious reflections on the state of society in those 'good old times,' if our space permitted us to indulge in them. To say nothing of the men, what a strange notion must have been formed as to 'woman's mission,' when to express the ideal of female excellence such names were chosen as *Wulfhilde*, the wolf-heroine; *Bertramna*, the bright raven; *Wolflint*, the wolf-serpent; *Eberlind*, the boar-serpent; *Ethelinde*, the noble serpent; *Adalhilt*, the noble heroine; *Gertrude*, the spear-maiden, or warrior-love; *Chlothilde*, the famous amazon; *Mathilda*, the mighty amazon; *Gudrun*, the war-oracle. Nor are we to fancy that these formidable 'additions' were empty sound. These ladies supported their titles. On occasion of the two great battles in which Marius defeated the Teutones and Cimbri—the one in Provence, the other on the plains of Lombardy—we get rather startling pictures of the Gertrudes and Mathildas of these peoples. Plutarch tells us, that when the Romans pursued the routed enemy to their camp, the women were stationed at the rampart of wagons, and slew alike pursuers and fugitives—one her husband, another her brother, another her father; they then threw their children, strangled with their own hands, under the wheels and horses' hoofs; and, finally, plunged their weapons into their own breasts, rather than become captives. Dangerous mates these for milk-livered men!

There were, however, a few names more in accordance with our ideas of feminine excellence. There were a *Minna*, the one born in *mind*, the beloved; and *Bertha*, the bright, already mentioned. *Amalia*, *Emily*, is from a root signifying work, industry. It has been suggested that *Emma* is of the same origin, and would thus mean 'the diligent,' just as *emmet* does (compare the Ger. *ameise*, or *emse*, an ant, and *emsig*, diligent); it may, however, be merely the first lispings of infancy which form the German *amme*, meaning a nurse.

Names in primitive times seem to have been formed on the principle on which savages paint their bodies, namely, to make them look hideous and fierce, so as to frighten their enemies. More than one early Teutonic saint bore the rather inappropriate title of *Eberulf*, boar-wolf, which must have been invented for some warlike ancestor. *Bjornulf*, bear-wolf, was a Scandinavian name; and a modern Norwegian writer is called *Bjornstern Bjornsen*, bear-star bearson. *Bjornger*, bear-spear, was carried by the Northmen to the south of Europe, and there became *Berengar*, *Berenger*, the name of the French Burns. Danes delighted in the name of *Hrossbjorn*, horse-bear; and one character, mentioned in a Latin Chronicle under the respectable-looking name of *Rostiophus*, was really *Hrossthjof*, horse-thief, no doubt as honourable a calling in those days as cattle-lifting once was in Scotland. It is to this root *hross*, rather than to *rose*, that we are to refer such names as *Rosamond* (*Hrossmund*, horse-protection), *Rosalind* (*Hrosslind*, horse-serpent). *Harald Hardrada*, Army-wielder Bold-counsel, is a typical northern name.

The disguise in which some of those ancient names are now current is so complete that it is necessary to follow the successive stages of the transformation before it is possible to believe in the identity. Thus:

Gottfried became in French *Geoffroi;* which was borrowed by the English as *Geoffrey*, and transformed into *Jeffrey*, which the Americans have shortened into *Jeff*.

Millicent, Melicent, Melusine, Melisende, Melisenda, Amalasonda, Amalaswinth, 'dignity of labour.'

Lola is, in Spanish, short for Carlota, corresponding to Charlotte and Caroline, which are also clipped away to Lotty and Lina; and all from *karl*.

Roger, homely as it sounds, is the offspring of Rudiger, Hruodgar, 'famous spear.'

The famous Danish name *Ragnar* (Raginhar), 'judge-warrior,' became in England Raynar, Rayner; in French it was reduced to Réné, and for women Rénée; and the Italians thinking this meant 'born again,' borrowed it as Renato and Renata.

Hluduicus, the Latin form of Hludwig, 'famous warrior,' was softened in Provençal into Aloys; this threw out a feminine Aloyse, which then became Heloïse. Aloys is thought to be the origin of the surname Alison.

Audrey, Awdrey, St Etheldreda, Æthelthryth, 'the noble threatener.'

Alice, Alisa, Adelisa, Adelidis, Adalheit, 'nobleness.' Adelaide is little changed.

Bouverie, a name of some note in England, has its root in the same word as *byre*, the Scottish term for 'cow-house.' Both are from *bauerie*, or *bowrey*, the Dutch for a farm-steading, or residence of *bauers*, or *boors*.

2. *Names of Celtic Origin.*

But older yet than the Teutonic Osbornes and Williams—older at least as denizens of the British Islands—are the Celtic Brans or Brians, Caradocs, and Ferguses. In proceeding to explain a few of them, it is necessary to premise that the Celtic languages are divided into two branches—(1) the Kymric, consisting of Welsh, Cornish, and Breton; and (2) the Gadhaelic, consisting of the Irish or Erse, and the Gaelic, spoken in the Highlands of Scotland. For the purposes of etymology, Irish and Gaelic are nearly identical. Welsh and Irish differ greatly in the forms of the words; where the Welsh has a *p*, for instance, the same word in Irish or Gaelic has *c* (always pronounced *k*), as *pen* (Welsh), *cean* (Irish), head. A great difficulty in tracing the derivation of Celtic names arises from the strange disguises a word generally assumes in passing from singular to plural, or from nominative to genitive. When a consonant is aspirated, or takes *h* after it, its sound is quite altered, and sometimes altogether destroyed; thus, *bh* or *mh* sounds like *v* or *w*, so that the name Boromhe is pronounced Boru; and *sh* and *th* both have the force only of *h*.

Bri or *brigh* (Irish), force, valour, is believed to be the root of the favourite Irish name Bran or Brian. The name seems to have been the general term for a king or ruler, like the Pharaoh of the Egyptians. Classic authors speak of more than one Brennus, leaders of hordes of Gauls who invaded the south of Europe before the Christian era. *Aodh*, fire, is the name of numerous early kings, or chiefs, in Ireland and Scotland. *Aeddon* is another form of the name. According to some, Edinburgh was at first Dun Aeddon, not Dun Edin. St Aidan, the apostle of the north of England, is one of those sons of fire.

Maedoc, Madog, beneficent, has from early times been a favourite name in Wales. It is used in England under the forms of Maddock and Maddox.

Fear (Gaelic), *gwr* (Welsh), corresponds to Latin *vir*, man, hero. The plural of *fear* is *fir;* that of *gwr* is *wyr*. Fearghus or Fergus, the name of so many heroes and chiefs, both fabulous and historic, among the Scots both in Ireland and Scotland, is explained as 'man of action,' from *gus*, a deed; but as *fearg* (from the same root) means wrath, Fergus may mean 'fierce.' *Fearachas* means 'manhood;' and Fearachur, Ferchar, Farquhar, is interpreted 'champion.' The ancient Irish name, Fearghal, man of strength, has given rise to the modern O'Ferrol and Ferral.

The favourite Irish name Neill, in Scotland Niel, is derived from a root signifying 'brave.' It is curious to find this name in the form Njal, early prevailing in Scandinavia, pointing to a very ancient communication with Ireland. The patronymic Nielsen is common in Scandinavia, and this is probably the origin of the English Nelson. The Latin chroniclers, supposing that the name meant 'black,' translated it Nigellus; hence Nigel.

Finn, fion (Irish), *gwynn, wynn, wen* (Welsh), white. Finn, the white, brilliant, or fair, was the name of the most famous of the mythical heroes of the Irish legends. He is usually called Finn mac Cumhail (pronounced Coole), Finn the son of Cumhal; and this, in the Scottish traditions, was corrupted into Fingal. Irish antiquaries accuse Macpherson of plagiarism in transferring Fingal and his son Oisin (Ossian) to Scotland. Be that as it may, the legends and traditions of the gigantic exploits of Finn and his band of heroes were, and are, common to the Celtic populations of both countries; and this is but natural, seeing that in those early times the mother-country of the Scots was Ireland, and the inhabitants of the west of Scotland were colonists from the north of Ireland. Irish scholars are satisfied that there is a substratum of fact under these fables; that, in the third century, there did exist a military organisation or militia for the defence of the throne, under a leader called Finn, from whom the band took the name of Fianna, Fians, or Fenians. The modern Fenians have copied the name, if nothing more. There are numerous hill-tops crowned with cairns throughout Ireland, called Seefin (Suidhe-Finn, Finn's Seat), which tradition makes Finn and his heroes to have used as resting-places in the intervals of the chase. Finn was used as a name in Scotland until it became the fashion to translate it into Albany. Phinn and MacPhunn seem to be relics of it; and it enters into names like Finlay. The Irish forms, Fionnan and Fionnagan, have become Finnucane and Finnegan.

The Welsh form, *gwen*, stands both for the colour white, and a woman—'the fair.' Gwenever or Guenever, the name of Arthur's faithless queen, was originally Gwenhwyvar, the 'swelling white wave.' The French transformed it into Génièvre, and it was this name probably that became also Généviève.

Other Celtic words for colour are *ban*, white; *dhu*, black; *dearg* and *ruadh*, red; *don*, brown; *boid*, yellow. Bancu or Banquo was 'the white dog.' Dhu or dubh furnishes Dougall or Dugald, 'the black stranger;' Duff; Dow, Dove, Dewes; O'Dubhda or O'Dowd. Douglas, the famous name, is the Dhu-glas, the dark stream, on which the original seat of the family was. Donald is for Donghal, the brown stranger, and one Donald was then distinguished from another by calling him Donaldbane or White Donald. Duncan was Donnachu, the brown chief; and this or Donchada has furnished Donoghoe. The O'Connor sept split early into two branches, the brown and red—O'Connor Don, and O'Connor Roe.

Ruadh (Irish), *rud* or *rhydd* (Welsh), gives the common names Roe, Rowe, and Roy. Derivative forms were Ruadri, Ruaridh, Rhyddereh, which came to be pronounced Rory; and this being supposed to be a familiar form of Roderick, the Teutonic name has supplanted the Celtic.

Connel or Connal is the modern form of Congal, which is variously explained. *Cu* (genitive *conn*, dative *cuin*) means a dog; it evidently corresponds to the Latin *canis*, and the English *hound*. *Conn*, however, also means wisdom or a chief; and *gal* also has two meanings—courage, or a stranger. Strange to say, the dog was a favourite ingredient in Irish heroic names; there was a Cu Connacht, the Hound of Connaught; and Macpherson's hero Cuchullin, was Cu Uladh, the Hound of Ulster. The descendants of the dog family, the MacCuinns, have become the MacQueens; and O'Cuinn is now simply Quin.

Grig, the fierce or cruel, was the real name of the Scottish king whom the Latin chroniclers dignify with the classical title of Gregorius, which means watchman. From this corruption come Gregor and M'Gregor; but the original Celtic name is still prevalent in Scotland as Greig, pronounced Grig.

Grim, 'war,' was the root of Græme, Graham; *tadhg*, 'a poet,' of Teague, Thady, which is anglicised Thaddeus or Timothy; *mathghamhain*, 'a bear' (pron. mahoon), of Mahon. Some of the MacMahons have Normanised themselves into Fitz Ursulas.

Beath (from the same root as Eng. to *be*) is 'life,' so that Macbeth is 'son of life,' or rather son of Beath, whose direct descendants are the modern Beiths. Bethia or Bathia is probably of the same origin.

Celtic names of devotion were formed by styling the person the friend, servant, or disciple of the object of veneration. The chief words employed in this way were: *Car* (identical with Lat. *carus*), meaning, 'friend;' *ceile*, attendant, servant; *caileag*, handmaid; *gille*, lad, servant; *maol*, bald, tonsured—hence a disciple. Of the once numerous names of this class, the following are a few of the survivors: Carmichael, the friend of Michael (the Archangel); the Culdees were the *ceile De*, the attendants of God; Gillies, servant of Jesus (in Gael. Josa); Malise, disciple of Jesus; Gilchrist, servant of Christ; Gilmory, Gilmour, servant of Mary; Gilbert, possibly for the old Gilbrid, servant of St Bridget; Malcolm, disciple of Columba; Gillespie, Gillespiug, Gillescop, servant of the bishop (*episcopus*).

Llywelyn is from *Llewel*, lightning, the root being *Llew*, light, allied to Lat. *lux*. Caractacus is the Latin form of the British Caradwg or Caradoc, meaning 'beloved,' from the root *car*, dear.

In Buchanan's Latin *History of Scotland*, we read of a Scottish king with the classical-looking name of Achaius, who formed an alliance with Charlemagne. His real name was Eochaid or Auhy, meaning 'horseman,' from *each*, a horse, allied to Lat. *equus*. Other Eochaids were Latinised Eugenius. Eachan was another form of the same name.

3. *Names of Greek, Roman, and Hebrew Origin.*

The derivation of most Greek names is transparent, and their meaning must have continued to be felt by those who spoke the language. They bear a strong analogy to Teutonic names, being mostly compounded of two words. We can only afford to give a few examples to illustrate the type, and in doing so we select those that have become household words through their importance in history, or are in use at the present day. Most of these last are either mentioned in the New Testament, or were formed in later times to express Christian ideas.

Zeus, gen. *dios* or *zenos*, the god Zeus; *theos*, the divine being. An immense crop sprang from these two roots. Diogenes, heaven-born (*genesis*, birth, origin); Diocles and Diocletian, divine fame (*kle-*, rumour, fame); Diodorus, gift of Zeus; Theodorus, divine gift; Theodora and Dorothea, divine gift; Theophilus, beloved of God; Theophylact, God-protected.

Of animal names, the lion (*leon*), the horse (*hippos*), and the wolf (*lykos*), were the favourites. There have been countless Leos from the dawn of history down to modern popes; the patronymic Leonidas (Lionson) was also common, and is historically famous. Hipparchus, horse-chief (*arch-*, chief); Hippocrates, horse-ruler (*kratein*, to rule), are well-known names; as are Lycurgus, wolf-worker (*erg-*, work) Lycidas, wolf-son, or son of Lycus.

The most common of the other roots of names are: *andr-*, man, hero; *mache*, fight, war; *eu*, well, auspicious, happily; *hier-*, sacred; *nike*, victory; *agath-*, good; *arist-*, best, excelling; *demos*, the people; *laos*, the people; *phil-*, love; *soph-*, wisdom; *tim-*, honour. The following are examples: Andreas, manly; Andromache, heroic fight; Telemachus, fighting from a distance, or with missile weapons (archer); Leander, lion-man; Aristarchus, best ruler; Aristides, son of the best; Aristobulus, excelling in counsel; Eugenes, well-born; Euphemia, fair or lucky speech—avoiding words of bad omen; Philippus, lover of horses; Philadelphus, brother-loving; Hieronymus (Jerome), sacred name; Nicodemus, conquering people, or subduer of the people; Nicolaus, similar in meaning; Kleopatra, father's fame, or, of famous ancestry; Sophocles, famed for wisdom; Georgius (George), husbandman, from *ge*, the earth; Timotheus, honour-God; Christopher, Christ-bearer; Petrus, a stone; Ambrosius (from *a*, negative, and a root akin to Lat. *mors*, death), immortal; Athanasius (from *a*, negative, and *thanat-*, death), immortal; Sophia, wisdom; Gregorius, watchman; Barbara, foreigner; Agnes, sacred, a sacrificial lamb; Katharine, pure; Margarites, a pearl (a word which J. Grimm acutely suggests may have been borrowed by the Greeks from the northern nations, among whom it would signify sea-pebble, from *mar*, the sea, and the root of the Eng. *grit*, meaning sand, pebble); Stephanos, a crown.

Angelos, messenger, became a name in Italian, Angelo, Aniello; and Thomasso Aniello was shortened by the Neapolitans into Masaniello.

Roman names were few in number compared with Greek, and many of them are of doubtful or unknown derivation. This arose from the circumstance that the Romans being a mixed people, their inherited names belonged to a variety of dialects and languages which had become extinct at an early period. In the times of the republic, every Roman had three names; each of which served a special purpose. Of this system of nomenclature, something has been said when speaking of surnames.

Of the personal names, Caius or Gaius is supposed to imply joy, from the root of *gaudium*. Lucius and its derivatives, Lucianus, Lucanus, Lucas (Luke), are, to all appearance, from *lux*, light; Marcus, Marcius or Martius, Martinus, Marcellus, are probably connected with Mars, the god of war; as is also Marius. Publius is allied to *populus*, the people, the nation; Publicola is the courter of the people. Tiberius was derived from the Tiber. To eke out their scanty round of original names, the Romans—so prosaic and barren were they in the way of invention—had recourse to numerals, just as prisoners in a jail are called No. 3, No. 59, &c. The earlier numerals were less frequent; but Quintus, Sextus, Septimus, Octavus, were very common, with their derivatives, Quintius, Quintianus, Quintilius, Octavius, Octavianus.

Aurelius appears to be connected with *aurum*, gold. The founder of the Claudian gens was probably lame (*claudus*). This name has survived in modern Europe, as Eng. Claud, French Claude, feminine Claudine. The first Fabius was so called, according to Pliny, because he introduced the culture of the bean (*faba*). Flavius and Fulvius both denoted yellow-haired. Junius may be translated by young; Hortensius, a gardener. Pompeius is derived from the city; Porcius is a breeder of pigs (*porcus*)—it survives in the feminine Portia.

The cognomen, or name that marked what division or family of the clan a man belonged to, was originally a nickname or sobriquet that had been given to the founder of the family, from his occupation, his personal appearance, or some other circumstance. Some of them are homely enough: Crassus, fat; Balbus, the stammerer; Naso, long-nose; Brutus, stupid; Cæcus, blind. Cognomina from animals and plants had most probably a religious import; as Corvinus, from *corvus*, a crow; Cicero, a vetch. Agricola means farmer (*ager*, field, *colo*, to till); Augustus, reverend, from the root of 'awe'). Cæsar is variously interpreted, either blue-eyed (*cæsius*) or long-haired (*cæsaries*). Clemens, Constantius, Felix, Serenus, and their derivatives, hardly require explanation. Scipio is a staff. Paullus, the little, is current wherever Christianity has been heard of. Magnus, great, Maximus, greatest, from mere epithets, passed into names.

Since the introduction of Christianity, a multitude of names have been coined from Latin words, expressive of religious sentiments and moral or other qualities. The greater part explain themselves by their evident relation to current English words; as Benedict, Pius, Justus and Justinus, Innocent, Vincent, Victoria, &c. In the following, the signification may not be so apparent to the mere English reader: Deodatus, God-given; Amadeus, love-God; Amabilis, lovable—French Aimable, English Amabel, Mabel; Beatrix, conferring blessings; Bonifacius, Boniface, good-worker; Clarus, Clara, clear, bright—French St Clair, Scottish Sinclair; Columba, dove, Columbanus; Letitia, Letty, gladness; Patricius, Patrick, patrician, noble. The apostle of Ireland, who is believed to have been born among the partly Romanised Britons of the kingdom of Strathclyde, and to have had at first a native Celtic name, got, in some way, the Roman designation of Patricius; and hence the prevalence of this name in Ireland and Scotland. It is quite distinct from Peter, with which it is sometimes associated. Ursus (a bear) and Ursinus were common names, even among bishops; and gave rise to the Italian Orso and Orsini, as well as to Ursula.

The Greek word *amauros*, or *mauros*, meant 'dim,' 'dark,' whence *amaurosis*, dimness or loss of eyesight; and the inhabitants of North Africa were called Mauri or Moors, from their dusky hue. A medieval saint, probably of African origin, was known as Maurus, the Moor, and gave his name to the famous Benedictine Abbey of St Maur, which has been transformed in English into Seymour. Another saint and martyr was called after his birthplace Neapolis (new town), Napoli or Naples, and, having become the patron saint of the Orsini, spread the name Neapolion, Napoleone, till it lighted on one who has become a saint of a kind to a whole nation. Mauritius, of Moorish lineage, was the name of one of the greatest Constantinopolitan emperors, and of several saints; and hence Maurizio, Mauritz or Moritz, Meurice, Maurice, Morris, Morison.

Natalis, the natal (day of Christ), shortened into Noël, is French for Christmas; it is given as a name to children born on that day, and is not unknown in Britain. Dies Dominica, the Lord's day, is the origin of Dominic, denoting one born on that day.

The names of Hebrew origin current in Christian Europe are mostly of those mentioned in the New Testament. The practice of taking names directly from the Old Testament, is characteristic of Puritanism. The meanings of many Hebrew names are explained in the Bible narratives.

Ab, father, is an element in the composition of many names; as Abner, father of light; Abram, father of elevation; Abraham, father of a multitude; Absalom, father of peace. *Ben*, son, in Syriac *bar*, is also a frequent element; as Benjamin, son of the right hand, or fortunate, in opposition to Benoni, son of sorrow; Bartholomæus, son of Talmai.

Jemima, the name of one of Job's daughters, means either day, or dove; Moses is the Egyptian or Coptic *Mo-ushe*, that is, drawn out of the water; Jonah, a dove; Miriam, in Greek Mariam, Maria, either 'their rebellion,' or from *marah*, bitter. Isaac, laughter or joy; Rachel, a ewe; Jacob, the supplanter; Thomas, a twin. Joseph gets a double etymology in the Bible narrative—'God hath taken away (*asaph*) my reproach,' and: 'will add (*joseph*) to me another son.'

As was to be expected among a people so essentially religious as the Hebrews, the divine name enters into an immense number of proper names. They had two words equivalent to God. *Eloăh* (Arabic Ilâh), might, power, in the plural, *Elohim*, signified collective or highest power, great beings, kings, angels, gods, *Deity*. Used with a singular verb, it denoted the one true God, the Almighty. The mysterious word which we pronounce Jehovah, more correctly Jahve, is believed to mean, 'He that is,' 'the Everlasting.' It was the name of the national God of the Hebrews. At the beginning of compounded names, it appears as *Jo* or *Jeho;* at the end as *jah* or *jahu*.

Lazarus is a contraction of Eleazar, God will help; Elisabeth, the Greek form of Elisheba, God hath sworn; Elijah combines both roots, God-Jehovah; Elisha, God the Saviour or salvation; Nathanael, gift of God—Nathan, a gift, being used also as a name by itself; Daniel, the judgment of God; Samuel, heard of God.

Judah or Jehudah, from *Jah-* and *ôdeh*, praise—its Greek form, Judas, became an abomination to Christian ears; Joshua or Jehoshuah, Jehovah the saviour or helper, or Jehovah helps; Jesus is only the Greek, or rather Latin, disguise of the same word. John comes through the Greek Joannes, from Johanan or Jehohanan, and means Jehovah's gift; Hananiah (Ananias) is compounded of the same elements in inverted order. The root *hanan* signifies to bestow freely, or of grace, and furnishes Hannah, grace or gift, from which Anna, Anne. Anna, the sister of Dido, Hanno and Hannibal (gift of Baal), are of the same stock. Mattathiah, Matthias, Matthew, gift of Jehovah.

David is the beloved, the darling; Solomon, the peaceful; Tobijah, Tobias, Tobit, Toby, the goodness of Jehovah; Susanna, a lily; Obadiah, servant of Jehovah; Zachariah, remembrance of the Lord; Michael, who like God? Gabriel, the hero of God.

The transformations of these Greek, Latin, and Hebrew names are no less strange than those of the Teutonic and Celtic.

Philippus, Philip, Phil, Philipot, Lip (Ger.), Filippo (Ital.), Pippo and Pippa.

Alexander, Secunder, Iskander, Skander, Alysander, Elshender, Elshie, Alick, Sanders, Sandy, Sawny, Alaster, Alexei (Rus.)

Nicholas, Nick, Nicol, Colas and Colin (Fr.), Klaus and Nils (Dut.), Cola (Ital.).

Peter, Piers, Pierce, Perrin (Fr.), Pietro and Pietruccio (Ital.), Pedro (Sp.), Petronella (fem.).

Margaret, Margery, Marjorie, Maggy, Meg, Madge, Peggy, Gritty, Maisie, May, Margot (Fr.), Margoton, Goton, Gogo, Malgherita (Ital.), Ghita, Rita, Gretchen (Ger.).

Jacobus, James, Jeames, Jem, Jemmy, Jack, Jock; Jaques (Fr.), Jacquot; Jacob (Ger.), Jackel, Jokel; Bopp (Swiss), Jock; Jacopo (Ital.) Jachimo, Jago, Coppo, Lapo; Jacobo (Sp.), Jago, Jayme.

Although Jack is now used in Britain as the familiar for John, there can be no doubt of its derivation from Jacobus. The confusion may have arisen thus: the first transformation of the original Jacobus was Jaquemes (Fr.), Jachimo (Ital.). In England, Jaquemes was shortened into James, in France into Jaques. Being the most frequently used name in France, Jaques came to signify a common man, a peasant, as we see in the word Jaquerie, signifying peasantry. In this sense it came over to England; and as John happened to be the most common English name (John Bull), Jaques or Jack came to be used as familiar for John.

John, Johnny; Jan (Welsh); Ian (Gael.), Shawn (Irish); Johannes (Ger.), Hans; Jan (Dut.), Jantje; Hanneken (Belg.); Jean (Fr.); Juan (Sp.); Joao (Port.), Joazinho; Giovanni (Ital.), Gian, Vanni, Nanni; Ivan (Rus.).

The feminine is no less varied and capricious in its forms: Joanna or Johanna, Joan, Jane, Jean (Scot.), Jenny, Janet, Jeanie, Jessie; Giovanna (Ital.), Giovannina; Juana (Sp.), Juanita; Ivanna (Rus.), Zanita. The familiar Jenny has undergone the same kind of fate as Jack; from designating any serving-man, Jack becomes a machine or implement, as in boot-jack; similarly Jenny, in spinning-jenny.

Maria, Mary, Marion, Molly, Moll, Polly, Malkin, Mawkes, Mawkin, May; Maria (Ital.), Marietta, Mariuccia; Maria (Sp.) Marinha, Maritornes; Marie (Fr.), Marion, Manon; Marija (Rus.), Maika, Maschinka.

Elisabeth, Eliza, Lisa, Lizzy; Bessy, Betty, Betsey, Elspeth (Scot.), Elspie; Lise (Ger.), Lischen; Bettina (Ital.); Betha (Swiss), Bebba, Liserli; Erzebet (Hung.), Orsike.

Hanna, Anna, Anne, Nan, Nancy, Nanny, Annot; Anne (Fr.), Annette, Nanette, Nanon, Ninon, Nichon, Nillon; Antje (Dut.), Naatje; Nannel (Swiss), Nanneli.

But these transformations are nothing compared with what takes place when a name, belonging to one of the Aryan languages, is transferred into one of a different type, deficient, perhaps, in some of the most common sounds, or with a peculiar style of articulation. Chinese, for instance, is a monosyllabic language, and has no sound corresponding to *r*, *b*, *d*, or short *a*. Accordingly, the Sanscrit name Buddha is represented in Chinese by Fo-to, or shortly Fo; Brahma, is Fan-lon-mo, or Fan; the Ganges is Heng-ho; Benares is Polonai; Ki li sse tu stands for Christ; Ya me li ka for America. The

Society-Islanders have no gutturals, and could not come nearer Captain Cook's name than Tute. In Arabic there is no *p*, and no word begins with two consonants without a vowel between them; hence Plato assumes the guise of Iflatún.

During the enthusiasm for the classical languages which attended the revival of learning, as it is called, it was a fashion among scholars to translate their names from the vernacular into what they considered the equivalents in Greek or Latin. Luther's fellow-labourer in the Reformation was originally Schwarzerd (black earth), which in Greek becomes Melanchthon. A German theologian of the eighteenth century, of the name of Goldmann, must needs be Chrysander. The famous scholar whom we know as Erasmus was originally Gheraerd or Gerhard. This really means 'spear-brave;' but etymology was then in its infancy, and fancying that it meant somehow 'beloved' or 'desired,' the bearer of it substituted Desiderius, a Latin name of that import, and to this he added the Greek equivalent Erasmus (from a Greek root, to love). Wishart, the Scottish martyr, figures in Buchanan's *History* with the fine-sounding Greek name Sophocardius (wise-heart). The more likely etymology of the word (if of Teutonic origin) is 'wise-brave,' or perhaps 'wish-brave,' that is, 'resolute will;' but it is possibly a corruption of the French *huissier*, door-keeper; the common English form of which is Ussher. In documents of those times, many a homely name appears in an imposing form. 'The matriculation book of the Edinburgh University, in the seventeenth century, is signed by a student whom mortals called Blyth, but who, aiming at something higher, writes his own name Hilarius; while another, christened Colin Caldwell, subscribes the oaths of admission as Colinus *a fonte gelido*.' The most desperate attempt of the kind we remember to have seen is one Andrew Borde made into Andreas Perforatus!

PUNS ON NAMES.

To play on the meaning, real or fancied, of names, has always been a favourite exercise of wit. Even grief can find relief in it. 'Call me not Naomi [pleasant], call me Marah [bitter], for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.' Shakspeare never misses an occasion for this kind of wit, even in the most serious circumstances:

> '*King Richard.* How is it with old Gaunt?
> *Gaunt.* O how that name befits my composition!
> Old *Gaunt* indeed, and *gaunt* in being old'—

and so on for ten lines. Falstaff is fertile in name-puns: 'Master *Silence*, it well befits you should be of the *peace*.—I do see the *bottom* of this Justice *Shallow*.—*Discharge* yourself of our company, *Pistol*.'

Among the happiest things of this kind is the epitaph on the witty and humorous divine, Dr Fuller: 'Here lies Fuller's earth.'

The names of three Cambridge physicians gave occasion to the following punning conundrum :

> 'What 's *Doctor*, and *Dr*, and *Doctor* writ so?
> Doctor *Long*, Doctor *Short*, and Doctor *Askew*.'

ANAGRAMS OF NAMES.

An anagram (from a Greek word signifying to write backwards) consists in the transposition of the letters of a word or short sentence, so as to form a new word or sentence. In operating thus on a proper name, the new word or sentence required to be applicable to the person. Ever since the invention of writing, magic virtues have been ascribed to written characters. It was believed that the individual letters composing words contained hidden meanings, and whole schools of philosophers devoted themselves seriously to evolve those meanings by transposing and otherwise juggling with them. Though now looked upon as at best ingenious trifling, it is not long since anagrammatising occupied the most learned and serious men —even Puritan divines found edification in it. The names of monarchs and great men were tortured into every shape by their flatterers. The courtiers of James I. proved his right to the British monarchy, as the descendant of the mythical King Arthur, from his name *Charles James Stuart*, which becomes *Claims Arthur's Seat*. An author, in dedicating a book to the same monarch, finds that in *James Stuart* he has *A just master*. John Bunyan made his own name into *Nu hony in a B;* and Horatio Nelson has been happily transposed into *Honor est a Nilo* (My honour is from the Nile). In Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, there is a whole chapter on Anagrams, from which we give the following in his own words : 'But, perhaps, the happiest of anagrams was produced on a singular person and occasion. Lady Eleanor Davies, the wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies the poet, was a very extraordinary character. She was the Cassandra of her age, and several of her predictions warranted her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies in the troubled times of Charles I. were usually against the government, she was at length brought by them into the Court of High Commission. The prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name—

ELEANOR DAVIES.
Reveal, O Daniel!

The anagram had too much by an *l*, and too little by an *s;* yet *Daniel* and *reveal* were in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The court attempted to dispossess the spirit from the lady, while the bishops were in vain reasoning the point with her out of the Scriptures, to no purpose, she poising text against text: one of the Deans of the Arches, says Heylin, shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver; he took a pen, and at last hit upon this excellent anagram—

DAME ELEANOR DAVIES.
Never so mad a Ladie!

The happy fancy put the solemn court into laughter, and Cassandra into the utmost dejection of spirit. Foiled by her own weapons, her spirit suddenly forsook her; and either she never afterwards ventured on prophesying, or the anagram perpetually reminded her hearers of her state—and we hear no more of this prophetess.'

It is not uncommon for a writer in periodicals to use an anagram of his real name as a disguise—a *nom de plume*, as it is called. An interesting case of this kind is that of Voltaire. His father's name was Arouet, and this was used by the son till he was about thirty years old, when he began to sign himself Voltaire. His biographers have indulged in endless conjectures as to where he got this name, but the solution of the puzzle was not found until Mr Carlyle, in his *Life of Frederick*, pointed out that it is simply an anagram of his former signature, *Arouet l. j.* (*Arouet le jeune*, that is, Arouet Junior). It is to be remembered that in those days *u* and *v* were considered to be the same letter, as were also *i* and *j*.

POPULAR ETYMOLOGIES OF NAMES.

When a name is of foreign origin, or made up of words that have become obsolete, there is a tendency to change the sounds for others that are more familiar, or to which some meaning can be attached. This tendency is seen at work in the corruption of asparagus into sparrow-grass, chacal into jackal, buffetier (the waiter at the buffet) into beef-eater; and it has made similar changes in many proper names both of persons and places. The English sailors and soldiers who took part in the Spanish civil war of 1833-40, could make nothing of the name of the famous Carlist leader, Zumala-Carreguy, and changed it into Zachary Macaulay; and in the language of the forecastle, the Bellerophon ship of war is the Billy Ruffian. In the state of Louisiana in America, which was originally a French colony, a settlement, for which a clearance had been made by burning down the forest, was called Bois-brulé (burnt wood); when an Anglo-Saxon population came to predominate in the place, the name became Bob Ruly. A common corruption of French names has been to change *ville* into *field*, as in Blomfield from Blondeville, Baskerfield from Baskerville, Botfield from De Botville. In other cases it has been turned into *well;* for example, Bosseville into Boswell. 'The grand old Norman name of De Vesci is now *Veitch*. De Vere, once still greater, is with us *Weir*. De Montealto has come through several steps, till it has rested in the respectable but not illustrious name of *Mowat.* De Monte-fixo is *Muschet.* De Vallibus—De Vaux—De Vaus—by the simple blunder of turning a letter upside down, has assumed the shape of *Vans;* while De Belassize, carrying us back to the times of the Crusades, has in our homely mouths degenerated into the less euphonious name of *Belsches.*' The startling names Death and Devil are said to be corruptions of De Ath and De Ville, and Scardeville has become Scaredevil. Buckett is for Bouquet, and Tallboys for Taille-bois (cut-wood). The medieval territorial name of Guttershole is elegantly represented in modern times by Gutsall; De Boxhulle, by Boxall. De la Chambre is said to be the origin of Dealchamber, besides, as has been said, the name Chambers; Wilburghfoss, of Wilberforce. A Spanish boy of the name of Benito (pronounced Beneeto) was taken on board an American ship, where his shipmates at once transformed him into Ben Eaton; this name he accepted as the English equivalent of his own, and when it came to be formally written it was, of course, Benjamin Eaton. Wormwood is believed to be corrupted from Ormond, Cuckold from Cokswold, Smallback from Smalbach (*bach*, a brook).

In some cases, names have been designedly transmuted or exchanged for something thought finer or less vulgar. 'A Dublin citizen (I think a dealer in snuff and tobacco), about the end of last century, had lived to a good age and in good repute, under the name of *Halfpenny.* He throve in trade, and his children prevailed on him in his latter years to change the name which they thought undignified, and this he did by simply dropping the last letter. He died and was buried as Mr *Halpen.* The fortune of the family did not recede, and the son of our citizen thought proper to renounce retail-dealing, and at the same time looked about for a euphonious change of name. He made no scruple of dropping the unnecessary *h*, and that being done, it was easy to go into the Celtic rage, which Sir Walter Scott and the *Lady of the Lake* had just raised to a great height; and he who had run the streets as little Kenny Halfpenny came out (in full Rob Roy tartan, I trust) at the levees of the day as Kenneth *MacAlpin*, the descendant of a hundred kings.'

Thinking to get rid of the homeliness and vulgar associations connected with such common names as Smith, some go back to the times when people could not spell, and fish up all kinds of absurd old forms—Smythe, Tayleure, Fysche, Broun, &c. This silliness is happily hit off by Miss Mitford, who calls it an attempt 'to turn the vulgar to the genteel by the change of a letter.' It is absurd to appeal to old documents as authority for these caprices. At one time it would seem as if variety of spelling had been studied, as variety of expression is still; uniformity was probably thought to betray lack of invention. The most brilliant period of English literature—the age of Queen Elizabeth—is remarkable for this orthographic license. In authorised documents regarding the family of Mainwaring, of Peover, co. Chester, that single name, we are told, is found spelled *one hundred and thirty-one* different ways. The records of the Scottish House of Lindsay exhibit *eighty-eight* varieties of the name; those of the Stirlings of Keir, *sixty-four;* and of the Montgomerys, *forty-four.*

The origin of various family names has been mistakenly imputed to legends having no foundation in fact. We may offer a few amusing specimens, beginning with that of Veitch. 'The original of our name,' says Robert Veitch of Campflat in his family papers, 'was Gailard, a native of France, who came over to Scotland in the reign of Robert Bruce. He became a favourite of that king, from being an alert hunter. Happening to distinguish himself at a time when Robert was pent up in an encampment near Warkworth Castle, and his army in great want of provisions, Gailard bravely ventured his life, by driving a herd of cattle in the night; by which means Robert's men so much revived that they made so vigorous a sally as next day secured them a safe retreat. Robert soon after coming to Peebles, where he had a hunting-seat, it was then thought proper to reward Gailard for his bravery, by giving him the lands of Dawick upon the Tweed, and for his coat of arms three cows' heads, with the motto, *Famam extendimus factis* [We extend our fame by our deeds]; at the same time he took the name of Vache, by reason of its corresponding with the crest.' This story is a pure mythic invention. As early as 1296, considerably before the date of the alleged exploit at Warkworth, there was a family in Scotland of French origin named Vache (supposed to be from *vache*, a cow, but probably from De Vesci), which name became Vaitch, and finally Veitch.

Like the Veitches, the Naesmyths are not unprovided with a myth. The following account of them is given: 'In the reign of Alexander III. (who died in 1285), the ancestor of the family being in attendance on the king, was, on the eve of battle, required by him to repair his armour. Although a man of great stature and power, he was unsuccessful. After the battle, having performed prodigies of valour, he was knighted by the king, with the remark that, 'although he was *nae* smith, he was a brave gentleman.' The armorial bearings of the family have reference to the origin of the name—a drawn sword between two *martels* or war-hammers broken, with the motto, *Non arte sed marte*, meaning 'Not by skill but by bravery.'

The popular origin of the ancient and honourable name, Napier, is of the like fabulous character. 'King David II.,' so goes the story, 'in his wars with the English, about the year 1334, assembling his subjects to battle, the Earl of Lennox sent his second son, Donald, with such forces as his duty required. In an engagement which followed, the Scots gave way, when Donald taking his father's standard from the bearer, and valiantly charging the enemy with the Lennoxmen, the fortune of the battle changed, and they obtained the victory. When the battle was over, every chief advanced, and reported his acts, according to custom, to the king, who declared they had all behaved valiantly, but there was one among them who had *nae pier*, or no equal; upon which, Donald took the name of Napier, and had in reward for his good services, the lands of Gosfield and other estates in the county of Fife.' It is unfortunate for this ingenious narrative, that, according to historical record, there were families named Napier long before the birth of David II. As already stated, the name originated in persons charged with the keeping of napery or the linens of a household.

A whole Tract could be filled with mythic stories of this kind in connection with names. In most instances, the myth includes a king, a battle, a person of bravery, and a coat of arms. Whether the heraldic devices in the arms, or the name of the family, originated the myth cannot be determined. With perhaps some little thread of truth, the myth is substantially a mass of invention, usually a result of ignorance and presumption. In a variety of cases, the name is said to come from some phrase which an ancestor had used on some noted occasion, whereas the name in reality dates from a period previous to the introduction of the present vernacular. A knowledge of French and German, and some acquaintance with old records, would serve to clear away much of these mythic legends. We have a striking illustration of what an ignorance of these matters will lead to, in the numerous myths in which a mighty *worm* is concerned. The surname *Orme*, or *L'Orme*, of French origin, having been imparted to places acquired by persons of that name, we have hence the designation *Ormiston*, the town or residence of Orme. In common pronunciation, Ormiston becomes *Wormiston*, and then is invented the story of a Worm, or terrible serpent with feet of the imaginary fiery dragon species. The worm is a dreadful terror to the neighbourhood, and somebody who fights with and kills it attains local and hereditary distinction. We will close our catalogue of myths with a story about one of these worms, drawn from a work which appeared originally about the middle of the seventeenth century, and republished a few years ago, under the title of *Memorie of the Somervilles.*

'In the parish of Linton, within the sheriffdom of Roxburgh, there happened to breed a hideous monster in the form of a worm, so called and esteemed by the country-people (but in effect has been a serpent, or some such creature), in length three Scots yards, and somewhat bigger than an ordinary man's leg, with a head more proportionable to its length than greatness, in form and colour to our common muir-edders.

'This creature, being a terror to the country-people, had its den in a hollow piece of ground upon the side of a hill south-east from Linton church, some more than a mile, which unto this day is known by the name of the Worme's Glen, where it used to rest and shelter itself; but when it sought after prey, then this creature would wander a mile or two from its residence, and make prey of all sort of bestial that came in its way, which it easily did, because of its lowness, creeping among the bent heather, or grass, wherein that place abounded much, by reason of the meadow-ground, and a large flow moss, fit for the pasturage of many cattle (being naturally of itself of no swift motion). It was not discerned before it was master of its prey, instantly devouring the same, so that the whole countrymen thereabout were forced to remove their bestial, and transport themselves three or four miles from the place, leaving the country desolate; neither durst any passenger go to the church or market upon that road for fear of this beast. Several attempts were made to destroy it by shooting of arrows, throwing of darts, none daring to approach so near as to make use of a sword or lance; but all their labours were in vain. These weapons did sometimes slightly wound, but were never able to kill this beast; so that all men apprehended the whole country should have been destroyed, and that this monster was sent as a just judgment from God to plague them for their sins. During this fear and terror amongst the people, John Somerville, being in the south, and hearing strange reports about this beast, was, as all young men are, curious to see it; and, in order thereto, he comes to Jedburgh, where he found the whole inhabitants in such a panic fear, that they were ready to desert the town. The country-people that were fled there for shelter had told so many lies at first, that it increased every day, and was beginning to get wings. Others, who pretended to have seen it in the night, asserted it was full of fire, and in time would throw it out; with a thousand other ridiculous stories, which the timorous multitude are ready to invent on such an occasion; though, to speak the truth, the like was never known to have been seen in this nation before. However, this gentleman continues his first resolution of seeing this monster, befall him what will: therefore he goes directly to the place about the dawning of the day, being informed that, for ordinary, this serpent came out of her den about the sunrising, or near the sunsetting, and wandered the field over to catch somewhat. He was not long near to the place when he saw this strange beast crawl forth of her den; who, observing him at some distance (being on horseback), it lifted up its head with half of the body, and a long time stared him in the face, with open mouth, never offering to advance or come to him: whereupon he took courage, and drew much nearer, that he might perfectly see all its shapes, and try whether or not it would dare to assault him; but the beast, turning in a half-circle, returned to the den, never offering him the least prejudice: whereby he concludes this creature was not so dangerous as the report went, and that there might be a way found to destroy the same.'

Having made all suitable arrangements for attacking the animal on a certain day, a numerous party attended to see his exploits. 'About sunrise, the worm appeared with her head and some part of her body without the den; whereupon a servant, according to direction, set fire to the peats upon the wheel at the top of the lance, and instantly this resolute gentleman put spurs to his horse, advanced with a full gallop, the fire still increasing, placed the same, with the wheel and almost the third part of his lance, directly into the serpent's mouth, which went down her throat into her belly, which he left there, the lance breaking with the rebound of his horse, giving her a deadly wound; who, in the pangs of death (some part of her body being within the den), so great was her strength, that she raised up the whole ground that was above her, and overturned the same to the furthering of her ruin, being partly smothered by the weight thereof.

'Thus was she brought to her death in the way and manner rehearsed, by the bold undertaking of this noble gentleman, who, besides a universal applause, and the great rewards he received from his gracious prince, deserved to have this action of his engraven on tables of brass, in a perpetual memorial of his worth. What that unpolished age was capable to give, as a monument to future generations, he had, by having his effigy, in the posture he performed this action, cut out in stone, and placed above the principal church-door of Linton kirk, with his name and surname, which neither length of time nor casual misfortune has been able to obliterate or demolish, but that it stands entire and legible to this very day; with remembrances of the place where this monster was killed, called the Serpent's Den, or, as the country-people named it, the Worme's Glen; whose body, being taken from under the rubbish, was exposed for many days to the sight of the numerous multitude that came far and near from the country to look upon the dead carcass of this creature, which was so great a terror to them while it lived, that the story, being transmitted from father to son, is yet fresh with most of the people thereabout, albeit it is upward of five hundred years since this action was performed.'

At another part of the work, the author mentions a popular misconception of the knight who performed this enterprise; 'Some inhabitants of the south,' says he, 'attributing to William, Baron of Linton, what was done by his father, albeit they have nothing to support them but two or three lines of a rude rhyme, which, when any treats of this matter, they repeat:

> Wood Willie Sommervill
> Killed the worm of Wormandaill,
> For whilk he had all the lands of Lintoune,
> And sex mylles them about.'

THE MAGIC FLUTE.

A MORAL TALE FROM THE GERMAN.*

I.

SLY OLD NICHOLAS.

IN a rich and pretty village, which stands in the celebrated kingdom called 'Somewhere,' and which in summer-time produces the finest cherries and blackberries in the world, dwelled an old farmer named Nicholas, who never troubled himself with any very nice distinctions between his neighbours' property and his own. At night he would go out into the fields, dig up the finest plants he could find in his neighbours' farms, and transplant them into his own; and the next morning, when the theft was discovered, and when he was taken to task regarding it, he would say: 'What do you mean? I went to bed early yesterday evening, and I know nothing about it. It must have been some wicked goblin who did it. However, as the plants are now in my field, there they shall remain, and no mistake.' Thus there arose trial after trial between him and his neighbours; but Farmer Nicholas laughed at them all, for he managed matters so cleverly that no one could convict him of the fraud.

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* This half-serious, half-comic tale, and the tale which succeeds it, are translated from an interesting German Christmas-book, entitled *Der Zauber-Garten*—' The Magic Garden.' The author is Heinrich Smidt, a writer well known to the lovers of this peculiarly German school of popular fiction. We have taken the liberty of paraphrasing a few passages.

There was one individual who had seen him, and this was an orphan boy called Love-Truth, whom the farmer had taken in for charity's sake—that is to say, whom he fed on scanty fare, and kept at work from morning till night. But little Love-Truth never murmured or repined; for he was firmly convinced that all would go right with him some time or another. You may perhaps inquire whence he had this conviction. Before he came to the farmer, he had been adopted by an old woman called Martha, who was now dead, but who, upon her death-bed, had predicted that there was happiness in store for him yet; and he felt so assured of this, that he was often even tempted to feel proud in the prospect of his future greatness.

It happened at last that the old farmer one night carried off several fine heads of cabbage out of one of his neighbours' fields. Love-Truth was witness of the transaction, and the next morning he declared that he would not hold his tongue any longer, but would tell everybody what a wicked man his master was.

At first the old farmer was terrified, and tried to prevent him; but Love-Truth ran out into the village and told it to the first person he met, and then to a second, and a third, till every one knew it. Meanwhile, however, Farmer Nicholas, who was not long in devising his plan, ran to the village magistrate, who was not very particular about the sort of justice he dealt out, and promised him a few broad dollars if he would help him out of the scrape.

'That I will!' cried the magistrate; and he summoned little Love-Truth before his court. He interrogated him very sharply; and as the poor boy could give no proof of the transaction beyond the simple statement—'Indeed, indeed, I saw it myself,' the farmer was acquitted, and poor Love-Truth sent away from the court to the house of correction as a malicious calumniator.

The old people went home to their houses, and said to their children: 'Lay well to heart this bad example which Love-Truth has given you. Farmer Nicholas was his benefactor, and yet he tried to ruin his reputation and good name! He is a bad boy.'

'This is a bad business for me,' thought Love-Truth, as he sat in his prison, and looked at the water-jug which stood beside a piece of coarse bread. 'All this comes for my telling the truth; while sly old Nicholas, who has told lies, sits over his beef and his beer in his comfortable parlour, and laughs at me. But no matter. Mother Martha told me that truth was a good thing. In christening me "Love-Truth," my parents had no object but to make me always tell the truth; and that I shall surely do, even were I to suffer far more for it than I am now doing.'

Everything in this world, bad as well as good, has an end. Little Love-Truth's term of imprisonment at last expired, and the jailer brought him before the magistrate once more. There, in the presence of the whole parish, he was again sharply reprimanded, and with this reproof discharged from prison. Thereupon, Farmer Nicholas stood up, and after lecturing him severely, forbade him to set foot over his threshold. The neighbours all applauded this, and declared, one and all, that they would never give a morsel to so unprincipled a young reprobate, much less take him into their house.

All this filled the poor innocent boy with grief; he burst into tears, and cried in a piteous voice: 'Where am I to go to, then?'

'What do I care?' said the magistrate, who heard this, with a brutal laugh. 'As far as I am concerned, you may go to the land where *Good-for-Nothings* grow!' And they all retired, and left him to his fate.

'But how shall I ever find my way there?' thought Love-Truth, sobbing as if his heart would break; just as if the land of Good-for-Nothings were a country, the road to which might be read upon the finger-posts, or travelled in a post-chaise!

Many of my readers, both old and young, will wonder that Love-Truth took the magistrate's words so literally; but they must recollect that the magistrate passed for the best of men, and one whose word no one would venture to question; and, besides, the poor boy himself had been trained all his life to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth.

II.

LOVE-TRUTH'S WANDERINGS.

Love-Truth now began his travels; that is to say, he marched straight out of the village, and followed the high-road, without ever thinking where it should lead him. And a very long journey indeed it did lead him; till in the evening, when he could walk no farther, he stopped at a cottage door, and begged a crust of bread and a night's lodging.

'We will bring you to the innkeeper,' said the people of the house; 'and if he should ask you any questions, tell him you fell in with robbers, and were plundered by them. This will excite his compassion, and he will be kind to you.'

'No, no,' said Love-Truth; 'I shall not say that, for it would be a falsehood. The truth is always the best; and you should be ashamed to try to make me tell a lie.'

The cottagers took this exceedingly ill; called him a saucy young fellow; and after cudgelling him soundly, turned him from their door. He was thus forced to sleep in the open air, and would have died of hunger, had he not found some berries upon the bushes under which he slept, which staid his hunger a little. As for thirst, he was at no loss for a draught of water from the spring.

In this way he travelled onwards through this strange country for a considerable time. In the daytime he journeyed on without ever resting; and in the evening he had to contend with the people whom he asked to give him a lodging, for they always wanted, in one shape or another, to make him tell a falsehood; when they failed in this, they would grow angry, and drive him out of their house, declaring that they would have nothing to do with so obstinate a youth, who, notwithstanding all their advice, would persist in knocking his head against the wall.

Love-Truth was sadly cast down at this. He avoided almost altogether all intercourse with men. The want of his ordinary nourishment was beginning to waste his strength away; his hair hung wildly about his temples; and his dress was so tattered, that he was ashamed to let himself be seen.

It was well for him that at last he reached a house where a better reception awaited him. This house lay in a delightful country of alternate hill and valley, amid rich pasture and tillage lands, intersected by silvery rivulets. The little wayfarer stood still for a while, to enjoy the beauty of the prospect, which at that time bespoke all the rich promise of an abundant harvest; and then proceeded towards the house, the master of which advanced to meet him, and asked him what he wanted.

As soon as he learned the poor boy's wishes, he made him sit down on a shady bank, and desired a maid-servant to set a little repast of delicious milk and fruit before him. Love-Truth enjoyed it heartily; and when his meal was finished, the man asked him who he was, and whither he was bound.

The soft and gentle voice of the stranger won so completely upon the boy, that he told him his whole history from the beginning to the end. The stranger listened very attentively, and when the tale was ended, took a little flute out of his pocket, upon which he played a beautiful air. The boy listened to the air for a few moments; but he soon became unable to restrain himself, and unceremoniously exclaimed: 'Do not take it ill, kind, good sir, that I interrupt your music, but my heart is oppressed by keeping silence, and I cannot help repeating to you that I have told you nothing but the truth, and that I am not capable of uttering a falsehood.'

'Very good, my dear boy,' said the gentleman in a caressing voice, putting the flute into his pocket. 'I am not a bit angry with you for interrupting me. However, it is now late, and I shall only say that I am most happy to receive you into my house. You shall be taken care of.'

The gentleman went back to the house, and sent out a servant, who took charge of the boy. He was first of all placed in a bath; and after he had bathed, and had his hair dressed, the servant placed several suits of clothes before him, telling him that his master had given orders that he should select one for himself from among them. The poor boy was thrown into the utmost embarrassment, for he had never seen such rich clothes in all his lifetime, and was at a loss where to turn his choice. At first, he fixed upon a suit of light-blue velvet, trimmed with silver lace; next he thought of a second, which was crimson embroidered with gold; a third was white, a fourth violet, and each was trimmed either with gold or silver. At last he found one which pleased him more than all the rest, though it had neither gold nor silver. It was green—a fresh lively green—the very tint of the early leaves when, in the first days of spring, they return to deck the naked branches, and seem, as it were, to sport with the dazzling sunbeams.

'This is the one which I shall ask from your kind master,' said he to the servant, who immediately assisted him to dress, and then brought him back to the gentleman. Upon their way down they passed a large mirror, in which Love-Truth saw himself reflected from head to foot. He could not believe that it was really himself, so entirely different was his guise from what it had been, when, that very noon, he had seen himself in the neighbouring mill-pond, and was almost horrified at his filthy appearance.

His host placed before him a variety of dainties, the names of which the poor youth scarcely knew, but which, nevertheless, he found extremely palatable. During his meal he chatted kindly with him, and at last dismissed him to his bed, which was prepared in a quiet, retired apartment.

'This is pleasant,' said Love-Truth to himself. 'For the first time in my life I have been kindly treated because I told the truth. I see it is not yet quite banished from the world, as that hateful old woman told me last night when she was trying to get me to tell a lie!'

There is no doubt that our little friend would have said a great deal more, had he not been overpowered by weariness, and fallen asleep in the midst of his reflections. However, in a dream he saw old Mother Martha, who looked tenderly on him, and in her own sweet voice said to him: 'You must not grow tired of doing what is right, my child; in the end, be assured you will reach your destiny, and all will be happy.' With these words she disappeared, and the little boy saw (still of course in a dream) a vast plain, planted with trees, spread out before him. When he looked more closely, however, he saw that Farmer Nicholas was perched upon the first tree, and his old enemy the magistrate upon the next.

'Do tell me,' said the boy, 'what brings you upon this tree, so far away from home? Come down, I beg of you.'

'Alas!' cried the farmer and the magistrate both together—'alas, that we cannot! We are stuck fast here!'

'How is that?' asked Love-Truth.

'Is it possible, then,' said the two old wretches, 'that you don't know that this is the land of Good-for-Nothings, to which we banished you? They grow here upon the trees, as pears and apples grow elsewhere; and you may see us here in our full bloom and splendour!'

'Well, well,' thought the boy, 'you have just met with your deserts; and if there be an autumn in this country, and you fall off the trees, as the fruits do elsewhere, you can go home again, and resume your malpractices!'

He went onward, and saw plainly that there was a person upon every tree, and that they all cut a very rueful figure. There were people of all classes, high and low, growing promiscuously together; for in this mysterious region—which, by the way, is not to be found in any book of geography—the distinctions of rank are not in use. These things, and much more, Love-Truth saw in his dreams, which kept him fully occupied till the bright morning awakened him.

'What a heap of nonsense is all this that I have seen in my dreams!' said he to himself while he was dressing. 'And yet it is very curious, after all, that the features of all the people whom I saw growing on the trees, from old Nicholas and the magistrate downwards, are so impressed on my memory, that I shall know them again after a year and a day. I must actually have been, therefore, in the land where Good-for-Nothings grow—and grow high up in the air too, where every one can see them—not in the ground, like potatoes or turnips. It is an excellent plan; and it is a pity it is not so everywhere, that people might be better able to be on their guard against wicked men.'

III.

THE FLUTE.

The servant now returned, carrying him a most delicious breakfast; and when he had breakfasted, conducted him to his host, who invited him to take a walk. He asked him how he had passed the night, and laughed when his young friend told him all the absurd things which he had been dreaming during his sleep.

'It is always so,' he said after some time—'it is always so in life. In our dreams we often see what we cannot comprehend; and however true and certain what we have seen may be, yet, if we relate it, people will not believe us, but will call us fools and deceivers. Do not speak of this, therefore, to any one; nobody would thank you for it, and it is no one's business where you have been. Nevertheless, it was the land where Good-for-Nothings grow which you saw.'

'And so plainly too!' said Love-Truth. 'So distinctly did I see the people growing on the trees, that I almost think I should know them again, were I to meet them in the streets.'

'That is a most important point,' said the stranger; 'keep it in your mind, and it will be of use to you. A dream is a dream; but it is different in real life. There is no country where Good-for-Nothings actually grow upon the trees; but the good and bad are intermingled everywhere with one another. It is important, therefore, to be able to distinguish them, in order to be on one's guard against the bad; and I advise you to do so when you shall resume your journey, or it will be worse for you.'

'Alas!' cried Love-Truth sadly, 'must I then continue my journey farther? Heaven help me! where shall I ever find so good a gentleman? Oh, keep me with you! I will gladly labour all I can for you; and I will be most grateful for the love you have shewn me.'

'It cannot be, my son!' was the reply. 'There is no post in my household which you could fill; and, besides, you should not then have an opportunity of advancing in the world, as I am sure you will do one day or other. I would advise you, therefore, to resume your journey without delay, and not to return to my house till you shall have succeeded. Your equipment is now sufficiently respectable, and here is a silk purse full of gold pieces; for without these, people do not get on in the world, whether they tell truth or falsehood.'

'Farewell, then, my kind host!' sobbed the boy. 'I shall follow your advice.'

'One word more,' continued the stranger. 'Do you see the little flute which I played yesterday when you were speaking to me? Keep it carefully, and prize it beyond the richest treasure in the world. Should you ever meet any one of whose dispositions in your regard you are not certain, you need but begin to play on this flute, and you shall see something wonderful.'

Love-Truth received this new gift with the greatest gratitude.

'I shall now take leave,' said he; 'but first give me your blessing, as though you were my father, for as such I love and honour you.'

'That I will,' replied the stranger; 'and you shall see me in my true form, for you are worthy of this favour.'

With these words the kind old man disappeared, and a tall female figure stood before him, on whose forehead blazed a light, dazzling as the sun, while her eyes shone like the evening and morning star. Her robe was pure and white as the falling snow; in her hand she held a golden mirror. As the boy gazed upon her in amazement, and fell on his knees in wonder and reverence, she smiled tenderly upon him, and laying her hand upon his head, said to him: 'I am TRUTH, and I bless thee as my beloved son. Go thou forth into the world; withstand evil; do good, and thou shalt be happy all thy life long.'

As she spoke, a golden cloud descended from heaven, and enveloping this glorious being completely, yet so as to leave her still visible, bore her slowly aloft. But before she disappeared altogether, she called out once more in a loud voice: 'Be on thy guard, that thou thyself mayst not fall into the snares of falsehood. If so, thou art lost for ever, beyond the power of man to rescue thee.'

As she uttered these words, she was hidden amid the clouds from every human eye.

'Never, never!' cried the boy, stretching forth his hands, as if to grasp the retreating form.

IV.

NEW ADVENTURES.

Love-Truth started up, and resumed cheerfully, and with lightened spirits, the wanderings thus agreeably interrupted. In a morning fresh and lovely, and in a country so charming and so retired, it would be hard for any one with an innocent heart to feel otherwise than happy in his journey. The birds were warbling their merry lays, and hopping lightly from bush to bush, and from spray to spray. Love-Truth drew out his flute without thinking of it, and began to play, in order to while away the time. But the little birds sang on unconcernedly, and without interruption, for the birds of the air tell no lies.

Love-Truth now entered a wood; and after he had walked about a mile, he began to feel tired. He turned aside, therefore, from the main path, and soon found a quiet spot, entirely surrounded by bushes, where he could rest himself without fear. He laid himself down, therefore, on the mossy turf, and fell into a pleasing sleep. In a short time he was awakened by a loud noise. He sprang up, and looked through the bushes to ascertain the cause of the confusion. What a sight met his eyes! On a large open space, a multitude of huntsmen, in rich hunting-suits, were hurrying about in groups; each of them carried a well-filled game-bag, and wore a silver hunting-horn at his side; and the more distinguished had horns of pure gold. A large tent was already pitched, and an enormous fire was blazing, on which were roasting a buck, together with several fawns and hares; an immense cask, too, was rolled into the centre, and a spigot had just been inserted into it, to give free vent to the rich red wine which it contained.

At last a stately man, in a dress richly embroidered with gold, made his appearance. He was evidently the chief of the party, for every one stood up and made a profound reverence to him, whereas he merely touched his hat, and stood bolt upright as before. Every sound was hushed: you might hear the quivering of the leaves upon the trees; and thus Love-Truth was able to catch every word which was spoken.

'Call my cup-bearer,' cried the stately personage.

Presently there appeared an officer in a rich uniform. He approached with a low reverence, and with every expression of deferential submission.

'I am thirsty,' said the stately gentleman; 'bring me a cup of my favourite wine.'

'I am literally in despair, may it please your majesty,' replied the cup-bearer. 'The chest in which the wine destined for your majesty was packed, has been broken by the carelessness of the servants, and it will be some time before I can get any more. But this awkwardness shall meet with exemplary chastisement.'

'That will do me no good,' said the king angrily (for it was himself); 'and my thirst will be as bad as ever. It is too bad that I, who am obliged to pay so much for the expenses of my cellar, cannot get as much as will satisfy my thirst. Bring me some water at least.'

Meanwhile, Love-Truth had been looking sharply at the cup-bearer.

'Aha, my good friend!' thought he, 'have we not met somewhere before now? Can it have been in my dream, and not far from old Nicholas and the godless magistrate?'

In an instant he seized his flute, and put it to his lips. The instrument began at once to give forth the most delightful music; and in a moment the cup-bearer, from whom the king had turned angrily away, commenced to speak a second time.

'Yes, your majesty,' said he; 'the wine which I bought for you is no longer to be had; but do not believe that it was spilled through the awkwardness of the attendants. God forbid that it should be so wasted! No, no; I drank it all myself, with the help of a few good friends, thinking that the other wine was quite good enough for your majesty.'

The unfortunate cup-bearer, as he spoke thus sorely against his will, was in a cold perspiration with anguish and vexation. The king turned sharply round upon him.

'Ha!' said he; 'what is this? Confess, you scoundrel; and repeat what you have said, I suppose, in your drunken unconsciousness!'

The cup-bearer, out of his wits with terror and anxiety, flung himself upon his knees before the king.

'Oh, your majesty!' he faltered, 'it was not I who uttered these ill-natured words. It was some mischievous goblin, in order to get me into a difficulty. I am as honourable a man as any in your empire, and am incapable of anything dishonest.'

'Stay a moment!' thought Love-Truth; 'my time is come now, and I must put an end to this.' He stepped briskly from his concealment in the bushes, and bowing low before the king, addressed him aloud.

'Do not believe him, your majesty. What he says as true, is false;

and what he represents as a falsehood, is the downright truth. I know this man perfectly well; and I know that he grew in the land where Good-for-Nothings grow!'

The cup-bearer cast a savage look upon the boy, and would have choked him on the spot had he dared.

'What silly fellow is this we have got now?' said the king, fixing his eyes upon him.

'My name is Love-Truth, my lord king,' he replied. 'I am the son of Truth, and have received from her her best blessing. I am therefore an enemy of all lies, and I delight in bringing them to light, however they may try to skulk into concealment. Put your question once more to this man, and ask him whether he has not often been at these tricks before, and you shall hear what will astonish you.'

The king followed the boy's advice, which indeed he could not disregard. The cup-bearer crossed himself, as if against the Evil One, protesting that he was an honourable man, and that the king had not in all his dominions a more faithful servant.

Meanwhile Love-Truth began to play upon his flute, when, on a sudden, a change came over the cup-bearer.

'Ah, your majesty,' he sputtered out, 'do not place any confidence in what I was saying! It cannot be concealed any longer that I am one of the greatest cheats to be found in your whole court, although the chief cook, the court tailor, and the first hairdresser are not bad in their way. You pay for good wine, it is true; but it is only in the bills it makes its appearance, for I always purchase miserable stuff; and whatever good wine remains since my predecessor's time, I drink myself.'

As he spoke, the unhappy man's hair stood on end in horror; but he could not help himself—he was irresistibly compelled to speak these words. The king's immediate attendants, who did not feel their own consciences clear, and who were afraid of a similar fate for themselves, began to run about in all directions. They declared that the youth with the flute was a great conjurer, who had conspired against the welfare of the country, and whom it would be necessary to render powerless for evil, else all order should be overturned in the state.

Luckily for little Love-Truth, the king thought otherwise. He had taken a great fancy for the boy, and the pieces which he had played upon his flute charmed him exceedingly.

He therefore ordered the courtiers to be silent, and the cup-bearer, who had confessed his knavish practices, to be arrested. He then called the boy to his side, and began to question him about his history, which Love-Truth told most naturally and without the least reserve.

'It is a very wonderful story,' said the king, 'and one which might well be doubted, did it not come from one who claims to be the son of Truth. But, at all events, whoever you are, you may be of great use with your precious flute, and may lead to a great deal of good. What would you think, therefore, of entering my service at once?'

Love-Truth did not reply immediately, but put the flute once more to his lips. Instantly the king, quite involuntarily, resumed his discourse.

'You may trust me, my son,' he said; 'I mean honestly by you: nor am I angry with you for putting myself to the test whether I were speaking the truth. Truth is a good thing, and no one ought to despise it. I now, therefore, repeat my proposition, that you shall enter my service.'

As the king spoke, Love-Truth threw himself at his feet.

'You are truly a noble king,' he exclaimed; 'and it shall be the greatest happiness of my life if I can attain to your friendship.'

The king now ordered dinner to be served; and when it was over, the horns began to play gaily once more. The tent was then struck, and all the service packed up; for the king was returning from a long journey, and yearned anxiously for another sight of his princely home.

V.

OLD NICHOLAS ONCE MORE.

The party proceeded joyously from the forest; and after a day or two they reached a country which appeared familiar to Love-Truth. By and by he saw the spire of a village church.

'Beyond a doubt,' said he, 'that is my native village. How I should wish to let the people see what has befallen me! I should like, too, to make Farmer Nicholas and the magistrate confess, before the assembled parish, that they have accused me wrongfully.'

When he had resolved upon this, he begged of the king to grant him a short leave of absence. The king not only granted his request, but also gave him a number of attendants to accompany him to his destination, and conduct him back to the royal train.

You may be sure it caused no little excitement when Love-Truth made his entry into his native village with this stately train of attendants. Old and young ran together in crowds to see the youth who arrived with so splendid a retinue. But when they saw at last that it was little Love-Truth, their astonishment knew no bounds; they clapped their hands together in amazement, and ran after him with loud shouts; whilst he, without noticing them in the least, marched straight to the village court-house.

Now it so happened that just as the procession arrived, the magistrate and old Nicholas were standing together in front of the court-house door, engaged in an earnest conversation. They also recognised the boy immediately, and looked at each other, as if to ask: 'What is the meaning of all this?' The magistrate was the first to regain his self-possession.

'Let him alone!' said he; 'I shall soon get rid of him.'

Little Love-Truth approached the pair, and demanded of them that, in the presence of his attendants, and of the inhabitants of the village, they should publicly declare his innocence.

'Do you hear,' cried the magistrate in a violent rage—'do you hear what the little rascal says? Is it possible that audacity could go to such lengths? He left this without a penny—now he returns, splendidly attired, and with his pockets full of gold. He must be a most finished robber, and the fellows whom he has along with him are his accomplices in roguery.'

But in the meanwhile Love-Truth had pulled out his flute, and begun to play his old air upon it.

'O fie! O fie!' interrupted the unlucky magistrate. 'What is this? What words are those which are forcing themselves into my mouth, and which I cannot restrain? My good neighbours, don't believe what I said to you about this boy—it's all a falsehood!'

The villagers were all struck dumb with wonder; and the amazement became still greater when the speaking mania fell on Farmer Nicholas also.

'Yes,' they cried, both in one breath, 'the boy is innocent: we invented a pure calumny against him, because he brought our knavery to light. For you must know, and we freely and honestly confess it, that we are the greatest knaves to be found in the whole world. There is not a man in the entire parish whom we have not robbed of some portion of his property, to fill our own coffers with his money and substance!'

This was enough for his purpose. Love-Truth therefore put up his flute once more.

'You see now!' said he to the multitude. 'They have freely confessed of what spirit they are the children, and what kind of broth they have been brewing for you all this time, and making you eat. Whether you will be satisfied with this any longer, is your own affair: it is no concern of mine. Fare-you-well, then, and drink my health, I pray you!'

He gave them a few of his gold pieces, and retired along with his train.

You will be anxious perhaps to hear what the villagers did with the dishonest magistrate and his accomplice. I am sorry that I cannot precisely tell you; for when I asked young Love-Truth the last time I saw him, he told me that he did not himself exactly know, but that the punishment cannot have been a trifle, for when he had left the village, and was on his way to overtake the king, he heard a loud cry of pain behind him, such as would bespeak very rough treatment indeed.

Such folks, I am sure, deserved no better.

VI.

INVOLUNTARY CANDOUR.

Very soon after the king reached the capital, and took up his quarters in his palace, Love-Truth also arrived. The king, however, at the moment, could not pay much attention to him, and merely nodded familiarly as he entered, being engaged with very important business; for he was just giving audience to his prime minister, who was laying before him an account of his administration during the absence of his majesty. This account, however, was not a very gratifying one. The country was represented as 'exceedingly impoverished; the people refused to pay the taxes which had been imposed; and the expenditure was becoming more and more heavy. In these circumstances, he could offer his majesty but a small sum of money, and must beg of him to diminish his expenditure as much as possible.'

So far all went well: but what was the amazement of the bystanders when a few notes of a flute were heard, and the minister was observed, of his own accord, to resume his statement.

'I must own,' he said, 'that it is very simple in your majesty to believe all that I and my colleagues say to you. Your subjects, you must know, do pay the taxes freely; and even if they did not, we have ways and means to compel them to pay the last dollar. The fact is, that we do not hand you over the receipts, but keep them for ourselves. It is with this money we pay for our splendid fêtes, and our costly collections of works of art; and we expend a portion in purchasing estates in foreign countries, that we may have a secure place of refuge should you, sooner or later, discover our villainy, and banish us from your court—a consummation, however, which we do not at all fear; for you are far too kind, not to say too simple, for that.'

While he was telling these fatal truths, the premier was enduring the most excruciating anguish, and a cold perspiration trickled down his face; but do as he would, he could not hold his tongue. When at last he ceased, he fell down in a swoon, and gasped for breath. The indignation of the king was beyond all expression.

'Drag out the unprincipled traitor,' he cried, starting up from his seat, 'and cast him into chains. Throw him into the deepest dungeon in the prison, and scourge him without mercy!'

The guards executed his commands without delay.

'It was no one but Love-Truth who did this,' said the king; 'I heard his flute distinctly.—Come hither, my son, till I clasp your hand, and thank you for the service which you have rendered to me and to my kingdom.'

He advanced to the king, who clasped him affectionately in his arms. The courtiers were all out of their senses with astonishment about the unknown youth, who had so speedily attained to the favour of the king; for as yet they were not in possession of the true state of affairs.

From that day forward, life at court was entirely a new thing. Love-Truth was never suffered to leave the king's side; and even when he had to hold an important and strictly confidential conference with a distinguished embassy or a foreign prince, Love-Truth was always present—though generally concealed behind a screen or a cabinet—and never failed to play his flute at the critical moment.

You may well believe that in this way many a strange revelation was effected, and many a treaty was broken off; for the ambassadors were forced to declare, in despite of themselves, that their intentions were not honest, and that they looked only to their own interest. And when they were thus obliged to retire in confusion, they could have torn their hair in rage at their conduct; for they knew that they had but a sorry reception to expect at home, and could not for their lives conceive how it happened—the history of the flute being to them a secret.

The whole court, too, underwent a thorough purification. Almost all the old courtiers were dismissed, and their places filled up by new officers, who had been tried beforehand, without being aware that they were subjected to the test.

There was only one in the whole court whom Love-Truth never could reach, and that was the court-fool. It is an old proverb, that 'children and fools tell the truth;' but it was not so with this fool. A more thorough liar never breathed; and it was his boast, when among the friends whom he trusted, that he had never told the truth in his life. This, though he did not advert to it, was true; and thus arose the anomaly that a falsehood may become the truth. This fool was so cunning, however, that he never would come near Love-Truth and his flute when there was a third person present. On the contrary, when he was alone, he went to him without the least apprehension, and would banter him on his love of truth.

'You are a fool,' he would say to him, 'to be so exact in sticking to the truth. You thereby expose yourself to a thousand annoyances; you never can enjoy yourself heartily; you have not a single friend but the king; and even he, too, will get rid of you, as soon as he shall be able to dispense with your services. On the contrary, look at me: I never tell the truth, and yet every one flocks to me, and seeks my society. I tell them what they like to hear, and what flatters their vanity; or I make jests for them, at which they laugh. They invite me to their entertainments, feast me with their choicest delicacies, send me wine and dainties to my own house, and recommend themselves to my patronage. You might be equally fortunate if you chose, instead of moping through the world like a hermit as you do.'

These suggestions, and a thousand similar ones, made not the slightest impression on Love-Truth. But still he thought that it was hard (and could not help saying to himself that it was so) to live for the truth alone; and that one must have great firmness of purpose if he would adhere strictly and undeviatingly to it.

VII.

THE YOUNG PRINCESS.

I have hitherto abstained from telling that the king did not live alone in his palace. He had a most charming daughter, a very miracle of beauty, who not only had been brought up with the tenderest care, but, as the sole heiress to the throne, was possessed of wealth almost beyond calculation.

It may well be believed that, in these circumstances, there was no lack of suitors—and these, too, of the highest rank—who aspired to the hand of the princess, and would fain have borne away so precious a prize. But Princess Roseleaf, for this was her name, manifested no disposition to yield to their addresses; for as yet, among all who had presented themselves, there was not one for whose sake she could be induced to leave her father.

At length, however, a young prince arrived whose merits were the theme of universal admiration. This was Prince Fairhair—so called from his rich golden locks, which hung in luxuriant masses over his neck and shoulders. The proposals of this youthful prince were of the most earnest kind; he was resolved to win the hand of the princess, and did not apprehend any refusal, as he was himself a rich and powerful sovereign. It is hardly necessary to say that he was received at court with all conceivable honours, and that the king himself presented his distinguished guest to his daughter. The prince had been staying above a month at the court, and in the society of the princess. He had already pleaded his affection for the lady, and he now pressed her father anxiously for an answer. But the king was unable to give him any; for whenever he mentioned the matter to the princess, she remained perfectly silent. She was exceedingly modest and pious, and became alternately red and pale when her father pressed her to say whether she would marry the fair-haired prince.

'There is no help for it,' said the king to himself at last. 'I must make her speak, even against her will. The prince is becoming importunate, and I have no right to keep him any longer here without an answer. I shall speak to Love-Truth: he will come to my aid.'

Love-Truth accordingly was summoned to the king; and they both repaired to the apartments of the princess, who received them very affectionately. Her father once more introduced the subject of the prince, praised the nobleness of his character and the excellence of his heart, as well as the exceeding beauty of his hair; and concluded by saying that it was absolutely and indispensably necessary that he should receive his answer on that very day. But now also, as on all former occasions, he had been but talking to the air: he received not a word of reply. The princess blushed over and over again, and looked straight before her, never raising her head, and playing with her pearl necklace.

Hereupon the king, who had indeed anticipated this result, gave a sign to Love-Truth. He produced his flute, and drew a few exquisite notes from it. I wish you could have seen what a change was instantaneously produced in the princess. She arose from her seat, and looked around with perfect self-possession; and at length she advanced a step nearer to her father.

'Dear father!' said she in a firm voice, 'I do not know what has come upon me, nor whether the music is the cause of my present sensations; but I feel that my whole nature is completely changed. Of all the princes whom I have seen until now, there is not one who made the slightest impression on me, and I was always rejoiced when, one after another, they took their departure. It is not so with Prince Fairhair: he is an elegant and accomplished man, and if you command me, I shall not refuse to marry him; but I implore you not to command me to do so, for there is another whom I love yet more dearly.'

'Ha!' thought the king. 'And who can this be?'

But it was in vain that he ransacked his brains to discover whom his daughter could possibly mean; for wise as he was, he was not clever enough to penetrate her secret.

'Yes, my dear father!' she continued with the utmost composure —for Love-Truth was still playing on his flute—'what I have said is the truth, and the person whom I mean is not far from us at this moment.'

This was a fresh cause of amazement to the king; for in the entire court he knew no suitor of the princess but Prince Fairhair, nor could he guess where else she could have met any one. He therefore begged her to explain herself more distinctly, and to tell him explicitly of what prince she was speaking.

'I know nothing of any prince,' replied Princess Roseleaf. 'The person whom I mean is no other than our own Love-Truth, who is playing so beautifully at this very moment! I love him dearly, and I should most willingly take him as my husband.'

At this point she suddenly stopped short; for Love-Truth, when he heard the princess's declaration, had dropped his flute in terror, and was creeping about on the floor in search of it!

The king was excessively surprised at this announcement. What was to be done? He commanded his daughter, in a tone of great severity, never to utter such silly stuff again; ordered Love-Truth to 'begone, both himself and his flute;' and then went out in a rage, to give free vent to his ill-humour.

His first care, of course, was to dismiss Prince Fairhair with the best possible grace under the circumstances; for he felt that for him there was not the least shadow of a hope. It was an affair of great delicacy; the king was quite delighted when it was arranged; and in the joy of his heart, he presented a silver post-horn to the postmaster who supplied the prince with horses for his home journey.

Meanwhile Love-Truth had fled from the palace in the greatest affliction, and ran to the gardens, where he sought out the most private arbour, in order to meditate on what had just occurred. The words of the princess had filled him with excitement. What he never could have had courage to think of before, he now acknowledged to himself—that the princess was a young lady of such extraordinary beauty and accomplishments, that the man who should be fortunate enough to obtain her hand could not fail to be the happiest of mortals. It was now that, to his deep mortification, the recollection of his humble birth forced itself upon him: a poor peasant boy as he was, he never could aspire to such an alliance.

Above all, he was afflicted to think that he must leave the court immediately, for he was accustomed to unqualified obedience; and the king had ordered him to go away. Here, too, was a new anxiety! Where was he to go to?

VIII.

THE TEMPTER.

On a sudden, while he was in this mood, the fool presented himself.

Now I must inform my readers that this fool was not a fool in reality, but only adopted the disguise of one, in order to be admitted to the court; for fools are freely admitted for the sake of the amusement they afford. This fool, then, was no other than FALSEHOOD in disguise! She delighted in disseminating her stories everywhere, and produced endless mischief thereby; for when have falsehoods done anything but mischief, to put out of view altogether the evil conscience which every liar carries about with him in his breast!

Now, Falsehood had all along known very well that Love-Truth was in reality the son of her sister Truth, who had sent this youth into the world in the hope of restoring, if possible, her credit, which had been somewhat on the decline. And as the two sisters, Truth and Falsehood, had long been living in constant hostility, and mutually took advantage eagerly of every opportunity of injuring one another, Falsehood conceived that it would be a most excellent joke if she could seduce into her own service young Love-Truth, whose office it should have been to disseminate truth.

'My poor lad!' said this crafty lady, completely dropping for the time the character of the fool, and putting on the semblance of the liveliest sympathy, 'people tax us fools with insensibility, and say that our hearts are but hearts of straw; but I can assure you that I feel the most sincere interest for you, and that I would most gladly do all that lies in my power to serve you. But no physician can apply a remedy till he has been informed of his patient's ailment. Tell me, therefore, what is the matter with you?'

Love-Truth could not find heart to tell about the princess; and—so dangerous is the very presence of Falsehood—he was on the point of assigning a different cause; luckily, however, he recollected himself in time, and said nothing at all about it. He told, therefore, with great sorrow, that the king had ordered him off.

'Ah, my poor young man!' cried Falsehood, bursting into a loud laugh; 'you, Love-Truth, to be ordered away! That would be a sad affliction to your mother! Still, the king must be obeyed, at all times and in all circumstances. But where will you go?'

'Alas! unfortunate that I am, I do not know,' said Love-Truth, who was again affected almost to tears. 'But I am lucky to have fallen in with you at this moment. Fools are always very cunning people, and I have no doubt you can tell me where I shall find a home.'

'Ha!' cried Falsehood with a knowing look, 'do you think so? Well, I think I could recommend a comfortable place of residence, where people who follow my advice are always very acceptable: it is the habitation of a pleasant-spoken gentleman. But there are different modes of travelling to different places. You cannot climb up a mountain in a vessel under full sail; nor can you drive across the sea in a coach-and-four. In the same way you cannot visit the gentleman I speak of with the pipe of Truth in your hand. If, therefore, you set out on your journey, and I advise you to do so without delay, give me your flute to keep for you. It will be most secure in my hands, for who would come to a fool to search for a thing so important and so valuable?'

'And would you be so good as to keep it safe for me?' asked Love-Truth.

'You may depend upon me,' said Falsehood.

'And will you promise not to make any bad use of it?' added Love-Truth.

'I will not touch it even once,' replied his companion hastily.

'If so,' replied the youth, 'I may venture to intrust this rare and precious treasure to you. But I have not yet heard how I am to make my way to this great and hospitable personage.'

'It is the easiest thing in the world,' Falsehood assured him. 'You have but to place yourself under my guidance; I shall put you upon the road, and then you need only act the part of a hypocrite.'

'What is that?'

'It is only to disguise your real feelings, and seem to be what you are not. Many people are highly accomplished in this art, and by that means obtain a respectable character with very little trouble. In some countries which I could mention, hypocrisy is quite the fashion, and it is a fashion I am rather fond of encouraging; for those who follow it, are under the agreeable delusion that acting a lie is not the same thing as telling one. Now, surely you can put on a little hypocrisy as well as everybody else.'

'That I will never do!' exclaimed Love-Truth indignantly; 'and I will never speak a word to you more if you dare propose such a thing to me again!'

'Just as you please,' said Falsehood, turning away in a pet; and she was on the point of going off, when a breathless messenger arrived from the king, to order Love-Truth immediately to the presence of his majesty, who desired to speak with him.

'Now we shall have it!' said Falsehood. 'You will now get your passports and travelling charges, and then you can travel merrily over hill and dale. But without my aid you cannot get out of the difficulty. Be on your guard, therefore, what you do. I shall be on the watch till the close of your audience, in order to be ready to advise with you. Only take care that you are permitted to escape at all!'

IX.

A NEW TEMPTATION.

With a heavy heart, Love-Truth repaired to the royal presence. But his audience turned out to be very different from what he had anticipated.

The good-natured king took him affectionately by the hand, told him he had been a little hasty when he saw him last, but that he did not mean all that he had said. He had since calmly considered the matter, he said, and was now convinced that Love-Truth was not responsible for what Princess Roseleaf had said; and as for his ordering him to begone, he had entirely forgotten it; a decision which was very grateful to our young friend, if it were not for the preliminary lie which he had been required to tell.

'However,' continued the king, 'what I wished to say to you further is, that I love my only daughter more than all the world, and am not able to refuse her any wish, however slight, which she expresses. Since the fatal adventure with the prince, I have again spoken very seriously with her, and she has solemnly assured me that she will not have any one but you as her husband.'

'Alas, alas!' thought Love-Truth, 'how could it ever come to pass that I should be a king's son-in-law?'

'I have not forgotten,' continued his majesty, 'how much I owe to you. I know that it is through you my kingdom has become the happy land it now is, and that for all this you have received no reward beyond my bare gratitude. This is a proof of your great disinterestedness; and besides, I know that both your head and heart are in the right place. But at the same time you must see that I cannot permit the princess to marry a peasant youth, and therefore you must first make a figure in the world before there can be any idea of the marriage at all. "Out of nothing, nothing can be made." He who would build must first dig a foundation, for there are no such things now-a-days as castles in the air. Now, all these embarrassments would be removed if you were of noble blood. Examine well, therefore, whether it may not be so. It is quite possible that, by some mischance, you were carried away from your parents, and placed at nurse in the village. I know that you are Truth itself, if I may so speak. If, therefore, you tell me that you are of noble birth, I shall at once believe you, and ask no further evidence. I will then ennoble you at once, get you adopted by some foreign power, and, under the title of "Prince So-and-So" you shall marry my daughter. Go, therefore, for the present; consider well what I have said, and return to me to-morrow "Count Love-Truth."'

Poor Love-Truth never dreamed of such a turn to the conference. He was taken completely by surprise, and did not know whether his head or his heels were uppermost, when he found himself in the garden, and his former companion, Falsehood, by his side.

'Well,' she eagerly inquired, 'how did it end? Have you your passports in your pocket? When are you to set out?'

'Passports indeed!' cried Love-Truth. 'This is a very different affair from passports.' And he detailed to his eager companion every word that he could recollect; and that was no trifling matter, for he remembered the whole conversation almost word for word.

'Well,' replied Falsehood with a roguish smile, 'did I not know you to be such an extraordinary lover of truth, I would at once pronounce this to be a lie; whence you may infer how incredible all that you have been telling me must sound. However, I do believe you; and you now see plainly that you cannot get over telling the falsehood. After all, it is only once in your life; and then how much depends upon it! The king has made the thing easy enough to your hand, and you cannot think of not complying with his wish.'

'Alas!' cried poor Love-Truth, trembling from head to foot with agitation—'alas! I never could bring my lips to pronounce it, no matter how much I might desire to do so!'

'Poor youth!' said Falsehood in a compassionate tone, 'you are, indeed, in a pitiably helpless condition; but I will come to your aid, and will support your first tottering footsteps.'

She began and told him one of the prettiest stories you can imagine about an unfortunate young prince who was kidnapped by an old gipsy wife in his early childhood. It was one of those tales which have not a single word of truth in them, but which are, nevertheless, so interesting and delightful, that you are led to believe them even unconsciously. Even Love-Truth suffered himself to be taken in by this tale; and when he parted from his companion, and retired to his bedroom, he appeared all but resolved to allege this, or some similar story, on his own behalf, in the audience of the following day.

X.

WAKING AND SLEEPING DREAMS.

While Love-Truth was preparing to retire to rest, his imagination became more and more excited. Regarding himself now as a prince, and the husband of the princess, he could hardly calm the wild beatings of his heart. He did not touch his flute for an instant; nay, he would not venture even to cast a look upon it, as though an evil spirit had taken up its abode in it; whereas it was really himself and his own heart that were under such influence. He was vacillating between the lie and the truth; but the scale was considerably inclined towards the former; and when he drew the coverlet over his head to compose himself to sleep, he had almost taken the resolution.

But I must go on to tell what befell Love-Truth during the night. He little knew that Falsehood spent the night upon his very threshold, in order to be as close as possible to him!

He had hardly fallen asleep, when he found himself in an entirely unknown land—the Land of Dreams. Old Mother Martha appeared to him here, but she did not look tenderly on him, as she had done in his dream on the night that he spent in the house of Truth; but she wore a dark and scowling look, and repelled him harshly from her, crying out in a most reproachful tone: 'Lying villain!'

Love-Truth was so terrified at this, that he actually took to flight, and never stopped running till he was completely exhausted.

'She called me a "lying villain,"' thought he; 'and well might she scowl darkly upon me, since I have deceived my king!' for in his dream it seemed to him that he had actually told the lie which he had contemplated.

But what was his amazement when, on looking around, he discovered that he was once again where he had been before in a dream—in the land where Good-for-Nothings grow. Of the reality of this dream he never doubted.

After a while he perceived four trees, on which were growing, as he had seen them before, old Nicholas, the magistrate, the cupbearer, and the prime minister. They were looking at one another, and had many a droll story to tell about the schemes and the knavish tricks which they had played; and they seemed to employ themselves in relating them. In the midst of these four trees, with these living fruits upon them, stood a fifth, which was still unoccupied. No sooner did the four worthies see Love-Truth approach, than they burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

'We have him!—we have him!' they cried. 'He is come among us also—the rascal who caused our ruin! Welcome, young Good-for-Nothing, to the country of hypocrites and liars! Come, climb up, and take your place amongst us!'

Scarcely were these words uttered, when Love-Truth, whose eyes were ready to drop out of his head for shame, felt such an excruciating pain in his legs, that he roared aloud with torture. At the same moment he felt himself whisked suddenly aloft; and when he attempted to resist the invisible power which over-mastered him, he became conscious that he was perched upon the tree, and had grown firmly to its branches. 'Have mercy on me!' cried Love-Truth, almost distracted, and his heart ready to burst with sorrow and remorse. 'This is the consequence of telling a lie! All my life long I shall continue to grow, stuck fast upon this tree, a laughing-stock for the whole world, and an object of remorse to myself! How shall I ever endure it? But I have deserved it richly. Why did I allow myself to be seduced?'

While he poured forth these and similar lamentations, the tears streaming down his cheeks, his neighbours mocked and tormented him without mercy, for they resolved to repay him doubly and trebly for what he had brought on them. At last, to fill up the measure of his misery, Falsehood made her appearance, and now no longer in the shape of a fool, but in her own natural form. She appeared as a female—one moment tall, the next moment short; now beautiful, now hideously ugly. You never could be sure of her, for she was perpetually assuming new shapes, just as lies do. And it was the same with her dress as with her figure: to one the colour of her gown appeared yellow, to another black; a third thought it red, and a fourth white; and yet when you looked close at it, the black had turned green, and the red was blue! This singular figure, so well calculated to inspire terror, advanced with a watering-pot in her hand, and commenced watering the trees on which the Good-for-Nothings were vegetating, in order that they might grow and increase in falsehood. And when the liquid made its way through the roots into the branches, and thence to the unlucky fruits which grew above, it burned them right sharply, and caused most excruciating pain—the punishment of the crime which they had committed.

'I have deserved it!—I have deserved it!' sobbed Love-Truth. 'I will bear all patiently, as indeed I must. If I dare venture to cherish any wish, I have but one; and that is, that I might be able to return to that noble lady the flute which she intrusted to me with her own hands, now that I am no longer worthy to use it!'

But lo! on a sudden a loud peal of thunder was heard; sheets of lightning flashed from heaven to earth; everything around was enveloped in flame, and trumpets echoed upon every side. From the clouds above there issued a mighty voice. 'Away, thou wretched phantom of Falsehood!' it cried; 'away from earth with thee! The kingdom of Truth draweth nigh!'

Scarcely were these words uttered, when the whole grove sank down, and a deep abyss was formed, into which Falsehood plunged headlong with a fearful yell! The light clouds began to descend, and a radiant mist was diffused over the earth. The voice from on high cried out: 'Look up!' Love-Truth—who, in the crash of the fall from the tree, had been flung senseless on the earth—awoke, and arose uninjured from the ground. He looked around, and saw upon a resplendent throne the goddess of Truth, in precisely the same guise in which he had seen her before, at once solemn and affectionate. She beckoned to him to approach.

'Thou hast here seen,' she said, 'whither a lie leads. Take warning, therefore, for the time to come! But as thou hast been betrayed into one false step, I shall take away from thee the flute which I intrusted to thy keeping, for this precious talisman must be borne by no mortal hands but those of one who is free from every stain, and whose soul has never admitted even one prevaricating thought. Thou, nevertheless, hast, as man, done according to thy best ability; and therefore I release thee now with my full pardon and my best blessing!'

The goddess of Truth then placed her hands upon his head, and with tears of joy he fell at her feet; and at last, imagining that in the features of the goddess he could recognise those of his own old Martha, he uttered a loud scream, and awoke from the dream which had caused him so much anguish and terror.

'God be praised!' he faltered, clasping his hands—'God be praised that it is all a dream, and that I have not told the lie!'

XI.

THE REWARD OF TRUTH.

Love-Truth sprang out of bed, and hurried on his clothes. He saw that it must be late, for the sun shone brightly and cheerily into the window, and the birds sang and twittered merrily in the branches.

His first thought was to search for his flute; but it was nowhere to be seen, though he had a perfect recollection of the place where he had left it the night before; and as the door had been bolted inside, it was a clear proof that no one could have entered the room during the night.

'I have not been deceived in my dream, therefore,' said he. 'O sacred Truth! forgive me, I pray thee, for hesitating even for one moment whether I should adhere to thy service. I humbly accept the punishment which thou hast sent me, and I vow that, from this moment forward, I shall be true to thee until death.'

It was with a lightened heart that he now followed a messenger, who came at this moment to summon him to the king. He entered the throne-room, where the king was seated with his daughter, surrounded by the lords and ladies of the court. The king bowed graciously to him, and proclaimed in a loud voice: 'Be it hereby known to all whom it may concern, that it is our royal will to do honour to this youth, who now stands before us, and who calls himself Love-Truth, in consideration of the services which he, beyond all who had gone before him, has rendered to our kingdom. For this reason, and seeing, furthermore, that the heart of our daughter is affectionately fixed upon him, we are purposed to offer for his acceptance the fairest gift which it is in our power to bestow—the hand of our beloved child. Let him therefore stand forth, and declare to us, upon his honour and credit, that he is sprung of a respectable, noble, and distinguished family, and we will forthwith embrace him in presence of our court as our chosen son-in-law.'

Love-Truth bowed low before the king. 'With deep emotion,' he said, and the tears glistened in his eyes, 'I acknowledge the honour which your majesty deigns to destine for me. It is a gift precious and enviable beyond what any monarch on earth has it in his power to bestow. But great as is the temptation to venture, in the hope of securing so precious a treasure, all that man could do to obtain it, yet must I freely renounce what my generous king offers for my acceptance; my birth gives me no title to a palace. I am neither the son of a prince nor nobleman, but of a simple peasant.'

As he made this confession, his heart grew light and his spirit free, and he looked around with conscious dignity. Princess Roseleaf burst into tears. The king advanced to the youth where he stood. 'If by thy birth,' he said, 'thou art the son of a peasant, yet by thy spirit art thou a great man, and worthy to be a king's son! Well hast thou stood the test! We are well acquainted with thy parentage. Hadst thou attempted to deceive us in the least particular, we should have driven thee for ever from our presence; as now, on the contrary, we take thee to our bosom! The external rank which is wanting to thee, we shall ourselves bestow. Kneel down!'

Love-Truth obeyed the command, and knelt down. The king drew a golden sword, touched the youth's neck three times with its blade, and cried out with a loud voice: 'As Love-Truth, the peasant's son, didst thou kneel down; arise, "Sir Love-Truth of Trueburg," our most trusty friend and councillor, our son-in-law, and the husband of our beloved daughter!—Herald, make proclamation of this joyous event throughout the land!'

The king placed the princess's hand in that of the young knight of Trueburg. A loud shout of joy resounded through the palace; the people all crowded in to congratulate the king and the bridal pair; but it was never known which of these congratulations were sincere, and which the contrary, for the flute was not at hand to test them. The trumpets sounded; the drums beat; in a word, every sound of jubilee was heard. The only exception was, that no gunpowder was fired off on the occasion; and for this simple reason, that gunpowder had not yet been invented. The heralds sprang upon their steeds, galloped away far and near through town and country, and proclaimed the glorious event to all who listened to them.

We could have wished to close here our veritable history; for as to what remains—the wedding, and the festivities which attended it—pleasant as it is to take a part in such gaieties, yet it is very tantalising merely to hear or to talk about them. All this, therefore, we pass over in silence.

But there is one thing which we cannot omit to mention before we close—the flute has never since been found!

And, after all, when we consider the matter closely, perhaps it is as well; for, not to speak of the multitudes of people now-a-days whom its notes would consign to the land where Good-for-Nothings grow, we fear it would be hard to find any one in these times who could play upon it; and it would be necessary to lay it up in a corner of some museum, as a curious relic—a relic, too, whose genuineness there would be many found to question.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF SILLY NICHOLAS.

ONCE on a time there lived a rich and extensive merchant, who was preparing to despatch a large ship to a distant country. When she was just ready to sail, he called the whole crew together.

'My good fellows,' said he, 'you are going on a long and difficult voyage in this ship, and will have to work hard to earn money for me; it is only fair, therefore, that you also should have your opportunity. In the country to which you are bound there is plenty of money to be made, if a man only knows how to turn his purse and his wits to good account. I give you all permission, therefore, to take with you whatever wares you may be able to purchase, and all that you make by the transaction shall be your own. And, moreover, whoever, on your return, shall turn out to have been the most successful, shall receive a premium from myself; for it is always right to encourage industry and enterprise. There are still two days at your disposal; turn them, therefore, to good account, for on the third morning from this you shall set sail.'

The sailors, it need hardly be said, hastened on shore, and each, according to his own views, endeavoured to invest his little capital profitably. Among the number, however, there was one poor friendless lad, who had just been bound apprentice in the ship, and as he had received no wages as yet, was of course without a single penny to make a purchase. The poor fellow was greatly dejected, and could not help envying his shipmates, as they returned on board panting under their burdens, and gloating over their dreams of future treasures. At last it occurred to him that he had an old aunt in the city who had the character of being a very wise woman, and had helped many a one out of a difficulty by her counsel. He betook himself to her, therefore, and bade her good-morning.

'Good-day, Silly Nicholas,' she replied; for this was the name her nephew commonly went by, not being supposed to be very much over-burdened with sense. He sat down upon an old stool opposite his aunt, and told her a long roundabout story of all that had occurred, and how he was the only one who was obliged to let the golden opportunity pass.

'I don't wonder at it in the least, my son,' she replied. 'It was often your poor father's case before you, and is no novelty in my family. But you might have saved your visit to me, for I am poor, and have nothing to give you. There is small store of either goods or money in this poor little house.'

Silly Nicholas began to cry. 'They are making game of me already on board, even without this,' said he; 'and if I now go back without anything, I shall never have a moment's peace the whole voyage.'

The old aunt was struck by this. 'For once in his life,' said she, 'the poor wight has spoken sense. Well, then, never mind. I have no gold nor diamonds, it is true, to give you; but I have a very valuable article, which, if you only use it as you ought, will make a man of you; and this I will give you.'

'What can it be?' thought Nicholas, when she went out to fetch it; and what was his amazement when she returned with an old coffee-mill, so rickety that it was almost falling to pieces! The old dame read his disappointment in his looks. 'My son,' said she, 'you must not despise a gift because its exterior is unpromising. This mill contains, and will supply to you, every necessary of life (I do not mean gold or jewels), if you only employ it judiciously, and do not abuse it.'

'And how am I to use it?' he inquired.

'I will shew you,' replied his aunt. 'Is there anything which you would particularly wish for at this moment?'

'Ah, my dear aunt,' said Nicholas, 'I have not eaten a morsel to-day; and I should like of all things a couple of penny rolls.'

The old dame set the mill upon the table, and said very slowly and deliberately

'Mill, mill! grind away
Some fresh penny rolls, I pray!'

In an instant the mill was in motion, and before long a roll, fresh from the oven, came forth, and then a second, and a third! But when a fourth made its appearance, the old dame suddenly cried:

'Bravo, mill! rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!'

And in a moment the mill was at rest! Silly Nicholas had looked on in silent wonder; but silly as he was, he at once perceived the use to which it might be turned; and therefore, while he was eating his penny rolls, he learned very accurately from his aunt both the rhymes which were to be employed. He then shook her affectionately by the hand, took his mill under his arm, and went aboard ship in the highest spirits. When his shipmates saw the old coffee-mill, they burst into a loud laugh, and ridiculed him without end. Silly Nicholas, however, let them enjoy themselves, stowed his mill away in a quiet corner, and for the rest of the voyage they were all so occupied with their plans of future operation, that they forgot it altogether.

At length they reached their destination; and Silly Nicholas, who had been thinking, the whole voyage through, how he could best turn his capital to account, went to the captain and asked leave to go on shore for the purpose of transacting a little business.

'I will give you leave certainly, my boy,' said the captain; 'but I fear you will make no great hand of it.'

'Time will tell,' replied Nicholas; 'but, as a specimen, I engage to produce for you, at a moderate price, within four-and-twenty hours, any sort of merchandise you may desire.'

'A bargain!' said the captain, resolved to amuse himself with the lad's (as he believed) simplicity and silliness. 'All my poultry have been eaten during the voyage, and I am longing for some fresh chickens. Bring me, therefore, to-morrow, a couple of dozen, and I shall not only give you the leave, but pay you well for the fowl.'

Silly Nicholas cheerfully took his mill under his arm, and sauntered leisurely through the city till he reached a quiet and retired spot fitted for his operations. He first made a large wicker-cage, and placing his mill before the door, repeated his rhyme:

'Mill, mill! grind away
Fine fat poultry now, I pray!'

The mill began to turn, and in a few moments out popped a beautiful chicken, and flew, crowing and clapping its wings, into the cage. Nicholas watched closely, and when the full number of two dozen was completed, cried out:

'Bravo, mill! rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!'

As soon as this task was finished, he lay down on the grass beside his birds, and fell asleep perfectly happy. Next morning he presented his poultry. The captain kept his word honourably, paid him a dollar for each of the chickens, which were a rarity in that country, and gave him a month to employ for his own private advantage. Silly Nicholas had observed in the market-place a large wooden booth, where some itinerant jugglers had held their exhibition. This he hired, and he got a painter to paint over the entrance in large letters:

'ALL SORTS OF GOODS SUPPLIED HERE FOR HALF-PRICE, AT A DAY'S NOTICE.'

Having made these preparations, he placed his mill in a quiet corner, and sat down to abide the result. Next morning, a customer presented himself.

'Is it true, sir,' said he, 'that, on a day's notice, you supply goods at half-price?'

'Certainly,' said Nicholas; for we must henceforward drop the prefix which he deserved so little.

'If so,' said the stranger, 'I request you will supply me to-morrow with six wagon-loads of corn. There has been a great dearth this harvest, and I shall pay you a hundred gold dollars for it on the spot.'

'Agreed!' cried Nicholas. 'Let your horses be here to-morrow.'

He kept his word; and when the wagons were loaded, the horses could scarcely move them from the door. The man gladly paid the hundred dollars, and something over, and went his way.

By this transaction, Nicholas soon established a character, and his mill was seldom allowed to stand idle. He was in a fair way of soon being a rich man; but what pressed most upon him was, that his month's leave was nearly out, and the captain was not willing to extend it, for he expected to be able to turn his apprentice's talents to his own private advantage.

This fact was quite notorious, and every one in the city pitied the poor young man, that, with such prospects, he should be compelled to return to his former degrading occupation. They advised him to run away; but he was too honest to follow the advice, and resolved to submit to his fate if he could find no honourable means of avoiding it.

In this crisis of his fortunes, the Minister at War came to him one day, and told him that, having heard of his great fame, and of his extraordinary resources, he had come in the hope of being released from great embarrassment. The Sultan, his master, had suddenly commanded a grand review of the army, and they were all in the greatest perplexity, as, in consequence of the non-arrival of cloths ordered from England and Leipsic, the body-guards were not all provided with their new uniforms. 'If, therefore,' said he, 'you can produce within two days two thousand scarlet caftans with white facings, of this pattern, you shall share the profits with myself, and I will get you named Army-Contractor to his Majesty the Sultan. This appointment will free you from your present obligations, and will be but a step to higher promotion.'

Nicholas promised to do his best; and before the end of forty-eight hours, the two thousand caftans were punctually delivered. The minister kept faith honourably, and three hours before the expiration of the captain's leave, Nicholas received a large parchment patent, whereby he was named 'Court-and-Army-Contractor to the Sultan.'

No one was more indignant at this than the captain. He could no longer reclaim his apprentice, now that he had been created a nobleman, nor compel him to share his wealth with himself. He therefore tried every means to discover Nicholas's secret, and was constantly spying about his workshop. At last an opportunity offered. Nicholas had gone out to a neighbour's house, and had omitted to close the door as carefully as usual. The captain went in, and searched every imaginable spot; but that day's goods had all been removed, and there was nothing to be seen but the four bare walls. At last, just as he was going to retire, he spied a little recess, and, on examination, discovered in it the old coffee-mill which Nicholas had brought on board, and which had been the subject of so much ridicule. He recollected, too, that Nicholas had taken this with him when he came on shore.

'Beyond a doubt,' said he, 'this mill must be the work of some great conjurer, and does everything the silly fellow wishes to have done. I had better seize on it at once, and hereafter, by force of stratagem, I shall discover the way to use it, and then I am a made man!'

As he spoke, he stretched out his hand to seize it. But at this moment, Nicholas, who had come in meanwhile, and overheard his old master's soliloquy, cried out suddenly:

'Mill, mill! grind away
Stout oak cudgels now, I pray!'

when lo! the mill began to turn furiously, and a multitude of cudgels issued from it, and belaboured the unfortunate captain's back till they left it black and blue, and in a most melancholy plight. He shouted and stormed, alternately threatening and imploring for mercy; but in vain. The castigation continued, and indeed became more violent; for the mill was constantly setting new cudgels in motion, and when the early ones fell off, there were ever new recruits to take their place.

'Ah, my dear, sweet Master Nicholas!' sobbed the unfortunate captain, 'do, pray do, stop this cudgelling, or I shall expire. Oh, oh, oh! Why did I ever call this stupid young rascal, who by right should be my servant—why did I call him "sweet Master Nicholas?" Stop this moment your infernal tricks, you worthless scoundrel, or I shall hang you up at the mast-head like a weather-cock: there you shall dangle while there is breath in your body! O murder, murder!'

Nicholas, instead of answering him, pointed to the blue caftan—his uniform as an officer of the court—which sheltered him from all the captain's menaces.

'Yes, yes,' the wretched man replied; 'I was wrong when I spoke so disrespectfully to your Excellency. I regret it bitterly; and if you will only have pity on my wounded back, I shall never forget myself so again.'

'Well, I am beginning myself,' said Nicholas, 'to think that you have got quite enough to teach you never to lay your hand on another's property again. I shall open the door for you, therefore, and you may go about your business; but be sure never to attempt such a trick again, else you shall not escape so cheaply.'

The captain flew as if he had wings through the open door, and all the cudgels pursued him merrily. But as soon as he was a short distance away, Nicholas cried:

'Bravo, mill! rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!'

The cudgels ceased, therefore, and the unfortunate captain was left to pursue his way in peace, as well as his pains would permit him: but from that day forth he entertained a deep grudge against Nicholas, and vowed and declared that he would leave no stone unturned to get possession of this magic mill, and, if possible, to revenge himself some other way. For a long time he planned and planned, but in vain, till at length a thought occurred to him which appeared very feasible. He could not set about it at once, however, for he was obliged to wait till the traces of the cudgelling had disappeared. But the delay only made his hatred the more deep and bitter, and the very moment he was well, he went straight to Master Nicholas, offered him his hand, told him that they should mutually forgive and forget, and in evidence of the sincerity of his reconciliation, invited Nicholas to a splendid entertainment at the principal hotel, to which he had asked a number of his friends.

Nicholas, who was naturally a good-humoured youth, at once accepted the invitation. The wine proved very attractive, and in a short time Nicholas had taken quite enough for the captain's purpose. He would gladly have sliced off the poor fellow's ears as he lay, but the presence of Nicholas's friends compelled him to bridle his revenge; and while they were engaged in conveying Nicholas to bed, the captain hastily repaired to the poor youth's house, having previously abstracted the key out of his pocket, and began to search for the mill. He found it without difficulty, concealed it carefully under his cloak, flew like lightning to the ship, and lest, when Nicholas had slept off his drunken fit, he should raise an alarm about the robbery, ordered the ship to put to sea without a moment's delay.

Late in the evening, Nicholas awoke, and was greatly surprised to find himself in bed in a strange place. After a little, however, calling to mind the occurrences of the day, he was dreadfully alarmed; for he saw that what had happened with the captain and his friends was a concerted plan, and that they had availed themselves of his insensible condition to play a villainous trick upon him. He flung on his clothes, and hurried without delay to his house; but found, to his indescribable affliction, that his precious treasure, the origin and foundation of his wealth, was gone.

Still he resolved to do his best, though he feared it was too late to recover his treasure. Summoning his neighbours to his assistance, therefore, he went down to the river where the ship had been lying. But alas! she had long since set sail, and now had reached the open sea, where it was hopeless to attempt pursuit. Sick at heart, and deeply downcast, he returned to his house, and from that moment he was of course compelled to leave his orders unexecuted, and to break up his establishment. The people in the city said he had speculated too far, and had run out his capital. But Nicholas himself knew where the shoe pinched, and quietly betook himself to the country, where he had time, in his cooler moments, to reflect that he was better off than he thought at first; having contrived, while his trade lasted, to lay up a considerable sum, sufficient to purchase a very nice property, on which he lived till a good old age, pouring blessings on his old aunt and her still older coffee-mill.

Meanwhile the thief was sailing over the deep sea, and chuckling at his good fortune. He indulged himself in thinking what a multitude of speculations he would embark in, till he should at last be the first man in the land. 'And then,' said he, 'I shall break the old mill to pieces, lest any one else should grow as rich as myself. Luckily, I still recollect, since that cursed cudgelling, the words which set the mill in motion.'

During this soliloquy he had begun to feel hungry, and ordered the cook to serve dinner without delay. The cook soon presented himself. 'A nice dinner it will be!' said he with a countenance full of ill-humour. 'Where am I to find it, pray? We set sail in such a hurry, that we have not a fortnight's provisions on board! And this moment, when I went to put some salt in your soup, I found, to my horror, that there is not a grain of salt in the ship!'

'Well, well,' said the captain in great good-humour, 'make your mind easy about it. Be assured we shall want for nothing; and in the first place, I must get you some salt for the soup.'

He took the coffee-mill down from the shelf as he spoke, and said with great solemnity:

'Mill, mill! grind away;
Let us have some salt, I pray!'

The mill, according to its wont, began to turn, and, to the captain's great delight, forth came a thick stream of salt. The cook opened his mouth and eyes, but could not for his life conceive how this came to pass, till at last, when there was already a large heap of salt lying before them, he said: 'That may do for the present, and the mill, if it pleases, may grind us something else.'

The captain also, who saw that they now had salt enough to last for a year and a day, was disposed to stop the working of the mill; but, alas! to his horror, it now struck him for the first time that he did not know the words necessary to stop it! In his terror and anguish of mind he grasped it for the purpose of stopping its revolutions; but it struck him such a blow upon the fingers, that the blood spouted out furiously, and he drew back screaming with pain and affright.

'It must be some devil or hobgoblin we have got on board!' cried the cook, who, as the heap of salt continued to increase, ran away to the fore-deck, and told the sailors what the captain had done.

Meanwhile the captain tried every species of prayer and every form of exorcism; but to no purpose. At last he flew into a rage, and drew his sword. 'Worthless thing that you are!' he cried with fury, 'I will knock you to shivers, and put an end to your magic at once!' He aimed a terrific blow at the mill, and struck it with such effect that it flew into two pieces. At first, he was delighted with his heroism; but what was his horror when he saw both halves stand erect, and both begin to grind away as busily as the one mill had ground before! He was struck dumb with terror, and could make no further effort to relieve himself.

Meanwhile the mills continued to grind away busily, and at last they ground such a quantity of salt, that the ship could not float any longer under the weight, but sank to the bottom with the captain and the crew!

From that time forth—as the story-books go—the sea has been salt, and it will always continue so; for both the mills are still at work, and never fail to maintain the supply!

A GIPSIES' CAMP.—See No. 108.

ACCOUNT OF THE GIPSIES.

THE strange race of people of whom we propose to give an account in the following Tract, are found scattered to the number, it is believed, of about 700,000 souls in all, over the whole of Europe, and are distinguished by different names in different countries. In Great Britain they are called *Gipsies*. from the idea of their Egyptian origin; for the same reason the Spaniards call them *Gitanos;* in France they were long termed *Bohemians*, because the first European country in which they appeared was Bohemia; in Russia they are styled *Zigani;* in Turkey *Zingarri;* and in Germany *Zigeuner*—words conceived to be derived from the term *Zincali*, by which the gipsies sometimes designate themselves, and which is understood to signify 'The Black men of Zend or Ind.' The characteristic name, however, applied by the gipsies to their own race and language is said by Mr Borrow to be *Rommani*, a word of Sanscrit origin, which means 'The Husbands.'

ORIGIN OF THE GIPSIES—THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN EUROPE.

Although, in all countries, native outcasts and criminals have adopted the habits and occupations of gipsies, and have been even known to associate with them, yet it is established beyond a doubt that the real gipsies constitute a single race, distinct from any other in Europe, and using a language peculiar to themselves.

Thus far all are agreed; but when we come to inquire what that stock is from which the gipsies have all sprung, we find different opinions entertained by different authorities. Some Spanish writers have asserted them to be the relics of the Moors who once inhabited Spain; others have believed them to be of Tartar origin; others, again, have endeavoured to prove them to be Persians; while there have not been wanting persons to maintain that they arose in some eastern part of Europe, and thence branched off into the western nations. None of these opinions, however, gained so wide credence as that which supposed the original country of the gipsies to be Egypt. This idea, which was propagated, and firmly believed, on the first appearance of the gipsies in Europe, and which is still held by the gipsies of the present day, is proved, however, to be quite untenable. Not only is the gipsy language different from the Coptic, and the gipsy manners different from those of the natives of Egypt, but, what is still more decisive, gipsies are found wandering through Egypt as through other countries, and are there treated as foreigners, just as with us. On the whole, the supposition which is supported by the greatest amount of evidence, and which, indeed, has already displaced all others, is that which assigns an Indian or Hindu origin to the gipsies. Of the many proofs adduced in favour of this view, the most convincing is that derived from the wonderful similarity between the gipsy language and the dialects of Northern India, such as Hindustani. For a long time it was believed that the gipsy language was a mere jargon or slang, resembling the cant language of thieves, and invented for similar purposes. This, however, is a mistake, as could be very conclusively shewn. By the industry of various inquirers, a vocabulary has been drawn up of several hundreds of gipsy words; and the number of these which have been found to be pure Hindustani is perfectly decisive as to the Indian origin of the gipsies. The following table may serve to illustrate this, as well as to exhibit the similarity of all the European dialects of the gipsy language:

English.	German Gipsy.	English Gipsy.	Hungarian Gipsy.	Spanish Gipsy.	Hindustani.
One	Ick or Ek	Yake	Jek	Yeque	Ek
Two	Duj	Duee	Dui	Dui	Du
Three	Trin	Trin	Trun	Trin	Trin
Four	Schtar	Stor	Schtar	Estar	Tschar
Five	Pantsch	Pan	Pansch	Pansche	Pansch
Ten	Desch	Dyche	Dösch	Deque	Des
Gold	Sonnikey	Sonnekar	Sonkay	Sonacai	Suna
Eye	Aok	Yock	Jakh	Aquia	Awk
Nose	Nak	Nack	Nakh	Naqui	Nakk
House	Ker	Kare	Ker	Quer	Gur
Water	Panj	Parnee	Pani	Pani	Panj

The conclusion of the Indian origin of the gipsies, to which we are led by a consideration of their language, is remarkably corroborated by the similarity of character, customs, and occupations which the gipsies exhibit with certain existing tribes or castes among the Hindus, particularly the Nuls or Bazegurs, a wandering race in Hindustan, of very low repute among the other Hindus, and speaking a dialect apparently as different from the pure Hindustani as the gipsy is. Accordingly, with the supposition in our minds that the gipsies are the relics of a wandering race expelled from Hindustan, let us see how far this supposition accords with what we know of their history.

The earliest mention made of the gipsies in Europe refers to the year 1414, when they are said to have appeared in the Hessian territories; and in the course of a few years from that date, they were to be found in most parts of Germany. 'They travelled in hordes, each having its leader, sometimes called *Count;* others had the title of Dukes or Lords of Lesser Egypt. In 1418 they were found in Switzerland, and in 1422 they made their appearance in Italy. The Bologna Chronicle states that the horde which arrived in that city on the 18th of July 1422, consisted of about one hundred men, the name of whose leader, or Duke, as they termed him, was Andreas. They travelled from Bologna to Ferli, intending to pay the pope a visit at Rome.'* Their appearance in France bears the date of 1427. 'On August 17, 1427,' says an old French Chronicle, 'came to Paris twelve Penitents, as they called themselves—namely, a duke, an earl, and ten men—all on horseback, and calling themselves good Christians. They were of Lower Egypt, and gave out that, not long before, the Christians had subdued their country, and obliged them to embrace Christianity on pain of being put to death. Some time after their conversion, the Saracens overran the country, and obliged them again to renounce Christianity.' Such had been the account they gave of themselves in Germany, Poland, and other countries where they first appeared. The story seems to have produced considerable sensation; 'for,' continues the Chronicle, 'when the emperor of Germany, the king of Poland, and other Christian princes heard it, they fell upon them, and obliged the whole of them, both great and small, to quit their country, and go to the pope at Rome, who enjoined them seven years' penance, to wander over the world without lying in a bed.' Having thus contrived to obtain the pope's sanction, they were able, with the assistance of safe conducts, granted to them, in their character of pilgrims, by various sovereigns and princes, to roam about as they pleased without molestation. 'They had been wandering five years,' proceeds the Chronicle, 'when they came to Paris; first, the principal people, twelve in number, as above narrated, and soon after the commonalty, about one hundred, or one hundred and twenty, reduced from one thousand or twelve hundred, which was their number when they set out from home, the rest being dead, with their king and queen. They were lodged by the police out of the city at Chapel St Denis. Nearly all of them had their ears bored, and one or two silver rings in each, which they said were esteemed ornaments in their country. The men were black, their hair curled; the women remarkably black, all their faces scarred, their hair black; their only clothes a large old shaggy garment, tied over the shoulders with a cloth or cord sash, and under it a poor petticoat. In short, they were the poorest miserable creatures that had ever been seen in France; and notwithstanding their poverty, there were among them women, who, by looking into people's hands, told their fortunes; and, what was worse, they picked people's pockets of their money.'

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* Hoyland's *Survey of the Gipsies.*

It is probable, from these and other accounts, that the gipsies had spread themselves over all the countries of the continent before the middle of the fifteenth century; they did not, however, arrive in Great Britain till the beginning of the sixteenth. Wherever they went they appear to have told the same story regarding their origin and purposes, and so to have procured a degree of toleration which they could not have experienced in any other character than that of religious pilgrims. The manner of their appearance, however, only increases the mystery of their origin. With a view to solve the riddle, let us assume the theory of their Hindu origin, and glance at the state of Hindustan at the period corresponding to the first appearance of the gipsies in Europe, and see whether any occurrence in Indian history can be discovered which will stand to the appearance of the gipsies among the western nations in the relation of cause to effect.

The conquest of India by the Mohammedans, though begun about the year 1000, may be said to have extended over several centuries. One of the most fanatical of the later Mohammedan conquerors of Hindustan was Timour Beg, who, in 1408 and 1409, ravaged India, for the purpose of disseminating in it the religion of the Prophet. 'Not only,' says Mr Hoyland, 'was every one who made any resistance destroyed, and such as fell into the enemies' hands, though quite defenceless, made slaves, but in a short time those very slaves, to the number of one hundred thousand, were put to death.' The inference is, that great masses of the population fled from the conqueror, the greater proportion of them finding refuge, probably, in the safer parts of the peninsula; but some, and these probably of the lowest or *Sudra* caste of Hindus, being obliged to quit the peninsula altogether. Whatever likelihood there may be in this supposition, the theory of the origin of the gipsies now generally adopted is that they are the relics of a mass of Hindus of a very low caste, who were expelled from India during the war of Timour Beg.

Quitting India, we can suppose these wandering outcasts, speaking a kind of Hindustani tinged with Persian, to have slowly pursued their route westward towards Europe; at first, perhaps, in a compact body, but afterwards in straggling bands. Proceeding along the south of the Caspian, or the north of the Persian Gulf, they would pass into Europe through Asiatic Turkey, some of their number, possibly enough, penetrating first into Egypt. Once arrived in Europe, their route most naturally would coincide with that which the Crusading armies had pursued in a reverse direction, when marching into Asia several centuries before; and this would account for their early appearance in Hungary, Walachia, and the Slavonic parts of Europe. The rest may be expressed in the words of Mr Borrow. 'If,' says he, 'the Rommani trusted in any God at the period of their exodus from India, they must have speedily forgotten him. Coming from Ind, as they most assuredly did, they must have been followers (if they followed any) of Buddh or Brahma; yet they are now ignorant of such names. They brought with them no Indian idols, as far as we are able to judge at the present time, nor, indeed, Indian rites or observances, for no traces of such are to be discovered amongst them.' The inference is, that even in the East they must have been a contemned and outcast sect, without any of those religious ideas and traditions which the Hindus, in general, or at least those of respectable caste, were acquainted with. As to the story of their Egyptian origin, it is probable that its authors were the European ecclesiastics, who, surprised at so strange an apparition as these wanderers must have been, and building on some hint that they had come from Egypt, imagined that they saw in them the fulfilment of the prophecy of Ezekiel: 'I will make the land of Egypt desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate; and her cities among the cities that are laid waste, shall be desolate for forty years; and I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them through the countries.'

At all events, the idea, once started, accorded with the spirit and mode of thinking of the age. The gipsies themselves, cunning by nature, and without the slightest scruple arising from any belief of their own, seem to have accepted with thankfulness the theory of their own origin which the clergy had invented for them, finding in it a passport from place to place, and a protection from the ill-treatment which their gipsy habits might have otherwise drawn down upon them, as well as a great recommendation to them in their trade of telling fortunes, Egypt being the reputed land of magic. Conforming to all that was required of them, suffering their children to be baptised, and styling their leaders 'Lords and Dukes of Little Egypt,'* they roved about in bands, absolute heathens in intelligence and heart, astonishing the inhabitants of the towns and villages they visited by the strange spectacle of pilgrim-Christians atoning for their sins by penance, and yet robbing hen-roosts, and practising uncouth arts as they went along.

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* An epitaph in a convent at Stainbach records that, on the eve of St Sebastian, in 1445, 'died the Lord Panuel, Duke in Little Egypt, and Baron of Hirschhom, in the same land;' and one at Pfevz, announces the death, in 1498, of the 'high-born Lord John, Earl of Little Egypt, to whose soul God be gracious and merciful.' These must have been leaders of gipsy gangs.

LAWS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES REGARDING THE GIPSIES.

It was not long before the true character of the gipsies began to be known, and they were looked upon in all countries as a pest and nuisance. Accordingly, we find that, in course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, enactments were passed for their suppression in all the principal states of the continent. In Spain, an edict for their extermination was passed during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492; and this not proving effectual, similar edicts were issued by Charles V. and his successor Philip II. These severities, however, did not produce the effect intended; and equally ineffectual were the numerous laws passed against the gipsies in France, Italy, the Netherlands, and Germany. Slinking into hiding while the fit of persecution lasted, the black children of Ind always emerged again, wandering hither and thither in gangs, tinkering pots and kettles, stealing, and telling fortunes.

In England the gipsies seem to have made their appearance about a century after their first arrival in Europe, or about the year 1512; and ten years after that date we find a statute of Henry VIII. directed against them. So little effect had this and other acts, that it is calculated that the gipsies in England amounted, in the reign of Elizabeth, to upwards of ten thousand. In this queen's reign very sanguinary statutes were passed against them, which remained in force till the reign of George III., although latterly they had fallen into desuetude, and the gipsies had come to be treated as mere rogues and vagabonds, punishable under the Vagrant Act.

It is not probable that long time elapsed between the arrival of the gipsies in England and their appearance on the north side of the Tweed. The first mention of them, however, in Scottish history refers to the year 1540, when the following singular document was issued in favour of one of their number. 'Writ of privy-seal in favour of John Faa, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, granted by King James V., February 15, 1540.' This writ directs all sheriffs and magistrates to assist John Faa in apprehending 'Sebastian Lalowe, Egyptian, ane of the said John's company,' with his eleven 'complices and part-takers,' who have rebelled against him, and 'removed out of his company, and taken frae him divers sums of money, jewels, claiths, and other goods, to the quantity of ane great sum of money; and on nae wise will pass hame with him; howbeit he has bidden and remained of lang time upon them [waited for them long], and is bounden and obliged to bring hame with him all them of his company that are alive, and ane testimonial of them that are dead.' The document then goes on to express the king's sorrow that John Faa cannot get his people to take them home to 'their own country, after the tenour of his said bond, to his heavy damage and skaith [hurt], and in great peril of tynsel [loss] of his heritage, and express against justice.' Then follows an order to all sheriffs, &c. to lend John Faa their prisons, stocks, and fetters, and whatever may be necessary for reducing his refractory subjects to order; with a charge to all the king's lieges not to molest John Faa, or his company, in their lawful business within the realm in their passing, remaining, or 'away-ganging furth of the same;' and a special order to masters of vessels and mariners to receive John Faa and his company when they shall be ready to go 'furth of the realm to the parts beyond the sea.'

From this curious document it appears that the gipsies, with a view to avoid the persecution in Scotland which they had been subjected to in other countries, had recourse to a stratagem, by which the authorities were completely deceived. Entering Scotland with his gang, John Faa had given out the usual story that he was a Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, come to visit this remote country; and so well had he managed matters, as to obtain a recognition from the king of his jurisdiction within his own band, 'according to the laws of Egypt,' thus saving the gipsies from the fangs of the Scottish law. A short experience of the character of their visitors had probably made the Scotch anxious to get rid of them; and to avoid forcible expulsion, either a pretended schism had taken place among the gipsies, and Sebastian Lalowe had seceded from the general gang with eleven followers; or, if the schism was real, John Faa contrived to make it serve his purpose.

The government seem to have been completely imposed upon; and John Faa and his company remained in Scotland for a long time unmolested. For twenty or thirty years they appear to have gone about in many districts of Scotland, pursuing their trade of tinkering and fortune-telling with impunity, but becoming every day more intolerable. To such a height did the nuisance increase during the reign of Queen Mary, that the government was at length roused to the necessity of taking active measures for the suppression of the gipsies; and in 1579 a comprehensive statute was passed against vagrancy of all sorts. This statute provides that 'such as makes themselves fools, *and are bards*, or other such-like runners about, being apprehended, shall be put in the king's ward and irons sae lang as they have ony goods of their own to live on; and when they have not whereupon to live of their own, that their ears be nailed to the tron, or to another tree, and their ears cuttit off, and banished the country; and if thereafter they be found again, that they be hangit.' In this act are specially included 'the people calling themselves Egyptians, and others that feign knowledge of prophecy.'

This was the first of a series of acts directed against the gipsies through a period of nearly two centuries, all of them of a sanguinary description. A long list of gipsies might be given who were victims to their severity. In July 1611, four Faas were hanged as Egyptians, notwithstanding that they pleaded the possession of a special license to remain in Scotland; in July 1616, three gipsies, two of them Faas, the other a Baillie, were hanged in the same circumstances; in January 1624, Captain John Faa, and seven other gipsies of his gang, five of whom likewise bore the name of Faa, suffered the same fate; and a few days after their execution, Helen Faa, the wife of the captain, and ten other gipsy women, were drowned. To give an idea of the summary manner in which these poor wretches were disposed of, we may quote the words of an act of privy-council, dated Edinburgh, 10th November 1636, respecting a number of gipsies who had been apprehended and lodged in Haddington jail. Having been detained there a month, it was declared by the council that 'whereas the keeping of them longer within the said tolbooth is troublesome and burdenable to the town of Haddington, and fosters the said thieves in an opinion of impunity to the encouraging of the rest of that infamous byke [hive] of lawless limmers to continue in their thievish trade; therefore the Lords of Secret Council ordain the sheriff of Haddington, or his deputes, to pronounce doom and sentence of death against so many of these thieves as are men, and against so many of the women as wants children; ordaining the men to be hangit and the women to be drowned; and that such of the women as has children be scourged through the burgh of Haddington, and burnt in the cheek.' Notwithstanding these severities, the gipsies continued to infest Scotland, particularly such districts as Roxburghshire, Selkirkshire, and Tweeddale, where they formed regular clans or colonies, and are still known. We shall return to these Scottish gipsies; in the meantime, however, we shall collect and present in a condensed form such information as can be procured respecting the character, customs, and modes of thinking of the gipsies in general.

CHARACTER AND HABITS OF THE GIPSIES.

Of this strange people, scattered, it is believed, over nearly the whole habitable world, whose tents, according to Mr Borrow, 'are pitched alike on the heaths of Brazil and the ridges of the Himalayan hills, and whose language is heard at Moscow and Madrid, in the streets of London, and in those of Stamboul,' it must be confessed that we shall never know much if we confound them with the common vagrants whose habits bear an external resemblance to theirs. The wild habits of the gipsies are all to be traced up to an inveterate peculiarity of race, of organisation, distinguishing them from the mere vagabonds which every generation produces for itself, and not to be extirpated by the ordinary means which may be found effectual in the case of such.

The following is Mr Borrow's description of the features and physical appearance of the gitanos or Spanish gipsies; and it applies with little variation to their brethren of other countries. 'They are for the most part,' he says, 'of the middle size, and the proportions of their frames convey a powerful idea of strength and activity united: a deformed or weakly object is rarely found amongst them in persons of either sex; such probably perish in infancy, unable to support the hardships and privations to which the race is still subjected from its great poverty; and these same privations have given, and still give, a coarseness and harshness to their features, which are all strongly marked and expressive. Their complexion is by no means uniform, save that it is invariably darker than the general olive hue of the Spaniards: not unfrequently countenances as dark as those of mulattoes present themselves, and, in some few instances, of almost negro blackness. Like most people of savage ancestry, their teeth are white and strong; their mouths are not badly formed; but it is in the eye, more than any other feature, that they differ from other human beings. There is something remarkable in the eye of the gitano. Should his hair and complexion become fair as those of the Swede or the Finn, and his jockey gait as grave and ceremonious as that of the native of Old Castile; were he dressed like a king, a priest, or a warrior—still would the gitano be detected by his eye, should *it* continue unchanged. It is neither large nor small, and exhibits no marked difference in shape from eyes of the common cast. Its peculiarity consists chiefly in a strange staring expression—which, to be understood, must be seen—and in a thin glaze which steals over it when in repose, and seems to emit phosphoric light.'

The dress of the gipsies varies in different countries, but is generally ragged and peculiar. In Spain, the gipsy women 'wear not the large red cloaks and immense bonnets of coarse beaver which distinguish their sisters of England; they have no other head-gear than a handkerchief, which is occasionally resorted to as a defence against the severity of the weather; their hair is sometimes confined by a comb, but more frequently permitted to stray dishevelled down the shoulders; they are fond of large ear-rings, whether of gold or silver. Inattention to cleanliness,' continues Mr Borrow, 'is a characteristic of the gipsies in all parts of the world. They are almost equally disgusting in this respect in Hungary, England, and Spain. The floors of their hovels are unswept, and abound with filth and mud; and in their persons they are scarcely less vile.'

Wherever gipsies are found there is a striking similarity in their pursuits and occupations. 'Everywhere,' says Mr Borrow, 'they seem to exhibit the same tendencies, and to hunt for their bread by the same means, as if they were not of the human, but rather of the animal species. In no part of the world are they found engaged in the cultivation of the earth, or in the service of a regular master; but in all lands they are jockeys, or thieves, or cheats; and if ever they devote themselves to any toil or trade, it is assuredly in every material point one and the same.' Mr Hoyland, in his *Historical Survey of the Gipsies*, gives the following account of their habits: 'Some gipsies,' he says, 'are stationary, and have regular habitations according to their situation in life. To this class belong those who keep public-houses in Spain; and others in Transylvania and Hungary who follow some regular business and live in miserable huts. But by far the greater number of these people lead a very different kind of life; they rove about from one district to another in hordes, having no habitation but tents, holes in the rocks, or caves. Some live in their tents during both summer and winter. In Hungary, those who have discontinued their rambling way of life, and built houses for themselves, seldom let a spring pass without taking advantage of the first settled weather to set up a tent for their summer residence. The wandering gipsy in Hungary and Transylvania endeavours to procure a horse; in Turkey, an ass serves to carry his wife and a couple of children, with his tent. When he arrives at a place he likes, near a village or a city, he unpacks, pitches his tent, ties his animal to a stake to graze, and remains some weeks there. His furniture seldom consists of more than an earthen pot, an iron pan, a spoon, a jug, and a knife, with sometimes the addition of a dish. These serve for the whole family. Working in iron is the most usual occupation of the gipsies. In Hungary this profession is so common, that there is a proverb there: "So many gipsies, so many smiths." But the gipsies of our time are not willing to work heavy works; they seldom go beyond a pair of light horse-shoes. In general, they confine themselves to the making of small articles, such as rings and nails; they mend old pots and kettles; make knives, seals, and needles; and sometimes they work in tin and brass. Their materials, tools, and apparatus are of a very inferior kind. The anvil is a stone; the other implements are a pair of hand-bellows, a hammer, a pincers, a vice, and a file. In favourable weather the work is carried on in the open air; when it is stormy, within the tent. The gipsy does not stand, but sits on the ground cross-legged at his work. He is generally dexterous and quick, notwithstanding the bad tools he works with. Another occupation much followed by gipsies is horse-dealing, to which they have been attached from the earliest period of their history. In those parts of Hungary where the climate is so mild that horses may lie out all the year, the gipsies avail themselves of this circumstance to breed, as well as to deal in horses; by which means they sometimes grow rich. Instances have been known on the continent of gipsies keeping from fifty to seventy horses each, some of which they let out for hire, others they exchange or sell. But these are not numerous.'

The two employments of tinkering and horse-dealing have been the apparent means by which the male gipsies, at all times and in all places, have earned their livelihood. 'The English gipsies,' says Mr Borrow, 'are constant attendants at the race-course; what jockey is not? Perhaps jockeyism originated with them, and even racing, at least in England. Jockeyism properly implies the *management of the whip:* and the word *jockey* is neither more nor less than the term, slightly modified, by which they designate the formidable whips which they usually carry. They are likewise fond of resorting to the prize-ring, and have occasionally attained some eminence in those brutalising exhibitions called pugilistic combats.' Theft and robbery have always furnished the gipsy with a large proportion of what was necessary for his support; and in all countries the gipsies have made a conspicuous figure in the records of crime and violence. Housebreaking and highway robbery, horse and cattle stealing, and less adventurous pilfering, seem, until a late period, when the improvement of police has made impunity in such crimes less easy, to have been universal among them. Their trade of jockeys, too, has always enabled them to obtain money by cheating in a variety of ways. Altering, by the dexterous use of the scissors and paint, the appearance of the horses which they or some of their companions have previously stolen, they have been known to palm them off again in the way of sale on their original proprietors. They are accused also, especially in Spain, of poisoning and maiming cattle, with a view to obtain either the carcasses or the cattle themselves at a low price; and it is probably from this that the story of their disgusting preference of carrion for food has taken its rise. 'It would be wrong,' says Mr Borrow, 'to conclude that the gipsies are habitual devourers of carrion. Many of the carcasses are not, in reality, the carrion which they appear, but are the bodies of animals which the gipsies themselves have killed by poison, in hope that the flesh might be abandoned to them.' Besides the eating of carrion, the gipsies have not escaped, in credulous countries, the more horrible imputation of cannibalism. The charge of kidnapping children is better authenticated. In Spain, children appear sometimes to have been carried away by gipsies, and sold as slaves to the Moors in Africa; and it is well known that Adam Smith, the author of the *Wealth of Nations*, was carried off when a child of three years of age by a gang of gipsies in Fifeshire, from whom he was recovered by his uncle, who rode after them in pursuit.

The gipsies did not monopolise the trade of fortune-telling on their first appearance in Europe, for that took place at a time when sorcerers abounded, and necromancy was an art believed in by many of the learned. Probably their natural cunning taught them that this was the most profitable employment in which they could engage;

and the story of their coming out of Egypt must have co-operated with the general wildness of their demeanour, and the unearthly expression of their eye, in placing them, in the popular estimation, at the head of their profession. Now, the gipsy women, especially the old and ugly ones, are in special request in all countries among those who wish to pry into futurity, and ascertain their marriage fate. The servant-maids of London pay their sixpences and shillings to gipsy women, who come to the low areas early in the morning, to tell them their fortunes, before the families are up; half-tipsy young men do the same thing in a frolic at fairs, where gipsies are usually to be found; in Spain, ladies of rank have been known to consult these swarthy seeresses; and even in our own country, educated young ladies are said to go in pairs and parties to have interviews with some keen-eyed hag relative to their matrimonial prospects.

Among the tricks practised by gipsy women on the continent, besides that of express fortune-telling, or *La Bahi*, as the gipsies themselves call it, are the *Hokkano Baro*, or Great Trick, which consists in persuading some credulous person to deposit money or precious articles in some place underground, with a view to obtain five or six times the quantity when they are again dug up; and the *Ustilar Patesas*, which consists in abstracting money by sleight of hand. While thus practising on other people's credulity, the gipsies do not appear to have any superstitious beliefs of their own, unless it be in the *evil eye*, or power of injuring people and making them sick by a glance, a belief founded on a physical fact; and in the loadstone, which the Spanish gipsies believe to be gifted with some miraculous qualities. Yet Mr Borrow, while he speaks of this exemption of the gipsies from belief in prophecy, relates the following extraordinary story, for the truth of which he vouches. While in Madrid, in the spring of 1838, he was thrown into prison for distributing Bibles; and here he was attended by his Basque servant, Francisco, a good-humoured fellow, of immense strength. In ten days they were released, and returned to their lodgings. Here they were visited by a man who had forced himself upon Mr Borrow's acquaintance some time before his imprisonment, and in consequence of his ferocious habits of speech, and his incessant demands for wine, had become exceedingly disagreeable. According to his own account, he was a gipsy by the mother's side; his name was Chaleco, and he was a captain on half-pay in the service of Donna Isabel, whose uniform he wore. He had received a shot through the lungs, as he said himself, which occasioned him the most horrible fits of coughing; and his whole manner was incoherent and insane. 'In age he was about fifty, with thin flaxen hair covering the sides of his head, which at the top was entirely bald. His eyes were small, and, like ferrets', red and fiery; his complexion like a brick, a dull red, checkered with spots of purple.' Such was the person who called on Mr Borrow after his release from prison. He sat the whole evening smoking and drinking wine, which he ordered from a tavern on Mr Borrow's account; and when the last bottle was exhausted, he asked for more. 'I told him in a gentle manner,' says Mr Borrow, 'he had drunk enough. He looked on the ground for some time, then slowly, and somewhat hesitatingly, drew his sword, and laid it on the table. It was become dark. I was not afraid of the fellow, but I wished to avoid anything unpleasant. I called to Francisco to bring lights, and, obeying a sign which I made him, he sat down at the table. The gipsy glared fiercely upon him; Francisco laughed, and began with great glee to talk in Basque, of which the gipsy understood not a word. The gipsy was incensed, and forgetting the language in which, for the last hour, he had himself been speaking, complained to Francisco of his rudeness in speaking any tongue but Castilian. The Basque replied with a loud carcajada, and slightly touched the gipsy on the knee. The latter sprung up, seized his sword, and retreating a few steps, made a desperate lunge at Francisco. The Basques, next to the Pasiegos, are the best cudgel-players in Spain, and in the world. Francisco held in his hand part of a broomstick, which he had broken in the stable, whence he had just ascended. With the swiftness of lightning he foiled the stroke of Chaleco, and in another moment, with a dexterous blow, struck the sword out of his hand, and sent it ringing against the wall. The gipsy resumed his seat and his cigar. He occasionally looked at the Basque. His glances were at first atrocious, but presently changed their expression, and appeared to me to become prying and eagerly curious. He at last arose, picked up his sword, sheathed it, and walked slowly to the door; there he stopped, turned round, advanced close to Francisco, and looked him steadfastly in the face. "My good fellow," said he, "I am a gipsy, and can read baji. Do you know where you will be at this time to-morrow?" Then, laughing like a hyena, he departed, and I never saw him again. At that time on the morrow, Francisco was on his deathbed. He had caught the jail-fever, which had long raged in the Carcel de la Corte where I was imprisoned.'

So far as has been ascertained, the gipsies have no system of religious belief, properly so called, and are quite indifferent to all religious subjects. In Spain, Mr Borrow found them as nearly absolute atheists as he could conceive mortals to be, the only doctrine that they appeared ever to have seriously held being that of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls. Mr Borrow frequently attempted to interest them in religion, by translating to them simple portions of the gospels, as, for instance, the parable of the Prodigal Son, accompanying the reading with a comment suited to their capacities; he found, however, that although some of them, particularly the women, listened with attention, and expressed their delight, it was rather because they were gratified to find that the gipsy jargon could be written and read, than that they were impressed by the matter of the narrative. Persevering in the labour of translating parts of Scripture into the gipsy tongue, Mr Borrow was in the habit of holding little congregations of gipsies in Madrid, with a view both to instruct them, and to practise himself in the art of rendering the ideas of Christianity into so uncommon a dialect. The attachment of the gipsies to his person, and the pleasure they took in singing little gipsy hymns which he wrote for them, generally procured him a respectable attendance; but he mentions that no dependence was to be placed on their behaviour, they were always so disposed to the grotesque. One day he held a congregation, at which a gipsy jockey, whom he had offended, was present; the rest of the congregation consisted of about seventeen women. 'I spoke,' he says, 'for some time in Spanish; I chose for the theme of my discourse the situation of the Hebrews in Egypt, and pointed out its similarity to that of the gitanos in Spain. I subsequently produced a manuscript book, from which I read a portion of Scripture, and the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed, in Rommani. When I had concluded, I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a frightful squint; not an individual present but squinted. The gipsy fellow, the contriver of the jest, squinted worst of all. Such are gipsies.'

In England and Scotland the gipsies appear to exhibit the same carelessness regarding religion as their Spanish brethren; they seem, however, to be more alive to superstitious impressions. Thus, in Scotland, the gipsies almost universally apply to the clergyman of the parish where they take up their headquarters to have their children baptised, not from any intelligence of what the rite signifies, but because they think it unlucky to have an unchristened child in a family, a notion which they have borrowed from the people of the country. They sometimes attend divine service, but principally with a view to retain such a hold of the church as may entitle them to have their children baptised. 'I have ever understood,' says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, speaking of a tribe of Scottish gipsies, 'that they are extremely superstitious—carefully noticing the formation of the clouds, the flight of particular birds, and the *soughing* of the winds, before attempting any enterprise. They have been known for several successive days to turn back with their loaded carts, asses, and children, on meeting with persons whom they considered of unlucky aspect. They also burn the clothes of their dead from a superstitious motive. They likewise carefully watch the corpse by night and day till the time of interment; and conceive that "the deil tinkles at the lyke-wake" of those who felt in their *dead-thraw* the agonies of remorse.' These, however, are mere superstitious notions with which they have been infected by their Scottish neighbours; and the gipsies of Scotland seem essentially to be as near to heathens as Mr Borrow states the Spanish gipsies to be.

With regard to the *morality* of the gipsies, little more can be said than that they have a strong attachment to each other, which, however, does not prevent them from fighting and quarrelling among themselves; and that they treat as their natural enemies, the *Busnees*, or Gentiles. Yet, though revengeful and remorseless in their conduct towards people who have insulted them, the gipsies yet shew themselves capable of gratitude for favours, and are known to respect the property of such as have been kind to them. All are agreed that the marriage contract among the gipsies is lightly entered into; and, among the Scottish gipsies at least, polygamy has been known to exist; but, according to Mr Borrow, the assertions respecting the licentiousness of the gipsy women are founded on a mistake. 'Nothing,' he says, 'is more sacred among the gipsies than the fidelity of the gipsy wife to the husband of her own race.'

ANECDOTES OF THE SCOTTISH GIPSIES.

One of the earliest anecdotes of the Scottish gipsies is that of 'Johnnie Faa, the Gipsy Laddie,' who eloped with the lady of the Earl of Cassilis. This story rests on tradition and on an old ballad; the facts, so far as they can be gathered, are thus related in the *Picture of Scotland*. 'John, the sixth Earl of Cassilis, a stern Covenanter, of whom it is recorded by Bishop Burnet that he would never permit his language to be understood but in its direct sense, obtained to wife Lady Jean Hamilton, a daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, who had raised himself from the Scottish bar to a peerage, and the best fortune of his time. The match seems to have been dictated by policy; and it is not likely that Lady Jean herself had much to say in the bargain. On the contrary, says report, she had been previously beloved by a gallant young knight, a Sir John Faa of Dunbar, who had perhaps seen her at her father's seat of Tyningham, which is not more than three miles from that town. When several years were gone, and Lady Cassilis had brought her husband three children, this passion led to a dreadful catastrophe. Her youthful lover, seizing an opportunity when the Earl of Cassilis was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, came to Cassilis Castle, a massive old tower, on the banks of the Doon. He was disguised as a gipsy, and attended by a band of these desperate outcasts. The countess consented to elope with her lover. Ere they had proceeded very far, however, the earl came home, and immediately set out in pursuit. Accompanied by a band which put resistance out of the question, he overtook them, and captured the whole party at a ford over the Doon, still called the "Gipsies' Steps," a few miles from the castle. He brought them back to Cassilis, and there hanged all the gipsies, including the hapless Sir John, upon "the Dule Tree," a splendid and most umbrageous plane, which yet flourishes on a mound, in front of the castle gate, and which was his gallows in ordinary, as the name testifies :

" And we were fifteen weel-made men,
Although we were na bonnie ;
And we were a' put down for ane—
A fair young wanton lady."

The countess was taken by her husband to a window in front of the castle, and there compelled to survey the dreadful scene—to see, one after another, fifteen gallant men put to death—and at last to witness the dying agonies of him who had first been dear to her. The particular room in the stately old house where the unhappy lady endured this horrible torture, is still called "The Countess's Room." After undergoing a short confinement in that apartment, the house belonging to the family at Maybole was fitted up for her reception, by the addition of a fine projecting staircase, upon which were carved heads, representing those of her lover and his band ; and she was removed thither, and confined for the rest of her life—the earl, in the meantime, marrying another wife. One of her daughters was afterwards married to the celebrated Gilbert Burnet. The effigies of the gipsies on the staircase at Maybole are very minute ; the head of Johnnie Faa himself is distinct from the rest, large, and more lachrymose in the expression of the features.' Such is the story ; but whether the hero, who is here called Sir John Faa of Dunbar, was himself of gipsy blood, as the ballad bears, and as tradition asserts, or whether he was merely in such intimacy with the gipsies as to obtain their aid in the adventure, cannot be decisively ascertained. It may be mentioned, however, that the colony of gipsies long established in Yetholm, in Roxburghshire, always claimed to be of the same stock with the Faws or Falls, a family of respectability settled in East Lothian, and of which the hero of the ballad may have been a scion, holding some rank in Scottish society, and yet keeping up a connection with his outcast kindred.

In the records of the family of Penicuik, in Edinburghshire, is preserved an account of an assault made by a band of gipsies on Penicuik House, late in the seventeenth century, illustrating the lawless habits of the Scottish gipsies at that time. The anecdote is thus given in an early number of *Blackwood's Magazine:* 'The gang broke into the house while the greater part of the family were at church. Sir John Clerk, the proprietor, barricaded himself in his own apartment, where he sustained a sort of siege, firing from the window upon the robbers, who fired in return. By an odd accident, one of them, while they strayed through the house in quest of plate and other portable articles, began to ascend the stair of a very narrow turret. When he had got to some height, his foot slipped, and, to save himself from falling, he caught hold of what was rather an ominous means of assistance—namely, a rope which hung conveniently for the purpose. It proved to be the bell-rope, and the fellow's weight on falling set the alarm-bell a-ringing, and startled the congregation who were assembled in the parish church. They instantly came to the rescue of the laird, and succeeded, it is said, in apprehending some of the gipsies, who were executed.'

The records of the Courts of Justiciary exhibit many proofs of the savage and violent habits of the gipsies, in various parts of Scotland, during the eighteenth century. Many anecdotes of them are likewise preserved by tradition, particularly regarding the Yetholm gipsies, a gang which has produced some of the most celebrated specimens of the race.

The village of Yetholm, in Roxburghshire, famed as the seat of the largest gipsy colony in Scotland, lies embosomed among the Cheviot hills, about eight miles from Kelso, and is divided by a stream called the Bowmont into two portions—*Kirk* Yetholm and *Town* Yetholm—a broad level haugh intervening between them. The village called *Kirk* Yetholm is the haunt of the gipsies. 'A mill and a churchyard rise from the brink of the water; the church itself is low, and covered with thatch; beyond which appear the straggling houses of the village, built in the old Scottish style, many of them with their gable ends, backs, or corners turned to the street or *town-gate*, and still farther up the *Tinkler Row*, with its low, unequal, straw-covered roofs, and chimneys bound with rushes and hay-ropes—men and women loitering at their doors, or lazily busied among the carts and panniers, and ragged children scrambling on the *midden-steads*, in intimate and equal fellowship with pigs, poultry, dogs, and *cuddies*.' Such is the description given of Kirk Yetholm by a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* more than fifty years ago. No one knows at what time the gipsies first selected Kirk Yetholm as a place of residence, or what reasons led them to prefer it. The Faas are believed to have settled in it at a very early period, probably a century and a half ago at least; the Youngs, Gordons, &c. followed. In the year 1797, the gipsy population of Kirk Yetholm amounted to fifty; and there is reason to think that, at no time during the eighteenth century, was it very much below that number.

The Faas seem to have been the hereditary monarchs of the gipsies of Kirk Yetholm, and some of them attained to great notoriety in their day. None, however, of the Yetholm gipsies possess so great claims on our attention as Jean Gordon, acknowledged by Sir Walter Scott to be the prototype of Meg Merrilies. One of the earliest notices of this heroine is in connection with the trial, in the year 1727, of Robert Johnstone, a gipsy, for the murder of Alexander Faa, by stabbing him with a *graip*, or three-pronged fork, such as is used about farm-offices. Tradition calls the murdered man Geordie Faa, and makes him Jean Gordon's husband;

the story then proceeds as follows: Johnstone, the murderer, was sentenced to be hanged on the 13th of June 1727, but managed to escape from prison. 'But it was easier to escape from the grasp of justice than to elude gipsy vengeance. Jean Gordon traced the murderer like a bloodhound, followed him to Holland, and from thence to Ireland, where she got him seized, and brought back to Jedburgh; and she at length obtained the reward of her toils, and enjoyed the gratification of seeing him hanged on the Gallow-hill. Some time afterwards, Jean being up at Stourhope, a sheep-farm on Bowmont Water, the goodman there said to her: "Weel, Jean, ye hae got Rob Johnstone hanged at last, and out o' the way." "Ay, guidman," replied Jean, lifting up her apron by the two corners, "and a' that fu' o' gowd hasna done 't."' Not long after this, Jean herself seems to have been in difficulties, for in May 1732, we find a petition presented to the Circuit Court at Jedburgh in behalf of 'Jean Gordon, commonly called the Duchess,' then prisoner in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. In this petition she states that she is now 'become an old and infirm woman, having been long in prison;' and she offers, if released, 'to take voluntar banishment upon herself, to depairt from Scotland never to return thereto.' Jean, however, when released, still clung to her native haunts about Yetholm, as the following stories will shew.

'My father,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'remembered old Jean Gordon of Yetholm, who had great sway among her tribe. She was quite a Meg Merrilies, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection. Having been often hospitably received at the farmhouse of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood sow from their kind entertainer. Jean was mortified at this ungrateful conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years.

'It happened, in course of time, that in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle, to raise some money to pay his rent. He succeeded in his purpose, but returning through the mountains of Cheviot, he was benighted, and lost his way.

'A light, glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which had survived the farmhouse to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter; and when he knocked at the door, it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her very remarkable figure—for she was nearly six feet high—and her equally remarkable features and dress, rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment, though he had not seen her for years; and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a grievous surprise to the poor man, whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin) was about his person.

'Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition—"Eh, sirs! the winsome guidman of Lochside! Light down, light down; for ye maunna gang farther the night and a friend's house sae near." The farmer was obliged to dismount, and accept of the gipsy's offer of supper and a bed. There was plenty of meat in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful repast, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed was calculated for ten or twelve guests, of the same description, probably, with his landlady.

'Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought to his recollection the story of the stolen sow, and mentioned how much pain and vexation it had given her. Like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grew worse daily; and, like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding, and neglected the old gipsy regulations, which commanded them to respect, in their depredations, the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was, an inquiry what money the farmer had about him, and an urgent request, or command, that he would make her his purse-keeper, since the bairns, as she called her sons, would be soon home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether penniless.

'This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of *shake-down*, as the Scots call it, or bedclothes disposed upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not. About midnight the gang returned with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering they had a guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had got there.

"E'en the winsome guidman of Lochside, poor body!" replied Jean. "He's been at Newcastle seeking siller to pay his rent, honest man, but deil-be-licket he's been able to gather in, and sae he's gaun e'en hame, wi' a toom purse and a sair heart."

"That may be, Jean," replied one of the banditti; "but we maun ripe his pouches a bit, and see if the tale be true or no." Jean set up her throat in exclamations against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change in their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or not; but the smallness of the booty, and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances, determined them in the negative. They caroused, and went to rest. As soon as day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the *hallan*, and guided him for some miles, till he was on the high road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property; nor could his earnest entreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

'I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say that all Jean's sons were condemned to die there on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his vote for condemnation in the emphatic words: "*Hang them a'!*" Unanimity is not required in a Scottish jury, so the verdict of guilty was returned. Jean was present, and only said: "The Lord help the innocent in a day like this!" Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which poor Jean was, in many respects, wholly undeserving. She had, among other demerits or merits, as the reader may choose to rank it, that of being a stanch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair or market-day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being zealous in their loyalty when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and, struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water, and while she had voice left, continued to exclaim at such intervals: "*Charlie yet! Charlie yet!*" When a child, and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried piteously for poor Jean Gordon.'

A grand-daughter of Jean Gordon, whom Sir Walter recollected having seen in his infancy, was Madge Gordon, who acted as queen of the Yetholm gipsies, and seems to have retained many of old Jean's qualities. She is described as having been 'a remarkable personage, of very commanding presence and high stature, being nearly six feet high. She had a large aquiline nose, penetrating eyes even in her old age, bushy hair, that hung around her shoulders from beneath a gipsy bonnet of straw, a short cloak of a peculiar fashion, and a long staff nearly as tall as herself. When she spoke vehemently (for she had many complaints), she used to strike her staff upon the floor, and throw herself into an attitude which it was impossible to regard with indifference. She used to say that she could bring from the remotest parts of the island friends to revenge her quarrel while she sat motionless in her cottage; and she frequently boasted that there were at her wedding fifty saddled asses, and unsaddled asses without number.'

A particular account of the Yetholm gipsies was furnished in the year 1815 to Mr Hoyland, a member of the Society of Friends, who was collecting information respecting the gipsy race, by Bailie Smith of Kelso, who had known them intimately for a period of forty or fifty years. At his first acquaintance with them, he said, 'they were called the *Tinklers* of Yetholm, from the males being chiefly employed in mending pots and other culinary utensils. Sometimes they were called *Horners*, from their occupation in making and selling horn spoons, called *cutties*. Now (1815) their common appellation is that of *Muggers*, or, what pleases them better, *Potters*. They purchase at a cheap rate the cast or faulty articles at the different manufactories of earthenware, which they carry for sale all over the country, in groups of six, ten, and sometimes twelve or fourteen persons, male and female, young and old, provided with a horse and cart, besides shelties and asses. In the country they sleep in barns and byres, or other outhouses; and when they cannot find accommodation in such, they take the canvas covering from the pottery cart, and squat themselves below it, like a covey of partridges in the snow. The residence of those who remain at home is in the *Tinkler Row* of Kirk Yetholm. Most of them there have leases of their houses granted for a term of nineteen times nineteen years, for payment of a small sum yearly. Most of these leases were granted by the family of the Bennets of Grubet, the last of whom was Sir David Bennet, who died about sixty years ago (1755). The late Mr Nesbit of Dirleton then succeeded to the estate, comprehending the baronies of Kirk Yetholm and Grubet. He died about the year 1783; and not long afterwards the property was acquired by the late Marquis of Tweeddale's trustees. Mr Nesbit was a great favourite with the gipsies; he used to call them his body-guards, and often gave them money. I remember,' continues Mr Smith, 'that, about forty-five years ago (1770), being then apprentice to a writer, who used to receive the rents as well as the small duties of Kirk Yetholm, he sent me there with a list of names and a statement of what was due, recommending me to apply to the landlord of the public-house in the village for any information or assistance which I might require. After waiting for a long time, and receiving payment from most of the feuars or rentallers, I observed to this landlord that none of the persons of the names of Faa, Young, Blythe, Fleckie, &c. who stood at the bottom of the list for small sums, had come to meet me, and proposed sending to require their immediate attendance. The landlord, with a grave face, inquired whether my master had desired me to ask money from those men. I said: "Not particularly; but they stand on the list." "So I see," replied he; "but had your master been here himself, he dared not ask money from them, either as rent or feu-duty. He knows that it is as sure as if it were in his pocket. They will pay when their own time comes, but do not like to pay at a set time with the rest of the barony, and still less to be craved." I accordingly returned without the money, and reported progress. I found the landlord was right. My master said with a smile that it was unnecessary to send to them after they had got notice from the baron officer; it was enough if I had received the money if offered. Their rent and feu-duty were brought to the office in a few weeks. I need scarcely add those persons were all gipsies.'

When Mr Smith first knew the Yetholm gipsies, their king was old Will Faa, a contemporary, and probably a relative of Madge Gordon, Jean's grand-daughter. Will never forgot his descent from the 'Lords of Little Egypt,' and was in the habit also, it is said, of paying an annual visit to the Messrs Falls of Dunbar, with whom, as has been already remarked, the gipsy Faas claimed kindred. Will seems to have been a great favourite in the district: he had twenty-four children, all of whom he had christened in great state, in the presence of his assembled clan and some of the neighbouring farmers, who humoured him. At these christenings, Will always appeared dressed in his wedding-robes. He is said to have maintained his kingly sway with a very rigorous hand, negotiating, when he thought proper, for the restoration of property stolen by any of his tribe. 'When old Will Faa,' says Mr Smith, 'was upwards of eighty years of age, he called on me at Kelso, on his way to Edinburgh, telling that he was going to see the laird, the late Mr Nesbit of Dirleton, as he understood that he was very unwell, and himself being now old, and not so stout as he had been, he wished to see him once more before he died. The old man set out by the nearest road, which was by no means his common practice. Next market-day, some of the farmers informed me that they had been in Edinburgh, and seen Will Faa upon the bridge (the South Bridge was not then built); that he was tossing about his old brown hat, and huzzaing with great vociferation that he had seen the laird before he died. Indeed Will himself had no time to lose, for having set his face homewards by the way of the sea-coast, to vary his route, as is the general custom of the gang, he only got the length of Coldingham, when he was taken ill, and died.' His body was conveyed by his clan to Yetholm, where his obsequies were celebrated, after the gipsy fashion, with great feasting and uproar.

On the death of old Will Faa, we are informed by another authority, the kingly dignity was usurped by a bold gipsy who had no right to it, and who ultimately, after a sort of civil war, was dethroned to make way for the true successor. This usurper was the leader of an inferior gang of gipsies, and a somewhat notable character in his day. He was once tried for stealing a sum of money at a market in Dalkeith. There was pretty strong proof of his guilt; but, somewhat to the surprise of the court, the jury returned a verdict of 'not proven.' The judge, in dismissing him from the bar, alluded to the weight of evidence against him, and told him that 'he had rubbit shouthers wi' the gallows that morning,' and had better take care in future; an advice which the advocate who had acted as his counsel thought fit to repeat in a somewhat open manner. To the no small entertainment of the auditors, the gipsy resented the affront by saying that 'he was proven an innocent man, and naebody had ony right to use siccan language to him.'

Among the more recent chiefs of the Yetholm gipsies was one designated 'Gleid-neckit Will,' alluding to some twist in the shape of his throat. Of this individual, the following anecdote is related in the first volume of *Blackwood's Magazine*. 'The late Mr Leck, minister of Yetholm, happening to be riding home one evening from a visit to Northumberland, struck into a wild solitary track or drove-road across the Fells, by a place called *the Staw*. In one of the dense places through which the path led him, there stood an old deserted shepherd's house, which of course was reputed to be haunted. The minister, though little apt to be alarmed by such reports, was somewhat startled on observing, as he approached close to the cottage, a grim visage staring out past a *window-claith*, or sort of curtain, which had been fastened up to supply the place of a door, and also several dusky figures skulking among the bourtree bushes that had once sheltered the shepherd's garden. Without leaving him any time for speculation, however, the knight of the curtain bolted forth upon him, and seizing his horse by the bridle, demanded his money. Mr Leck, though it was now dusk, at once recognised the gruff voice and great black burly head of his next-door neighbour, Gleid-neckit Will, the gipsy chief.

"Dear me, William," said the minister in his usual quiet manner, "can this be you? Ye're surely no serious wi' me; ye wadna sae far wrang your character for a good neighbour for the bit trifle I hae to gie, William?"

"Saif us, Mr Leck," said William, quitting the rein, and lifting his hat with great respect, "whae wad hae thought o' meeting *you* out owre here-awa! Ye needna gripe ony siller for me; I wadna touch a plack o' your gear, nor a hair o' your head, for a' the gowd o' Tividale. I ken ye'll no do *us* an ill turn for this mistak; and I'll e'en see you through the Staw. It's no reckoned a very canny bit, mair ways than ane; but *ye'll* no be feared for the *dead*, and *I'll* take care o' the *living*." Will accordingly gave his revered friend a convoy through the haunted pass, and notwithstanding this ugly mistake, continued ever after an inoffensive and obliging neighbour to the minister, who on his part observed a prudent secrecy on the subject of the rencounter during the lifetime of Gleid-neckit Will.'

At the time when Mr Smith of Kelso contributed his information respecting the Yetholm gipsies (in 1815), they were one hundred and nine in number; in 1839 they had increased to one hundred and twenty-five; but according to the latest account—that given by the Rev. A. Davidson, minister of the parish of Yetholm, in the year 1870—the colony then consisted of eighteen families, including in all seventy-four individuals.

Although the Kirk Yetholm gipsies have attracted more attention than any other clan of the same race in Scotland, numerous stories are current respecting remarkable gipsy characters who have, at various times during the last century, figured in other parts of the country. We have already mentioned that the true prototype of Meg Merrilies, according to Sir Walter Scott's own admission, was the famous Jean Gordon of Yetholm; yet various other localities have put in their claims to the honour of having produced the original of this celebrated gipsy character. The following, from Sir Walter's own pen, occurs in the notes to *Guy Mannering:*

'Meg Merrilies is in Galloway considered as having had her origin in the traditions concerning the celebrated Flora Marshal, one of the royal consorts of Willie Marshal, more commonly called the *Caird* of Barullion, king of the gipsies of the western Lowlands. That potentate was himself deserving of notice from the following peculiarities: He was born in the parish of Kirkmichael about the year 1671; and as he died at Kirkcudbright, 23d November 1792, he must then have been in the one hundred and twentieth year of his age. It cannot be said that this unusually long lease of existence was noted by any peculiar excellence of conduct or habits of life. Willie had been pressed or enlisted in the army seven times, and had deserted as often; besides three times running away from the naval service. He had been seventeen times lawfully married; and besides such a reasonably large share of matrimonial comforts, was, after his hundredth year, the avowed father of four children by less legitimate affections. He subsisted in his extreme old age by a pension from the present Earl of Selkirk's grandfather. Will Marshal is buried in Kirkcudbright church, where his monument is still shewn, decorated with a scutcheon suitably blazoned with two ram's horns and two horn spoons.

'In his youth, he occasionally committed highway robbery. On one occasion the Caird of Barullion robbed the Laird of Bargally, at a place between Carsphairn and Dalmellington. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the gipsy lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next passenger, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head. At this instant Bargally came up with some assistants, and recognising the bonnet, charged the farmer of Bantoberick with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the parties, Bargally persisted in his charge; and though the respectability of the farmer's character was proved or admitted, his trial before the Circuit Court came on accordingly. The fatal bonnet lay on the table of the court; Bargally swore that it was the identical article worn by the man who robbed him; and he and others likewise deponed that they had found the accused on the spot where the crime was committed, with the bonnet on his head. The case looked gloomily for the prisoner, and the opinion of the judge seemed unfavourable. But there was a person in the court who knew well both who did and who did not commit the crime. This was the Caird of Barullion, who, thrusting himself up to the bar, near the place where Bargally was standing, suddenly seized on the bonnet, put it on his head, and looking the laird full in the face, asked him, with a voice which attracted the attention of the court and crowded audience: "Look at me, sir, and tell me, by the oath you have sworn, am not *I* the man who robbed you between Carsphairn and Dalmellington?"

'Bargally replied, in great astonishment: "Yes; you are the very man."

"You see what sort of memory this gentleman has," said the volunteer pleader: "he swears to the bonnet whatever features are under it. If you yourself, my lord, will put it on your head, he will be willing to swear that your lordship was the party who robbed him between Carsphairn and Dalmellington." The tenant of Bantoberick was unanimously acquitted; and thus Willie Marshal ingeniously contrived to save an innocent man from danger without incurring any himself, since Bargally's evidence must have seemed to every one too fluctuating to be relied upon.

'While the king of the gipsies was thus laudably occupied, his royal consort, Flora, contrived, it is said, to steal the hood from the judge's gown; for which offence, combined with her presumptive guilt as a gipsy, she was banished to New England, whence she never returned.'

Towards the end of last century, a horde of gipsies, known by the name of the 'Lochgellie band,' from the designation of the town where they had then headquarters, used to extend their peregrinations over the shires of Fife, Kinross, Perth, Angus, Mearns, and Aberdeen; and it appears that this band can boast of nearly as many heroes of the gipsy species, directly or collaterally connected with it, as the more celebrated Yetholm colony. The predominating surnames in this clan were Graham, Brown, Robison, and Young. Two of the most famous of those who went by the first of these surnames were called Old and Young Charlie Graham, who were successively chiefs of the tribe. Young Charlie Graham was hanged at Perth for horse-stealing about the year 1795. 'His feet and hands,' it is said, 'were so small in proportion to the other parts of his athletic body, that neither irons nor handcuffs could be kept on his ankles and wrists without injuring them. He had a prepossessing countenance, an elegant figure, and was, notwithstanding his tricks, an extraordinary favourite with the public. He sometimes stole from wealthy individuals, and gave the booty to the indigent, although not gipsies; and so accustomed were the people in some places to his bloodless robberies, that some only put spurs to their horses, calling out as they passed him: "Aha, Charlie, lad, ye've missed your mark the night!" In the morning of the day on which he was to suffer, he sent a message to one of the magistrates of Perth, requesting a razor to take off his beard, at the same time desiring the person to tell the magistrate, that "unless his beard was shaven, he could neither appear before God nor man." This extraordinary expression warrants the opinion that he imagined he would appear in his mortal frame before the Great Judge of the universe. A short while before he was taken out to the gallows, he was observed very pensive and thoughtful, leaning upon a seat. He started up all at once, and exclaimed in a mournful tone of voice: "Oh! can ony o' you read, sirs? Will some o' you read a psalm to me?" at the same time regretting much that he had not been taught to read. The fifty-first psalm was accordingly read to him by a gentleman present, which, he said, soothed his feelings exceedingly, and gave him much ease and comfort of mind. He was greatly agitated when he ascended the platform—his knees were knocking one against another; but just before he was cast off, his inveterate gipsy feelings returned; he kicked off both his shoes in sight of the spectators; and it was understood that this strange proceeding was intended to falsify some prophecy that he would die with his shoes on. A number of his band attended his execution, and when his body was returned to them, they all kissed it with great affection, and held the usual late-wake over it. His sweetheart or gipsy wife, I am not sure which, of the name of Wilson, his own cousin, put his corpse into hot lime, then buried it, and sat on his grave in a state of intoxication till the body was rendered unfit for dissection. This man boasted, while under sentence of death, of never having shed human blood.'*

Sandie Brown was another noted gipsy belonging to the Lochgellie band. He sustained sometimes the part of the strolling gipsy, and sometimes that of the gentleman-highwayman. In the latter capacity 'he wore, when in full dress, a hat richly ornamented and trimmed with beautiful gold-lace, then fashionable among the highest ranks of Scotland. His coat was made of superfine cloth, of a light-green colour, long in the tails, and having one row of buttons at the breast. His shirt, of the finest quality, was ruffled at the breast and hands; and he had a stock and buckle round his neck. He also wore a pair of handsome boots, with silver-plated spurs, all in the fashion of the day. Below his garments he carried a large knife, and in the shaft or butt-end a small spear or dagger was concealed. His brother-in-law, a gipsy called Wilson, wore a similar garb, and both rode the finest horses in the country.' Both were favourites with the country people. In his capacity as a mere gipsy thief, Brown was as expert as he was dashing in his other capacity of highwayman. Once, being in want of butcher-meat for his tribe, he resolved to steal a bullock which he had observed grazing in a field in the county of Linlithgow, and which, by some accident, had lost about three-fourths of its tail. 'He purchased from a tanner the tail of a skin of the same colour as this bullock, and in an ingenious manner made it fast to the remaining part of the tail of the living animal. He then drove off the booty. As he was shipping the beast at Queensferry on his way north, a servant, who had been despatched in quest of the depredator, overtook him. An altercation immediately commenced; the servant said he could swear to the ox in his possession, were it not for its long tail, and was accordingly proceeding to examine it narrowly, to satisfy himself in this particular, when the ready-witted gipsy took his knife out of his pocket, and in view of all present, cut the false tail from the animal, taking a part of the real tail along with it, which drew blood instantly. "Swear to the ox, now, you scoundrel!" said he, throwing the tail into the sea.'

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* *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. ii.

At length, after several hair-breadth escapes, Brown and his brother-in-law, Wilson, came within the swoop of the law. They were hanged together in Edinburgh; and, horrible to relate, 'while these two wretches were shivering in the winds in the convulsive throes of death, Martha, the mother of the former, and the mother-in-law of the latter, was apprehended on the spot, in the act of stealing a pair of sheets. They were, in all probability, intended for the winding-sheets of her unfortunate sons, who were just suffering in her presence.'

We shall conclude this string of anecdotes by a notice of the famous Aberdeenshire gipsy, Peter Young, who was related, it is said, both to the Yetholm and the Lochgellie band; indeed, according to the expression made use of by one of the tribe, 'the gipsies are a' sib [all kin].' Peter had a brother, John, about twelve years younger than himself. Their father had enlisted during the American war; but at the peace of 1783 he returned to Scotland, and resumed his old occupation, that of a travelling tinker. Peter succeeded him, and was captain of a band well known in the north of Scotland, where his exploits are told to this day. Possessed of great strength of body, and very uncommon abilities, Peter was a fine specimen of his race, though he retained all their lawless propensities. He was proud, passionate, revengeful, a great poacher, and an absolute despot, although a tolerably just one, over his gang, maintaining his authority with an oak stick, the principal sufferers from which were his numerous wives.

'Peter esteemed himself to be a very honourable man, and the keepers of the different public-houses in the country seem to have thought that, to a certain extent, he was so. He never asked for *trust* as long as he had a halfpenny in his pocket. At the different inns which he used to frequent, he was seldom or never denied anything. If he pledged his word that he would pay his bill the next time he came that way, he punctually performed his promise. Peter's work was of a very miscellaneous nature. It comprehended the professions of a blacksmith in all its varieties, a tinsmith, and brazier.

His original business was to mend pots, pans, kettles, &c. of every description, and this he did with great neatness and ingenuity. Having an uncommon turn for mechanics, he at last cleaned and repaired clocks and watches. He also could engrave on wood or metal; so also could his brother John; but where they learned any of these arts I never heard. Peter was very handy about all sorts of carpenter-work, and occasionally amused himself, when the fancy seized him, in executing some pieces of curious cabinet-work that required neatness of hand. He was particularly famous in making fishing-rods, and in the art of fishing he was surpassed by few. Placed in advantageous circumstances, what might this man not have become? As the case was, he was continually committing depredations on society; and no pains being taken to improve his habits, he came out of prison worse than he went in. At length he committed a capital crime, and was condemned to be hanged at Aberdeen.

'During the few weeks which were permitted to elapse between sentence and execution, Peter appeared to be very penitent, and perfectly resigned to the fate which awaited him. Having been heard to complain of the coldness of his feet, different articles of clothing were sent to him by humane people, to keep him warm. The practice in Aberdeen at that time was for the jail to be finally shut at four o'clock P.M. Public executions always took place upon the Friday, being the market-day. Upon the previous Wednesday, when the jailer came to inquire if he wanted anything for the night, Peter sprang upon him like a tiger, took the keys from him, and said if he would remain quiet, he would not touch a hair of his head. He had been for some time at freedom from his irons, having sawed them through with the mainspring of a watch. He commanded the jailer to lie down upon his back, and, with dreadful imprecations, swore that if he moved a finger or a toe, and especially if he looked out at the window, he would murder him on the spot. The jailer was well aware of the kind of man he had to deal with, and was therefore very compliant. After thus settling matters with the jailer, which occupied five or six hours, at a time of night when everything appeared to be quiet, Peter went down stairs and informed his fellow-prisoners what he was about. It so happened that there were a great number then in the prison at Aberdeen. He had all the keys, and shewing these was sufficient hush-money. When he thought everything was prepared, at one o'clock he went himself to unlock the outer door; but, unfortunately for him, it was bolted on the outside. This for a moment staggered him; but no time was to be lost—no exertion spared. In a state of fearful agony and desperation, he threw his immense strength upon the door, and it yielded to the impulse, and flew open. In the old prison of Aberdeen there was always a soldier on guard. Peter seized his firelock, and made him accompany him, until he set every prisoner at liberty.

He was the last that went out himself. Having locked the door, and left the key in the lock, he delivered the firelock to the sentinel, and ran off.

'There was at that time a great deal of snow upon the ground. Peter was well acquainted with every devious path in the county; he needed nobody to pilot him. According to his own account, he tore off the skirts of his coat immediately upon leaving the prison, and made all the speed he could to the hilly country, or what is called the head of Aberdeenshire. He had travelled about twenty-four miles, and, being quite exhausted, lay down to sleep. Sir Edward Bannerman and some other gentlemen were out on a sporting expedition, and their dogs made a dead set at Peter, who was lying on the snow fast asleep. Sir Edward knew Peter perfectly, and, according to the statement of some, had been one of the jury that condemned him. They bound Peter, and sent an express to Aberdeen. The magistrates ordered that he should be sent to town under a strong guard.

'By this time it was Friday morning; the gallows was erected, and everything prepared for the execution; but, in going up the Shiprow, attended by a great mob, some person called out: "Peter, deny that you are the man!" The provost, council, &c. examined him. Peter said he knew nothing about such a man as Peter Young; he never heard of him; his own name was John Anderson; and he wondered what they meant by making such a *wark* about him. Though he was as well known in Aberdeen as the provost himself, yet none could be found to identify him. He therefore escaped being hanged at this time, and was sent to Edinburgh, where, after a short delay, and the necessary examinations, the unfortunate man was executed. John Young, his brother, was hanged at Aberdeen for the murder of a gipsy cousin in 1801; the whole family, indeed, consisting of seven brothers, became victims of their own unregulated passions, and of the law of capital punishment.'

We now conclude with a more pleasing department of inquiry, namely, the prospect of the

CIVILISATION OF THE GIPSIES.

The foregoing sketches afford a melancholy picture of human degradation and neglect. According to the barbarous policy of a past age, no attempt was made to reclaim the gipsies to the usages of civilised life; they were left to wander at large, exposed to every species of temptation to crime, and when caught, they were punished with all the usual vengeance of the law. In recent times, in consequence of that wise and more philanthropic mode of dealing with the criminal classes in society which has been gaining ground, some attempts have been made to call attention to the condition of the gipsies, with a view to their instruction and civilisation. This has been particularly the case in Great Britain, where the gipsies are supposed to be about eighteen thousand in number—a large proportion of the population to be left abandoned to a lawless course of life. The attempts which have been made, although by no means so energetically or extensively supported as they ought to have been, have been sufficient at least to demonstrate the practicability, with the assistance of time, of civilising and domesticating this unfortunate race.

The most remarkable, and perhaps the most successful attempt to reclaim the gipsies, is that begun about the year 1839 at Yetholm in Roxburghshire. Here, as already mentioned, a tribe has been many years located, but, in the course of time, it has become so mingled with the general population of the country, that few traits of the original gipsy character remain. Among these, unfortunately, is the tendency to vagrancy, which, although greatly checked of late by more stringent police regulations, still exists, and has been the chief difficulty to contend with. The effort at reclamation began by the establishment of a Society in Edinburgh, and the collection of voluntary contributions and subscriptions. The actual operations were mainly conducted by the then minister of the parish, the Rev. John Baird, and have been actively continued by his successor, the Rev. A. Davidson. Of the aptitude of his gipsy parishioners in learning, Mr Baird could speak thus: 'Most of the tribe are able to read, though very indifferently. They seem alive to the advantages of education, and speak of it as the only legacy which a poor man can leave to his children; but the migratory habits of the people prevent their children from remaining long enough at school ever to make much progress. The children are generally remarked as clever. One large family of children have been taught to read by their mother at home; and I have known a father (when he was able) who gave a lesson every day to his two children in the course of their migrations. I may mention, as a proof of the anxiety of parents on this subject, that most of them have again and again professed their willingness to leave their children at home throughout the year for instruction, could they only afford it. Of late, the greater number of the tribe have attended church occasionally, and some with exemplary regularity. Their ideas on the subject of religion, however, are extremely limited and erroneous. Nor can they well be otherwise, considering their unsettled way of life and their defective education. Yet they profess a general respect for religion, and, when absent from church, excuse themselves on the ground that they have no suitable or decent clothing. I have not been able to ascertain whether they entertain any peculiar sentiments on the subject of religion. Like most ignorant persons, they are very superstitious. All of them profess to belong to the Established Church, and there are no Dissenters among them. Eight or nine of them are communicants. Most of them possess Bibles, which have been purchased, however, rather for the use of their children when at school than for any other purpose. Those who have not Bibles would purchase them, they say, could they afford it.'

In 1846 he thus speaks of the plan and its results: 'Our plan is simply this—To keep the children at home during the excursions of their parents (who are absent usually about ten months out of the twelve), to give them a useful education, and afterwards to find situations for them as servants or apprentices. In this we have succeeded to some extent. Eight girls have been hired as servants, several of whom, however, are at home at present; two from bad health; and one is required, in the absence of her parents, to take care of her brothers and sisters attending school. All of them have conducted themselves well. Nearly as many lads have been hired or apprenticed, or are otherwise employed in ordinary agricultural operations. Two unmarried men, not educated at our expense, and three married men with wives and families, are also now employed as industrious day-labourers. Several of the younger men have been working on the railways. Including the children of these families, there are now between thirty and forty who, for the present, have been withdrawn from the vagabond life of their tribe, and are now in the fair way, we trust, of becoming useful members of society.'

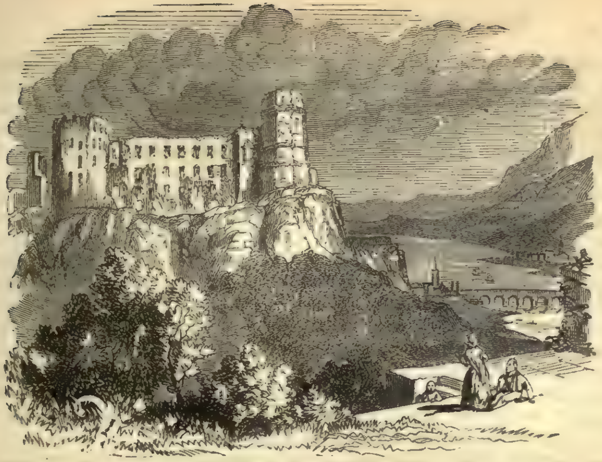
In a communication dated March 1870, Mr Davidson reports favourably of the continued success of the scheme. 'To get the children to stay at home during the parents' absence, much expense and trouble were incurred, and often with little success; for the gipsies are very fond and careful of their children. This first requisite not having been obtained, there followed strong representations to the authorities of Roxburgh and Berwick to make encamping on the highway-side—the charm of old gipsy life—illegal. These representations succeeded, and our gipsies soon found that home was preferable to a lodging-house. Carts and horses became fewer and fewer; the able-bodied, who could undertake the work, became farm-servants, and left the village for situations; while those who remained began to confine their journeys to short excursions of a few days only, and thus secured to a great extent the keeping of the children at home. After this, the boarding-out of children to neighbours ceased.

'When this point was gained, Mr Baird offered so much meal or other necessaries to those children who would consent to go to school—half a stone a week to each child was the allowance, but only during the summer months. This system I continued till about 1866, when the teacher of the gipsy school and I beginning to compare notes, found that the bribe had no effect. The attendance was as numerous without meal as with it; and for the following reasons: The parents of the children being continually on the road, always had plenty to eat, and were to some extent independent of the relief given them by way of inducement for their children to attend school; while at the same time a great trade in wool-gathering was carried on, and as a child could gather as well as a parent, the meal did not serve the purpose for which it was intended. But when the wool season is over, the children return to school, and are there till the vacation.

'The school in the gipsy village is one of the few belonging to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland south of the Forth, and has had a series of excellent teachers, whose labours are telling most decidedly now. Of all reformers of the gipsies, the schoolmaster has been the best. The young can now all read and, with about two exceptions, can all write a very creditable letter. One boy last year was the best of the school in arithmetic. Many are good at geography and grammar. Since I had a teacher of sewing appointed, we can shew the novel sight of gipsy girls expert at knitting, sewing, darning, and mending.

'In connection with the school there is still in Edinburgh a gipsy fund, in the hands of George Mackenzie, Esq., W.S., 9 Hill Street (by whom subscriptions will be received). From it all fees, books, &c. are paid; while a Clothing Society and other assistance keep them properly clad. What was long doubted has now become a fact—that the gipsies are capable of being improved, and that to any extent. Many are regular in their church attendance; and the Sunday evening services in their cottages are much appreciated. All their friends will rejoice with me to see that conscience in those, at one time, deemed the worst among us, is not seared, and that the truths of our common salvation have still a way open to their hearts.'

We have here the most conclusive evidence of the improvability of the gipsies; their better faculties only require to be developed, and those of an evil tendency suppressed in youth, in order that they may assume their proper place among the ordinary population of the country. It is to be trusted that the meritorious effort at reclamation will not be suffered to languish for lack of means, and that its example will lead to similar attempts for civilising and bettering the condition of the gipsies in England and other countries.



ELIZABETH STUART AND THE PALATINATE.

IN making the tour of the Rhine, the traveller, after passing through a long range of picturesque and beautiful scenery, arrives at a level region, rich and arable, which stretches towards the confines of Switzerland. Belonging in the present day to the grand-dukedom of Baden, the kingdom of Bavaria, and other states, the district referred to formed at one time a portion of what in continental history is known as the PALATINATE. How the country should have acquired that designation, it is proper to explain. When, at the beginning of the ninth century, Charlemagne made himself master of Germany, and assumed the character of successor to the Roman emperors, he granted hereditary fiefs to favourite officers, and one of these fell to the share of the Palatine, or seneschal of his imperial household. From being, therefore, a term inferring servitude in a palace, the title Count-Palatine—in German Pfalzgraf, or Palsgrave—became attached to the territory which was held hereditarily by the officer with that title. In time, the connection between the Counts-Palatine and the household of the German emperor fell into disuse, but the title of Palatine or Pfalzgraf remained until comparatively recent times. The domains conferred on the Counts-Palatine consisted of large possessions on the Upper Rhine and one of its tributaries, the Neckar. Upon a commanding height overlooking the latter river, the Palatines built their splendid castle of Heidelberg, which, with the adjoining town, gradually became the permanent capital of their dominions. Besides the district of which Heidelberg was the principal seat of population, and which, lying on both sides of the Rhine, was locally known as the Lower Palatinate, the dominions of the Counts-Palatine embraced a large territory, bordering on Bohemia and Bavaria, usually styled the Upper Palatinate, of which Amberg was the seat of government.

The Counts-Palatine of these united provinces, like the adjacent princes, exercised the rights of sovereignty within their dominions, but owned a species of allegiance to the Germanic Empire, of which they were electors. Rich in agricultural produce, yielding the finest Rhenish wines, with an industrious population, and a capital distinguished by its flourishing university, the Palatinate presented the pleasing picture of a happy country, ruled with discretion by a series of counts in whom little was left to desire. It is our purpose, however, to shew how, by one false step, this enviable condition of prosperity was destroyed; and as unreasonable discontent and ambition were the main cause of the calamity, the story we are about to tell will not be without its moral.

The history of the Palatinate is in a remarkable manner associated with that of the royal House of Stuart; for it was in the person of a princess of that race that ruin was introduced into a hitherto fortunate family; and this circumstance alone will impart a degree of melancholy interest to a narrative fraught with the most instructive memorials. The period at which the narrative may be taken up was one of general jealousy, intrigue, and dispeace in Europe. The Reformation had broken up old friendships among nations, and led to new leagues, as well as new views of civil polity. Among the German states that had embraced the principles of the Reformation was the Palatinate, which became an asylum for the persecuted Huguenots or Calvinistic Protestants of France. The great influx of French refugees, however, though tending to the material prosperity of the country, introduced also a germ of religious dissension. A contest took place between the rival adherents of Lutheranism and Calvinism, in which the latter were successful; and as toleration was unknown, the profession of the Lutheran forms of worship and doctrines was legally proscribed. This access of Calvinism in the Palatinate was greatly promoted by Juliana, wife of Frederick, fourth Elector-Palatine. Juliana, daughter of the Prince of Orange, and sister of Maurice of Nassau, brought with her from Holland the most austere religious views; and under her direction the court of Heidelberg became a model of propriety. Rigidly Calvinistic, Juliana appears to have been of polished manners, and possessed of a kind of masculine good sense, which, during her widowhood, she exercised for the advantage of her little state and her children. Frederick, her husband, died in 1610; and affairs being left in a great measure to the management of Juliana, she sent her eldest son, Frederick, the young elector, to be educated at Sedan, at that time a celebrated seat of learning and science, to which resorted the flower of the Protestant youth of France and Switzerland to pursue their academical studies. Here, under the charge of his uncle, the Duke de Bouillon, Frederick was confirmed in the interests of the Calvinistic party, and trained in hatred to Austria and Spain —the two nations at the head of the Catholic league, and of course enemies to the Protestant cause.

Illustrious by birth, position, and his connection with the House of Orange, and educated as a Calvinist, Frederick, though still a youth, was already the hope, if not actually the head of the Protestant interest on the continent of Europe. Superior in these respects even to the young Gustavus of Sweden, whose extraordinary qualities were then unknown and undeveloped, he was thus a person of great importance to the Protestants of Britain, and particularly to the rising sect of the Puritans. It will be remembered that about this time England was convulsed by the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, and that hatred and terror of the Papists were universal amongst all Protestants, whether of the High or Low Church. These feelings were shared in their fullest extent by the reigning sovereign, James I., who had so narrowly escaped destruction. It was, therefore, with a degree of enthusiasm of which we can form but a faint idea, that a project was formed to unite James's daughter, the Lady Elizabeth, with Frederick the Elector-Palatine, the hope of the Protestant cause. It need hardly be said that, in the Palatinate, the prospect of this great match was hailed with feelings of delight; and to no one was it more gratifying than to the dowager Juliana, who longed to see her son at the head of his own court of Heidelberg.

Elizabeth Stuart, the daughter of James VI. of Scotland, was born in the palace of Falkland, a royal residence in Fife, on the 19th of August 1596; and on her father's accession to the English throne, as James I. of England, in 1603, she accompanied the family in its progress southwards. Some months later, she was consigned to the exclusive care of Sir John Harrington, recently created Baron Exon, to be educated as became her rank, and in sound Protestant principles. By this arrangement, which was customary at the period, Elizabeth was separated from her brother Henry, for whom she entertained the warmest affection; and her letters to this prince during her education are marked with the finest sensibilities. The place of her residence with Lord and Lady Harrington was the beautiful manor of Combe Abbey, in Warwickshire. Here, in the society of the young Harringtons, the 'Lady Elizabeth,' as she was called, may be said to have spent some of the happiest years of her existence. Her favourite companion was Ann Dudley, a niece of Lord Harrington, with whom she formed a lasting friendship. In her studies, Elizabeth shewed excellent abilities; her mind was docile and quick of apprehension; and her dispositions were affectionate. From her mother, she inherited a graceful form and fair complexion, with a vivacious and affable manner; while from her father she seems to have derived a certain love of show and pageantry, which, however, she had an opportunity of indulging in the family of Lord Harrington only when paying visits of state to the neighbouring towns. In 1609, she visited London with the family of Lord Harrington; and on this occasion she was allowed a share in the amusements of the court, one of which was a spectacle at the Tower, consisting of a fight between a lion on the one part, and a bear and four dogs on the other. Whatever were the amusements in which on this and other occasions the Lady Elizabeth participated, they did not efface the serious impressions which had already been made on her character. After returning to Combe Abbey, and in her thirteenth year, she wrote the following verses, addressed to Lord Harrington, which have been deemed worthy of a place among the productions of royal authors:

'This is a joye—this is true pleasure,
If we best things make our treasure,
And enjoy them at full leisure,
Evermore in richest measure.

God is only excellent,
Let up to Him our love be sent;
Whose desires are set and bent
On ought else—shall much repent.

Theirs is a most wretched case
Who themselves so far disgrace,
That they their affections place
Upon things named vile and base.

Earthly things do fade, decay,
Contentatious not one day;
Suddenly they pass away,
And man cannot make them stay.

All the vast world doth contain
To content men's hearts is vain,
That still justly will complain,
And unsatisfied remain.

Why should vain joyes us transport?
Earthly pleasures are but short,
And are mingled in such sort,
Griefs are greater than the sport.

God—most holy, high, and great,
Our delight doth make complete
When in us He takes his seat,
Only then we are replete.

Oh, my soul of heavenly birth,
Do thou scorn this basest earth,
Place not here thy joy and mirth,
Where of bliss is greatest dearth.

From below thy mind remove,
And affect the things above;
Set thy heart and fix thy love
Where thou truest joyes shall prove.

To me grace, O Father, send,
On thee wholly to depend,
That all may to thy glory tend;
So let me live, so let me end.'

Having completed her education, Elizabeth was introduced at her father's court, where her residence was to be exceedingly brief. Although only in her sixteenth year, her marriage with Frederick Elector-Palatine had already become a subject of negotiation. This match was not distasteful to the princess; and the only person about the court to whom it was really objectionable was the queen. From what occurred on this occasion, the least that can be said of the queen-mother, Anne of Denmark, is, that she appears to have been a weak and frivolous woman, who had only one consideration—and that was to see her daughter a queen. The prospect of Elizabeth settling down as the wife of a Count-Palatine, even although a reigning prince, was revolting to her feelings, and she used every endeavour to dissuade her from the marriage. 'As you are the daughter of a queen,' she said, 'be also a queen yourself: think how you will like to be called *Goody Palsgrave!*' Elizabeth listened dutifully to her mother's remonstrances; but declined to make any promise to reject Frederick's suit, and waited to form a final determination when she should have an opportunity of judging by a personal interview with the young Palatine.

Having made all suitable arrangements for visiting England, Frederick proceeded through Germany to Holland, and thence embarked in a splendid yacht on the 16th of October 1612. Next day, he arrived at Gravesend; and the day following, he embarked in a royal barge with a train of gay cavaliers, and was rowed up the Thames amidst the acclamations of crowds of spectators. On passing the Tower, he was greeted with a royal salute. At length he reached Whitehall, where he was received at the landing-place by Prince Charles, then eleven years of age, and was by him conducted through rows of courtiers to a superb hall in the palace, where the king and queen, prince and princess, were assembled. In this trying first interview, the young Palatine is said to have acquitted himself with much propriety. 'He advanced without trepidation towards James, with grace to Queen Anne, with frankness to the prince, and with a degree of elegance to the Lady Elizabeth.' The whole court was satisfied with his appearance and deportment; and it was generally admitted that nothing was wanting to render him perfect but a regal crown. Being established in apartments in the palace of St James's, Frederick had opportunities of daily visiting the royal family in their private circle, and of becoming personally acquainted with Elizabeth, who was still under Lord and Lady Harrington's protection. Elizabeth was not displeased with the demeanour of the Palatine, to whom 'she allowed all modest maidenly encouragement; and her ladies soon discovered, that though, by his graceful and discreet carriage, he had conciliated the whole court, it was in her society only that he delighted.' In order to shew him some attention, she invited him to 'a solemn supper,' which was followed by a masque, or pantomimic play with allegorical and fabulous characters, according to the fantastic taste of the period. While Frederick and Elizabeth were thus becoming attached to each other, the royal family were thrown into deep distress by the illness and death of Prince Henry, a youth of great promise to the nation; and the Palatine's genuine sympathy on this melancholy occasion touched even the queen, who thought there was still some good in the young man, although not a king. James, at the same time, affected to think that God, in taking one son from him, was giving him another; and as the nation was clamorous for the marriage, the betrothal of Frederick and Elizabeth was performed with great ceremony on the 27th of December. On New-Year's Day 1613, gifts were exchanged between the royal family and Frederick. And to conclude an affair which James felt to be tiresome and expensive, the marriage was solemnised on Valentine's Day, the 14th of February. The fireworks, the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and other tokens of rejoicing, it is unnecessary to describe. Elizabeth, at her nuptials, was attired in a gorgeous robe of white and silver, studded with diamonds. On her head she wore a crown of gold, her long fair hair floating on her shoulders; but in those beautiful tresses, pearls and diamonds were elaborately interwoven in a style of great magnificence. For many days after the marriage, there was a succession of luxurious entertainments, which James's exchequer, never well provided, could ill bear; and as want of money always threw him into bad humour, he began to betray very inhospitable feelings. The truth seems to be, that the royal treasury was exhausted by the sum expended on the espousals, which is said to have amounted to £140,000, a large sum in those days. So utter was James's impoverishment by this marriage, along with other causes of outlay, that he was unable to pay for the board and education of Elizabeth during so many years; and, according to a convenient but mischievous method of liquidating his debts, he settled Lord Harrington's claim by conferring on him the privilege of coining copper money.

The ungracious conduct of the king, joined to the impertinence of the queen, who publicly addressed her daughter as 'Goody Palsgrave,' had at length the effect of sending away the newly married pair. Frederick, with Elizabeth and her suite, which included the Harringtons, Ann Dudley, and several other English, bade farewell to the court, and embarked at Margate for the continent. The party arrived at Flushing on the 28th of April, and were received with great cordiality in their progress through Holland to Amsterdam. After being royally entertained for some time, Frederick hurried forward to make arrangements for the reception of his bride at Heidelberg; and she, accompanied by princes and nobles, made her journey towards the Palatinate in a splendidly decorated yacht, which sailed slowly, and to the sound of music, on the fair bosom of the Rhine. Touching at various places, and admiring the picturesque scenery from the deck of her sumptuous vessel, Elizabeth's voyage, in the green and mild month of May, was like a protracted vision of fairyland. At length she reaches the confines of the Palatinate, her long-looked-for home; and here she is met by her husband with crowds of retainers, who rend the air with shouts in honour of the great English princess, who is now the wife of their sovereign. Then for miles, through town after town, is she received by processions of peasants, magistrates, learned professors, and grave-looking divines; and again and again is she addressed in long and adulatory orations in Latin, bidding her welcome to the land which is now to be her own. Everywhere, up to the gates of the castle of Heidelberg, is Elizabeth thus the object of a people's love, until she is received with tears of delight into the arms of the good dowager Juliana, who finds in her a daughter worthy of her best esteem and affection.

Those who have seen the ancient castle of Heidelberg, grand even in its ruins, seated on a verdant leafy hill overlooking the Neckar, will perhaps be able to form some idea of its magnificence, when, in May 1613, it received within its portal the young and accomplished Scotchwoman, Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of a long line of kings. 'The British party,' says Miss Benger, in her history of Elizabeth, 'was cordially welcomed; and Frederick was repeatedly felicitated on the possession of his magnificent habitation. The interior of the palace, with its floors of porphyry and gilt pillars, and cornice inlaid with gems, was superb beyond description; the ceiling was painted in fresco; the walls were hung with tapestry; and a suite of ten rooms, including the knights' hall, the royal saloon, the silver chamber, and ánte-rooms, formed a complete Gothic palace, which, during the summer, seemed the temple of pleasure.' Great and expensive entertainments followed Elizabeth's arrival; and to afford an idea of the manner in which courtly amusements were conducted at the period, we present the following account of one of them which took place at Heidelberg: it is from an old German author:

'The jousts and sports of chivalry [at Heidelberg] were presented in the pleasure-gardens on the other side of the castle, where, in front of the barriers, was erected a pleasure-house, divided into two compartments; one of which was appropriated to the royal dames, and in which were seats allotted to the mantenators and judges of chivalry; the other was allotted to the high German nobility. On the opposite side were balconies for the British suite and the dignitaries of the Palatinate; and nearly in the centre was a booth, sufficiently commodious to accommodate all other orders of the community, where men and women were permitted to sit together. The jousts commenced at one o'clock, when thirty knights entered the lists, all arrayed in gaudy magnificence. The cavaliers wore gilt armour, having their helmets crowned with peacocks' plumes; even their horses were in like manner embellished. The Palatine company were designated by a livery of green and white; the Anspachers wore white and red; the cavaliers of Würtemberg exhibited white and gold, with a profusion of suns and stars. Various courses were run with lance, with spear, and sword, in which the magnificent Duke of Würtemberg was pre-eminently victorious. On the evening of this day, there was a grand display of fireworks on the Neckar, the effect of which was heightened by trumpets and hautboys, which, without intermission, were heard to reverberate from the high cliffs to the smooth waters of the Neckar. On the following Thursday, according to cartels published on the gates of the castle, a general invitation was issued to running at the ring, which also commenced at noon in the royal gardens; in addition to which, there was a grand romantic spectacle called the *Argonauts*, in which the Elector-Palatine enacted the part of Jason, and each of the cavaliers appeared in the appropriate garb of Greek heroes. The idea was suggested by Baron Achatius d'Hona, to whose taste Frederick was indebted for the invention, for which he obtained the first prize from the ladies. This entertainment lasted several days, and was varied by a series of inventions or fables, for each of which the author or authors received thanks, and a prize of ducats, dollars, or florins, in sums proportioned to the ingenuity of the device, and the gallantry of the achievement. During this spectacle, a series of laudatory speeches and poems was addressed to Elizabeth by the princes or nobles, supporting the characters of Pallas, Juno, Mercury, Orpheus, Jason, and his companions. The metrical pieces were composed under the eye of the Baron d'Hona, and probably employed some of the most practised pens in Heidelberg.'

To give pleasure to Elizabeth, Frederick did not confine himself to these costly entertainments. He caused a garden in the English style to be formed by a series of excavations from the hill, and adorned it with the most beautiful flowers, shrubs, statuary, and fountains; including certain quaint hydrostatical contrivances, by means of which charming music was played. The modern visitor still notes with melancholy interest the royal arms of England, and other memorials of Elizabeth, carved on the entrance of this once elegant retreat.

Within a year of Elizabeth's arrival in the Palatinate, she gave birth to a son, afterwards known as Henry-Frederick; and intelligence of the event was received with undissembled joy in England and Scotland, as a further guarantee to the Protestant states of Europe. In little more than a year after was born a second son, Charles-Louis; and in due time she gave birth to her daughter, Elizabeth. Five years had thus flowed on in tranquillity. Happy in all her domestic relations, dwelling in one of the most princely mansions in Europe, honoured by her little court, loved by her people, daily edified by the prelections of favourite chaplains, and varying her outdoor recreations by occasional exercises on horseback amid the most beautiful scenery, Elizabeth may be said to have had nothing earthly left to ask or long for. In her husband, her children, and her home, blessings had been showered upon her. What more could she desire?

Elizabeth's life, beginning under the most favourable auspices, may be likened to a drama, in which, by the whisperings of a demon, unhappiness and discord were introduced into the action. The evil genius of this dismal tragedy appeared in the form of a bigoted old Calvinist divine, named Abraham Scultetus. This personage, whom we now notice for the first time, was a native of Silesia, and having been educated in the principles of the Hussites, he wandered through the Protestant German states, until evil fortune settled him in Heidelberg, as private chaplain to the widowed Juliana, by whom he was transferred to her son Frederick. In the quality of spiritual director, he accompanied the young Palatine to England, on the occasion of his marriage, and ever since had become a parasitic fixture in the family. Scultetus was imbued with the most austere religious notions of the period; and at the famous Synod of Dort, distinguished and raised himself in the opinion of his party by proscribing the Arminians, and counselling the judicial murder of the patriot Barneveldt. Ambitious, pedantic and visionary, Scultetus was a dangerous counsellor to Frederick. To scholarly erudition, he united the strange combination of astro-theological science and superstition. He drew auguries from meteorological phenomena, and framed predictions from the darkest passages in the Apocalypse. Of Frederick, he never ceased to prophesy an accession to royal power, as a thing of divine ordination. Under his banner, truth was to spread and take root over the whole German Empire; by his interposition, all were to be reclaimed from idolatry to the pure faith of the Gospel.

These divinations, communicated to Frederick and Elizabeth, were not displeasing, and they seemed to have a special significance when agitations were set on foot among certain chiefs and petty princes in the Protestant interest in Germany, to find a fitting person to fill the throne of Bohemia. We despair of being able, with our limited space, to give a distinct idea of the historical complications in which the states of Germany were at this time involved. Only a few leading particulars, bearing on the fortunes of our heroine, can be presented.

Bohemia, an ancient kingdom inhabited by a Slavonic race, had at one time been a hereditary, and at other times an elective monarchy. For some generations preceding the period to which we have to refer, it had been under the sway of the Archdukes of Austria, Emperors of Germany; though the nobility claimed the right of electing the sovereign, and, if necessary, of changing the dynasty. The Emperor Mathias, a zealous Catholic, gave the most serious offence by despotically shutting up the Protestant churches. A violent commotion was excited among the Bohemians, and particularly the citizens of Prague, the capital; and the states manifested their displeasure by flinging the imperial deputies out of the windows of the reception-room—an act of violence which, as is well known, led to the protracted struggle called the Thirty Years' War. The immediate consequence was to place Bohemia in hostility with Austria. The Emperor Mathias opportunely dying at this time, the Austrian states and the title of emperor devolved on his nephew Ferdinand II., a prince of considerable sagacity and energy, but cruel, vindictive, and bigotedly attached to the Roman Catholic faith. Ferdinand claimed, as a matter of right, the crown of Bohemia; but, strictly, he required to be elected, and his claim, therefore, was not perfectly valid. Be this as it may, the Bohemians denied his authority, and resolved to choose a king with the assistance of the states of the Protestant Union. Thus defiance was hurled at Austria, and not only so, but at Spain and other Catholic powers, who, it might be expected, would not tamely see Bohemia pass into the hands of a Protestant family.

Before the emperor could adopt any active measures to secure Bohemia, the magnates of the kingdom, headed by Count Thurm, offered the crown to Frederick, Elector-Palatine. It is alleged that Frederick was strongly urged by the Protestant states of Germany, by his princely relatives of Holland and Nassau, and also by his uncle, the Duke de Bouillon, to accept the perilous honour. He was also assured of zealous and efficient support from the famous Bethlem Gabor, a military adventurer, who had recently arrived at supreme power in Transylvania and Hungary. It is but justice to Frederick to say, that having little of the heroic in his character, he did not readily agree to the proposals to make him a king. Foreseeing the commencement of a warlike struggle, doubtful in its results, his mother besought him to rest satisfied with his present possessions; declaring her confident belief that, on accepting the crown of Bohemia, he would sacrifice a substance for a vain shadow. Elizabeth, who had the soul of a heroine of romance, owned no such fears. All her prepossessions were enlisted in favour of the tempting proposals. Educated with high notions of Protestant ascendency, she considered the present to be an opportunity developed by Providence for spreading and strengthening her favourite principles. It is also probable that a desire to realise her mother's wish to see her a queen had its due influence on her mind. A sense of duty, as she thought, not only to the world, but to her family and herself, decided her choice; she therefore spared no pains to bring Frederick to the same determination. Not trusting exclusively to her own sophistries, she enlisted the willing agency of Scultetus, who, by sermons and private harangues, laboured to impress a conviction on the mind of his master that it was his noble destiny to wear the Bohemian diadem. Distracted and irresolute, Frederick at length yielded to his wife's and his chaplain's solicitations, fortified as they were by an opinion maintained by the Duke de Bouillon, that England, as a matter of course, would, if necessary, aid with men and money the great cause, of which the king of Bohemia was to be the head. Events proved the entire fallacy of these expectations. James, from the first, entreated his son-in-law to remain in the Palatinate, and to reject the Bohemian crown; nor did he ever afford the slightest assistance to Frederick.

The time had now arrived—autumn of 1619—when Frederick, with his family and suite, including the pragmatic Scultetus, were to quit Heidelberg, and make a royal progress to Prague. Juliana and the Duke de Deuxponts were appointed a regency in charge of the Palatinate; a ceremonious but kindly farewell was taken of the people in the great church of Heidelberg; and a portentous gloom hung over the palace and gardens, soon to be deprived of their princely occupants, who, it was feared, would never return. Amidst sobs and tears, Elizabeth, with her husband and three children, left a spot endeared by many happy recollections. The die of her fate was cast. Ambition and a mistaken sense of duty were leading her to destruction. As yet, however, there were only visions of grandeur in the distance. On the 21st of October, the cavalcade entered Prague, whose semi-oriental and picturesque streets, splendid churches and palaces, and gaily dressed population, enthusiastic in their welcome to their new king and queen, filled the royal family with delight. Elizabeth, transferred to a state-coach, and Frederick, mounted on a handsome steed, were ushered to the palace by a troop of nobility, knights, and citizens, who, with solemn invocations, declared they would stand or fall by the king of their choice. For days, all was rejoicing; and even Scultetus condescended to relax somewhat in his austerity. In the principal church, he preached a sermon, inculcating brotherly love and charity, of which, we regret to say, there appears in those days to have been little practical example. His harangue was well received; and there was a prospect that the Lutherans of Prague and the Calvinist incomers might agree tolerably well together. Unfortunately, the truce was not of long continuance. Scultetus, at heart, hated the Lutherans as much as he did the Catholics; and soon he began fiery orations against their ceremonials of worship, their use of pictures, images, and crucifixes, which gave deep offence, and led to serious outbreaks. The principal church was cleared of its ornaments by a Calvinist mob; and a much-venerated crucifix, that had for ages stood on the bridge across the river Moldau, which runs through Prague, was thrown down and destroyed.

Great was the commotion consequent on these outrages. A bitter feeling of hostility to the king was roused among the Lutherans, which it required all the address of Frederick and Elizabeth to allay; nor did they ever overcome the sentiment of religious hatred which Scultetus had imprudently excited.

Frederick and Elizabeth occupied the throne of Bohemia about a year, during which period they experienced many distressing fears for the cause they had espoused, as well as for the security of their own position. The nobles around them were found to be fickle, and scarcely amenable to discipline; treachery brooded within the walls of Prague; and some of the Protestant powers which had promised assistance, drew back on one excuse or other. Frederick, nevertheless, was able to form an army of allies; and the task of defending Bohemia as well as the Palatinate was now to be undertaken.

The princes of the Protestant Union had taken the field under the Margrave of Anspach, for the protection of the Palatinate; and he was confronted by the Duke of Bavaria, at the head of the Catholic league, who had been promised the Upper Palatinate as the price of his desertion of his relative. A battle was hourly expected, when Frederick and Elizabeth learned, to their astonishment and despair, that a deputation from the French court, hitherto considered a stanch ally, had interfered, through jealousy of the emperor, and persuaded both armies to retire and disband—thus leaving the Palatinate to the tender mercies of Spinola and his Spaniards, who, immediately issuing from Flanders, proceeded unopposed in their work of devastation. On the occurrence of this catastrophe, Frederick's mother, Juliana, escaped with difficulty in the night from Heidelberg. Spinola had been only waiting for the full and free permission of James I., to ravage his daughter's territories. It is difficult at this time to conceive the blindness and stupidity of these Protestant princes, who thus played the game of their merciless antagonists. The Palatinate was now gone, and the disengaged troops of Maximilian of Bavaria, in conjunction with the Austrian forces under Marshal Bucquoy, were in full march upon Prague; while Frederick's forces, disheartened and disaffected, swarmed with traitors, who conveyed intelligence of every movement to the invaders. In this crisis, despair seems to have inspired Frederick to attempt, perhaps, the only military act of his life—namely, a well-planned nocturnal advance upon the Bavarians at Rakonitz, who were imprudently encamped beyond the lines of communication with the Austrians.

This scheme of a night-surprise failed, in consequence of the traitors in Frederick's camp having warned the Austrians of their danger. Frederick had now no resource but a rapid retreat, and a concentration of what forces he had under the walls of Prague, whither he was hotly pursued by the combined forces. In the battle which ensued, November 8, 1620, Frederick did not make his appearance—possibly his presence being required in the distracted city. Whether through treachery in the generals, the Prince of Anhalt and Count Hohenloe, or through superior generalship and fortitude in the invaders, the attack was everywhere successful; and the routed soldiers of Frederick were only saved from extermination by his humanely causing the city gates to be opened to admit them and their pursuers together. He hurried Elizabeth away in a private carriage across the river Moldau by the bridge from which the ancient crucifix had been torn—a circumstance long after recalled with bitterness by the victorious party. With the utmost difficulty, Frederick obtained an eight hours' truce from Maximilian. Now Elizabeth, in her extremity, became the heroine we delight to think her. One of her devoted admirers eagerly proposed to defend the citadel of Prague for a few days, to hold the enemy in play, and so give time for an unmolested escape. 'I forbid the sacrifice,' exclaimed Elizabeth: 'never shall the son of my best friend hazard his life to spare my fears—never shall this devoted city be exposed to more outrageous treatment for my sake; rather let me perish on the spot, than be remembered as a curse.' With these words, she and her husband commenced their hazardous journey, leaving behind kingdom, Palatinate, electorate, rank, station, high hopes, and grand designs, to meet danger, unkindness, and all the bitterness which waits on fallen greatness. But Frederick did not despair; he had still his incomparable wife; and Elizabeth had still her incomparable friends—enough of themselves to make her a heroine of romance, if she were not in herself that better heroine—a high-souled, uncomplaining woman, and devoted wife. Well might Frederick be called in derision the Winter King: the hot breath of adversity had but to breathe upon him, and he melted away, never again to appear as a potentate. Through great difficulty and danger, the fugitives reached Breslau, in Silesia, where news reached them of the surrender of Prague, and the extinction of their last hopes; and as Elizabeth was now near her confinement, Frederick obtained, after several humiliating repulses from his brother-in-law, George-William of Brandenburg, permission to reside for a while in the strong castle of Küstrin, where Prince Maurice was born, afterwards so well known in the civil wars of England.

While residing at Breslau, Elizabeth wrote the following affecting letter to her father, entreating him to afford succour in her sad reverse of fortune. She says: 'The Baron d'Hona will not fail to inform your majesty of the misfortune that has befallen us, and by which we have been compelled to leave Prague and come to this place, where God only knows how long we may be permitted to remain. I therefore most humbly beseech your majesty to protect the king and myself, by sending us succour; otherwise we must be brought to utter ruin. It is from your majesty alone, next to Almighty God, that we expect assistance. I most humbly thank your majesty for the favourable declaration you have been pleased to make respecting the preservation of the Palatinate. I earnestly entreat you to do as much for us here, and to send us good aid to resist our foes; otherwise I know not what will become of us. Let me, then, once more implore your majesty to have compassion on us, and not to abandon the king, at the moment when he most needs assistance. As to myself, I am resolved not to leave him; and if he must perish, why, I will perish also. But whatever may become of me, never, never shall I be other than your majesty's most humble, most obedient daughter and servant, ELIZABETH.'

This letter, like every other appeal to James, proved fruitless. He left his daughter to her fate. Neither pusillanimity nor parsimony was the cause of this behaviour. The king of England was at the time contriving a marriage between his son Charles and the Infanta of Spain; and to have supported the king of Bohemia in what the Spanish monarch considered to be a usurpation, would have perilled the project. Perceiving James's weakness, Spain led him on with hopes of effecting the marriage, until the cause of the unfortunate Frederick was past remedy. Historians deplore the infatuation of James in this extraordinary affair. We may be permitted to present the views of Schiller on the subject.

'England,' says he, 'though now united with Scotland, no longer possessed, under the weak administration of James, that influence over the affairs of Europe which the ascendency of Elizabeth had procured for it. Convinced that the welfare of her dominions depended on the security of the Protestants, this prudent princess had never swerved from the principle of supporting every undertaking which had for its object the diminution of the Austrian power. Her successors were equally deficient in capacity to comprehend, and strength to execute her views. While the economical Elizabeth threw open her treasury to support the Flemings against Spain, and Henry IV. against the League, James abandoned his daughter, his son-in-law, and his grandchild, to the mercy of an unrelenting conqueror; while he exhausted his learning to deduce the origin of majesty from Heaven, he allowed his own dignity to sink into the dust; while he laboured by his rhetoric to prove the absolute right of kings, he reminded the English nation of theirs; and by a useless profusion, sacrificed his most important prerogative—that of dispensing with his parliament—and thus silencing the voice of freedom.

An innate horror at the sight of a naked sword, intimidated him from entering on any war, however just; while his favourite Buckingham practised on his weakness, and his own vanity and self-conceit rendered him an easy dupe of Spanish imposture: while the affairs of his son-in-law were ruined, and the German inheritance of his grandson alienated, this weak prince was imbibing, with satisfaction, the incense which was offered to him by Austria and Spain. To divert his attention from the German war, he was amused with the proposal of a Spanish marriage for his son, and he himself encouraged him in the romantic project of paying his addresses in person to the Spanish princess. But his son lost his bride, as his son-in-law had done the crown of Bohemia and the Palatine-Electorate; and death alone saved him from the danger of closing his pacific reign by a war at home, which he had never had courage to maintain even at a distance. The civil commotions which his misgovernment had gradually excited, burst forth under his unfortunate son, and compelled him to relinquish, after some unimportant attempts, all participation in the German war, in order to oppose the rage of faction within his own kingdom, and at last to fall a victim to its fury.' Entering fully into the feelings of the historian of the Thirty Years' War, in the foregoing observations, we cannot bring ourselves to an unqualified condemnation of James for his apparent neglect of his daughter and son-in-law's interests. Doubtless, he acted a mean part. But the question is: Would it have been proper for England to plunge into a continental war, on the ground of vindicating the interests of a member of the royal family, who was no longer a British subject? Judged by modern notions of public policy, it must be allowed that the non-intervention of England in the continental broils at this distracted period was exactly such as would now receive commendation.

Whatever opinions may be entertained on the subject of James's policy, all will commiserate the fate of his unhappy daughter, now chased in the depth of winter from the elegances of a palace, and obliged to go in quest of refuge among the relatives of her husband. Ultimately, she and her family found it necessary to retire from Central Germany, and seek an asylum in Holland.

Leaving her sad history for a moment, we may return to Prague, which was now in the hands of the victorious Austrians, and exposed to the most severe chastisement for its partisanship of the Elector-Palatine and his followers. The triumph of the Catholics throughout Europe was excessive. 'The Catholics have conquered,' wrote an eminent cardinal from Paris; 'they have dispersed the Palsgrave's troops, and are actually in possession of Prague. How will this news transfix the breasts of the Huguenots! and what will the Duke de Bouillon say, the original architect of his nephew's speculations—Bouillon, who, but a year ago, boasted at the solemnity of the Knights of the Holy Spirit, that whilst others made knights, he had created kings! Behold, now, a king without a kingdom, a palsgrave without the Palatinate, and, I trust also, an elector deprived of an electoral privilege.'

Bohemia was now overrun with imperialist armies, and many hundreds of the nobles and other distinguished partisans of Frederick were seized and committed to prison. Among these, the most noted personage was the accomplished Count Andreas Schlick, who had fought in the cause of the dethroned monarch. After performing prodigies of valour, he was compelled to surrender his sword, and was retained as a prisoner. He fled, however, from confinement, and retired to his own castle, trusting for protection to the fidelity of his vassals. Here, while hunting, he was surprised by a troop of Saxon marauders, conducted to Prague, and brought to trial before a tribunal composed chiefly of Austrian judges. Schlick, in his defence, avowed that he had borne arms against Ferdinand, to whom he owed no allegiance, and whom he considered to be a usurper. 'If,' said he, 'it is rebellious to resist tyranny, I aspire to the honour of rebellion. Tear this body of mine into ten thousand pieces, probe each vein and corner of my heart, and you shall not find a single sentiment but what my right hand hath subscribed to and vindicated. The love of liberty, of God's religion, and my country, prompted that hand to wield the sword; and, since it has pleased the Supreme Being to transfer success to the emperor, and deliver us into your hands, I can only say, with submission, love, and reverence, "the will of God be done."' These sentiments were perhaps more heroic than prudent. Schlick, with other prisoners, was condemned to death. He was conducted to the scaffold on the morning of the 20th of June 1621. Miss Benger's account of this vengeful execution may be quoted.

'At four in the morning, the prisoners were put into covered carts, which, in slow and mournful procession, proceeded from the old town [of Prague] to an area in front of the council-house. On this spot was erected a platform, covered with cloth, at one end of which sat, under his royal canopy, Prince Lichtenstein, as the emperor's representative, a circumstance strikingly characteristic of barbarous manners. An immense crowd of people had collected, of whom the greater part seemed to have no better feeling than mere curiosity, or that passion for excitement by which even savages are actuated. With their friends, the prisoners were not permitted to enjoy any personal communication. Even Schlick was denied the privilege of bidding his wife farewell; and if she exchanged with him a momentary glance, it was from the window of a house that overlooked the fatal scaffold. The execution was deferred till the clock struck five. The first who appeared was Count Schlick, dressed in the style of Elizabeth's court, in a green silk frock, his hair plain, and in his left hand a prayer-book, his countenance serene and resigned; but when his chains were removed, he breathed a heavy sigh for the thraldom imposed on his unhappy country. In undressing, he was assisted by his own servants, who were, in this instance, more favoured than his wife, to whom he sent a silk handkerchief, in token of his faithful love. He then knelt down, and having prayed with fervent devotion, laid his head on the block, stretched out his right hand, and thus challenged the stroke of the executioner, which in a moment consummated his fate.' The countess, distracted by the death of her husband, survived him only a few weeks. The executions struck terror into the citizens of Prague. The people at large were thoroughly stunned with their calamity. They submitted to the conqueror; and adherence to the cause of the fugitive king, as well as to Protestantism, may be said to have been extinguished in Bohemia.

We may now follow Elizabeth in her sorrowful journey to the Netherlands, undertaken in circumstances so different from those under which she had arrived in Germany. The only comfort she experienced was in being attended by a handful of faithful friends; among these was Ann Dudley, inconsolable for the loss of her husband, Count Schomberg, who had been killed at Prague. Another attendant was a British volunteer, of good family, named Hopton; and when compelled to quit her carriage, she placed herself on horseback behind this faithful young Englishman. The whole of her guard amounted to eighty cavaliers of distinction. Thus attended during her fatiguing march through an unsettled country, the exiled queen preserved the cheerfulness of her character; and all admired the equanimity with which she raised herself above the frowns of fortune. At Münster, she was joined by six companies sent by the Prince of Orange. Joined by her husband and children, she now took up her residence at the Hague; and here her sorrows were considerably alleviated by a personal or epistolary intercourse with her British friends, among whom were not a few distinguished statesmen and scholars. 'In the society of the Hague,' says her biographer, 'she found a pleasing relief from the semi-barbarous monotony of her Bohemian subjects; nor did the frankness of her happy nature revolt from that rational tone of freedom and courtesy, equally removed from adulation and rudeness, which here reigned in the most polished circles. As she had ascended a throne without arrogance, she adopted the style of republican simplicity, without meanness, or a painful consciousness of degradation; but it was otherwise with Frederick, to whose hereditary prejudices the independent spirit of Holland was absolutely intolerable. From infancy accustomed to that deference ever rendered to an absolute sovereign, he could little relish the urbanity even of the higher classes. From the bluntness, or what seemed to him the insolence, of the commercial and agricultural orders, he recoiled with abhorrence.' After a time, Frederick and his family, augmented by three sons and two daughters, felt it to be prudent to retire from the Hague to a country residence, less expensive and ostentatious; and considerations respecting the education of her sons, Henry-Frederick, Charles-Louis, Rupert, and Maurice, now occupied Elizabeth along with the public affairs of the continent. Policy had suggested the rearing of the elder children in places apart from the family. Some were committed to the care of their grandmother, Juliana, while Henry-Frederick was placed under the celebrated Vossius at Leyden. The Prince of Bohemia, as Henry-Frederick was styled, possessed talents which called forth general admiration. When only eight years of age, he conversed fluently in French, English, Italian, German, and Bohemian, and assiduously applied to his studies in Latin. At this early age, he was encouraged to carry on an epistolary correspondence with his brothers and sisters, of which specimens remain that are interesting from their simplicity and good feeling. To expand his mind by a practical knowledge of the world, Frederick occasionally took his eldest son in excursions by land and water; and it was during one of these expeditions that the unfortunate young prince lost his life. The following is Miss Benger's account of this sad catastrophe:

'The naval victories lately obtained by that great naval hero of Holland, Peter Heins, was then the theme of universal felicitation; and Henry-Frederick, by whom the republic was justly cherished as an adopted country, earnestly entreated permission to accompany his father to the sea of Haarlem, purposely to see the Spanish galleons, which were the trophies of Batavian triumph. Elizabeth, though incapable of joining the party, parted from him with smiles, and was pleased to mark the correspondence in tastes and character between her son and her lamented brother. It was not until the evening that the princes arrived in the Zuider Zee, which was covered with vessels of every description, attracted by the same spectacle. As they approached the object of their research, their yacht, becoming entangled with a vessel of far superior bulk, was in a moment sunk and buried in the waves. The king of Bohemia, clinging to a rope, with some difficulty reached a boat that had been launched to his assistance; but all efforts to preserve Henry-Frederick were vain. "Save me, father! save me!" were the last words that fell from his lips, ere he sunk to rise no more, leaving his parent in a state of anguish that mocks description. His companions sympathised deeply in his grief. Elizabeth alone, by whom the trial was sustained with even more than her wonted fortitude, administered consolation to her distracted husband; and after the first violence of passion, the mournful subject was by both parents dismissed to silence, though not to oblivion. The untimely fate of this promising youth excited universal sympathy.' The dying cries of his son rung continually in Frederick's ears; and it cannot be said that he ever after held up his head.

The progress of the war in Germany, with which Frederick's cause was primarily mixed up, may now be adverted to. The Palatinate, formerly a scene of peace and prosperity, was overrun by Spanish and Bavarian troops, and the ferocious Count Tilly, the Bavarian general, who had commenced his career at the fatal battle of Prague, and who in after-years was so fearfully remembered from the awful carnage of Magdeburg, invested Heidelberg, and after a cruel siege and bombardment of nearly a month, stormed the town, and gave it up to be sacked for three days. The garrison, under a brave young Englishman named Herbert, one of the devoted champions of the queen of Bohemia, made good their retreat into the castle, where for some time longer they maintained an honourable though desperate defence, till the death of Herbert, who fell in action, made them lose heart and surrender; and the Imperialists occupied the Palatinate, or rather kept it in a state of chronic devastation for eleven years, until driven out in turn by the victorious advance of the Swedes.

Frederick, though despairing of Bohemia, did not entirely abandon all attempts to recover the Palatinate; he had still nominally in his service the famous Count Mansfeldt, a soldier of fortune, who possessed a thorough military genius and experience; but all his projects and exploits did little service to the proscribed prince, merely protracting expectations, and inflicting additional misery on the inhabitants—for Mansfeldt, like Wallenstein, had the habit of plundering on all sides. Of higher character, though less military genius, Christian of Brunswick, brother of the reigning duke, was by this motive attracted to the cause of Frederick, but continued unalterably in that cause from the regard, almost amounting to idolatry, which he began to entertain for Elizabeth. These two auxiliaries, assisted by the indefatigable Count Thurm, at least kept alive in men's minds the pretensions of Frederick; but still higher interests and more tremendous conflicts were now at hand. The infatuated Protestant princes were convinced, by the ravaged Palatinate and prostrated Bohemia, that it was not merely Frederick but themselves who were to be put to the ban of the empire; and at last, cordially uniting, and obtaining the assistance of Christian, king of Denmark, they took the field in earnest. One or two campaigns soon proved that they had let the favourable opportunity pass; and Wallenstein and Tilly, overrunning the north of Germany, and overpowering the Danish king, obliged them to own that the cause of the Reformed religion was now entirely beyond the protection of aught within Germany itself; and that succour must come from a distant part of Europe.

The deliverer of Germany, at this period, it is almost needless to remind the reader, was the famous Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden. This remarkable personage seems to have been almost as free from faults, and as much adorned with excellences of the head and heart, as is compatible with the limited faculties of imperfect man. Ardently and sincerely attached to his own form of religion, he yet blandly and generously accorded full equality to every other; a conqueror, without ambition; a general, prodigal only of his own blood; a hero, whose delight was to spare.

Gustavus plunged with enthusiasm into the cause of suffering Germany; and he openly proclaimed that a high part of his mission was to reinstate Frederick and Elizabeth in the Palatinate. Elizabeth's chief enemy, her weak and ungraceful father, was now dead; but a hostile relative survived in the person of his son, Charles I., whose hatred to the Puritans made him share with his father in hostility to her, whom both considered the virtual representative of that mighty party. Charles affected to treat with Gustavus on behalf of Frederick, and ought to have sent as his ambassador, Elizabeth's friend and constant correspondent, Sir Thomas Rowe; instead of which, he sent the subtle and intriguing Sir Henry Vane, whose prevarication offended Gustavus, and obliged him to treat the claims of Frederick with far more reserve than had been his original and avowed intention. Nevertheless, after the decisive victory of Leipzig, and the triumphant advance of the Swedes upon the Rhine, Frederick took a last leave of his family, and joined the conqueror, where the simplicity, dignity, and affability of Gustavus appear to have produced a strong impression upon the unfortunate prince, though the evasions of Charles I. and his envoy Vane still prevented Gustavus from giving him the assurances he expected. The truth seems to be, that Gustavus began to entertain thoughts of supplanting Ferdinand as Protestant emperor of Germany. Be this as it may, it is evident that Frederick suspected Gustavus of intending that he should hold the Palatinate under himself as liege-lord, and hence his disappointment. Still, Gustavus was his only prop, his last stay; and the tidings of the battle of Lützen, at which Gustavus was slain, found the Palatine a dying man. Frederick expired at Mentz, on the 17th of February 1629, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. His friends were desirous that he should be buried within the Palatinate; but this they found to be inexpedient, as it was dreaded that the sanctity of the grave would be violated. The remains of the unfortunate prince were transported to Sedan, where they were suffered to repose in peace. Thus terminated the career of Frederick, titular king of Bohemia, leaving a character which has not escaped calumny and misrepresentation, but which, it may be said, was that of a truly good man, more amiable than resolute, and fitted for almost any position in life but that into which his own easy and well-meaning disposition had thrown him.

The intelligence threw Elizabeth into a state of extreme grief; and now she felt that all her efforts must be aimed at securing the rights of her bereaved family. Looking to the states of Holland for a continuance of their aid and protection, she transmitted to them a memorial, in which she touchingly says: 'It has pleased Almighty God to call from this scene of woe my ever and most entirely beloved consort, an event of which I desire to transmit to you the account, not doubting of your full and generous participation in my sorrow; and, what renders this calamity the more overwhelming is, that it followed immediately that of his ally, the glorious, the invincible king of Sweden, and on the eve of triumph, just when he was about to re-enter into possession of his states, with all his former dignity. Thus to lose him, renders my grief almost beyond endurance. My first great resource is Heaven; next to that divine trust, I confide in you; nor will I doubt but that to me and my children will be continued that friendship so long manifested to my lamented consort. It is for a widow, for her orphans, that I now implore your protection; conscious that it is not less the pride than it has been the glory of your commonwealth, to offer a refuge to the oppressed from the oppressor. It is for you to receive those who have been proscribed for the sake of righteousness and truth; you refuse not succour to the destitute and persecuted; therefore, to your friendship, in his last moments, did my consort consign me and my bereaved children.'

Elizabeth's brother, Charles I. of England, deputed the Earl of Arundel to pay her a visit of condolence; and thence to proceed to Germany, and intercede with Ferdinand for a restitution of the Palatinate. But this begging of Charles for what Elizabeth considered a right unjustly withheld from her family, was displeasing to her: it failed, however; nor were the remonstrances of Cardinal Richelieu, in behalf of the family of the deceased Palatine, more favourably received by the emperor of Germany.

While Elizabeth occupied herself with plans to bring about a restoration of the Palatinate—all hope of recovering Bohemia being abandoned—her two elder sons, Charles-Louis and Rupert, were attaining a period when it became desirable for them to enter on an active course of life. Unfortunately, these young men did not possess qualities that recommended them to esteem. Charles-Louis was selfish and arrogant; while Rupert, bold and robust in frame, was rash and impetuous, and lacked the discretion that would have made him either a statesman or a hero. Both, at the request of their uncle, visited England, and were entertained at court. After a time, they returned to the continent, Charles I. being apparently glad to rid himself of their presence; and now they engaged in various enterprises, which proved unsuccessful. Charles-Louis was captured by the Austrians, and lodged in the castle of Vienna; and Rupert became a prisoner of the French, and was placed in the castle of Vincennes. Both were ultimately released; and for a time Elizabeth was relieved from anxieties on their account. An important event, political and domestic, served to impart to her a degree of happiness at this period. This was the treaty of amity between England and the states of Holland, cemented by a matrimonial alliance between Prince William of Nassau, son of the Prince of Orange, and the Princess Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. By this union of her niece with the House of Orange, Elizabeth anticipated the permanent establishment of Protestant principles, as well as succour to her family, now dependent on the aid of well-disposed friends. Still residing in Holland, and surrounded by persons of distinction, the house of the exiled queen of Bohemia, and her fair daughters, rivalled in its attractions the palace of the Prince of Orange, and was called the mansion of the 'Muses and Graces.' Of these, as well as other children of Elizabeth, it may here be proper to offer some account.

Elizabeth was the mother of thirteen children; the elder of whom, Henry-Frederick, had perished in the manner already described, and three others died young. The duties and cares of the queen of Bohemia in rearing her nine surviving children, and devising plans for settling them in the world, were sufficiently onerous. Charles-Louis and Rupert, the two elder sons, have been referred to. Next in order were Elizabeth, Maurice, Edward, Philip, Louisa, Henrietta-Maria, and Sophia. We shall allow Miss Benger to describe the character of the princesses, as they grew up to womanhood. 'The eldest and most distinguished, the Princess Elizabeth, had no pretensions to beauty, although she had expressive eyes and a mild pleasing countenance: addicted to sedentary pursuits, she rarely joined in the diversion of the chase, which her mother pursued with unabated ardour; was unskilled in music, and in general preferred reading, writing, or intellectual society, to any other amusement. Her mental attainments were such as would have rendered any woman illustrious. For the languages and the sciences, she had equal aptitude; and her supreme delight was meditation, or, as it was called, philosophy. These studies were little congenial to the habits of her mother's household; and the disparity in intellectual endowments was probably the cause why so little sympathy existed between them. Louisa, now in the bloom of youth, possessed the attractions of a fine complexion, symmetrical features, a well-proportioned form, and a most graceful deportment. Although her dispositions were somewhat reserved, her manners were soft and prepossessing; and though less studious than Elizabeth, she was, like her, devoted to a pursuit that rendered her independent of frivolous amusements. Accustomed in childhood to reside in the country, she had sedulously cultivated a taste for painting, to which her master, Gerard Horst, gave judicious encouragement by criticising, rather than embellishing, her productions. The queen of Bohemia, who was far more competent to appreciate a paintress than a female philosopher, smiled on Louisa's efforts, and evinced for her a partiality that drew from her elder son a marked, though decorous, expression of displeasure. Henrietta-Maria, the third daughter, who but verged on womanhood, was a more ordinary character; but the most captivating of all these princesses was Sophia, whose education was less systematic than that of Louisa or Elizabeth, and who, by a happy irregularity, had been permitted to combine the mother's vivacity with Louisa's softness and Elizabeth's solidity of judgment. It was observed that the queen attached herself to her children for their different qualities. Thus, while she assimilated with Charles and Elizabeth in their constancy to Protestantism, she sympathised with Rupert's feelings of heroism and generosity; and, though she could not but discern that Louisa was without that openness of temper which she herself possessed, she overlooked the defect, for the sake of that uniform cheerfulness and amenity which gave to this daughter, above every other, the power of soothing her mother's cares.'

Elizabeth's personal regrets were now to be mingled with concern for her native country. The civil war broke out in England; and, ambitious of distinction, Rupert and his brother Maurice proceeded to fight in the cause of their uncle, Charles I.—a step approved of by Elizabeth, though she thereby forfeited the sympathy of the Puritans. Charles-Louis adopted a different course: he attached himself to the Parliamentary, and, as it proved, winning party. The insecurity of the royal family in England threw the wife of Charles I., the celebrated Henrietta-Maria, a suppliant on the hospitality of Holland; and the meeting of this unfortunate queen, with her equally unfortunate sister-in-law, the queen of Bohemia, was one of the strange incidents of this disturbed period. The death of Juliana, her mother-in-law, in 1644, was another cause of family distress. This aged princess had been forced to retreat from Heidelberg, and her latter years were spent under the protection of her daughter's husband, the Elector of Brandenburg. Almost her last words were a farewell message to Elizabeth, whom she had never ceased to love and pity. 'Give my farewell,' said she, 'to the queen of Bohemia; tell her, that in my last moments I gave her my solemn benediction. In this world, I shall never meet her more; but it shall be the last prayer on my lips, that she may long survive to taste whatever health, gladness, or satisfaction this world has to bestow, and to enjoy all the blessings she so well deserves. Let her know how much, from my inmost heart and soul, I have loved and honoured her, and that I declared these sentiments in the hour of death.'

It is sometimes observed, in ordinary life, that parents, from no fault of their own, are exposed to a succession of griefs on account of their children. In vain have the best education and the best counsels been lavished on them; all, one after the other, lapse into error, and cause only sorrow to those who brought them into the world. Elizabeth Stuart was not utterly disappointed in her offspring; but it cannot be said that she derived much comfort from them, as a consolation for her early misfortunes. The behaviour of the family was generally wayward, if not, with one or two exceptions, positively bad. Charles-Louis was a selfish, calculating person, with low and disreputable habits; and not the least of his errors was a heartless disregard of his mother. Rupert and Maurice, after the loss of the Royalist cause at the battle of Naseby, fled from England, betook themselves to the sea, and for some time were little better than pirates. Edward, the fourth son, in 1645, after the example of his kinsman, the Duke de Bouillon, abjured Protestantism, and was admitted into the bosom of the Catholic Church. Philip, the fifth son, took a step which convinced his mother that there might be crimes more atrocious than apostasy. Considering himself to be affronted by the Sieur d'Epinay, a resident at the Hague, he, with the assistance of some armed associates, attacked the defenceless man in the market-place, and put him to death. Fleeing from justice, he went to France, became a soldier of fortune, and was slain in the civil wars. Shortly after the flight of Philip, the eldest daughter, Elizabeth, for the sake, as is alleged, of lessening the family expenses, quitted her mother's house, and removed to the court of her aunt, the Electress-Dowager of Brandenburg, where, according to her preceptor, the illustrious Descartes, she enjoyed a tranquillity to which she had been long a stranger. Some years later, the Princess Elizabeth, whose predilections were towards learning and retirement, accepted the office of superior of the Lutheran abbey of Hervorden, by which she secured a moderate independence, with a certain political dignity, as a member of the German Empire, which inferred a right to send a deputy to the Diet.

Before proceeding with the history of the other members of the family, it is necessary to state that, for several years, the queen of Bohemia suffered considerable inconvenience from the disordered state of her affairs. A small pension, which she had drawn from England, was cut off by the civil wars; and the execution of Charles I. closed any hope of relief from that quarter. She was now almost solely dependent on an allowance grudgingly paid by the states of Holland. Lord Craven, an English nobleman, who had chivalrously attached himself to her cause, and manifested the most noble disinterestedness on her account, was not in a condition to afford pecuniary assistance; for his estates in England were sequestered, and he was an exile along with many other distressed Royalists. It might now indeed be said that Elizabeth Stuart, once a reigning electress and queen, with no want unsupplied, was now a pauper, afflicted with the conduct of her children, and nearly deserted by the world. She had drunk misfortune to the dregs; but pity for her condition was mingled with the recollection that her sufferings were partly due to her own inconsiderate ambition. It was traditionally remembered, that when her husband hesitated to accept the crown of Bohemia, Elizabeth exclaimed: 'Let me rather eat dry bread at a king's table, than feast at the board of an elector!' How was her choice realised! It seemed as if some avenging demon had hovered in the air, to take her literally at her word. She and her family had lived to eat dry bread—bread begged before it was eaten. And so was she punished for having resolved to be a queen!

While in a state the most abject and desponding, a ray of comfort reached her when intelligence was brought that the long and disastrous wars in Germany were terminated, and that a treaty of pacification was to take place in Westphalia. By this treaty, October 24, 1648, Charles-Louis was restored to the Lower Palatinate, and to the dignity of an elector of the empire; the Upper Palatinate being at the same time annexed to Bavaria.

By the installation of her son in at least the fairest portion of his hereditary dominions, Elizabeth reasonably expected that her own claims on the Palatinate would now meet with consideration. But neither filial regard nor generosity was part of the character of Charles-Louis. He ungraciously left his mother to contend with poverty and debt, and paid little attention to her solicitations. In one of her letters to him, after his accession, she beseeches him, if he has any affection for her, to give her some money to liquidate the claims of her creditors. She says: 'I do not ask you for much;' and adds, what must have been a humiliating confession: 'I am making my house as little as I can, that I may subsist by the little I have, till I shall be able to come to you; which I cannot do because of my debts, which I am not able to pay, neither the new nor the old. If you do not as I desire you, I am sure I shall not increase. As you love me, I do conjure you to give an answer, and by the time commonly, and you will tie me to continue, as I am, most truly yours.' Her son is said to have vouchsafed a favourable reply; from which we may infer that he sent her a trifle to relieve her more pressing wants. It is certain that she never recovered her jointure, and never more set foot in the Palatinate. The only benefit she seems to have derived from the restoration of the court of Heidelberg was the asylum it afforded to her youngest daughter Sophia. Left by this princess, as she had previously been by her eldest daughter Elizabeth, the queen of Bohemia had now only two daughters to claim her attention—Henrietta-Maria and Louisa. Yet soon was she to be deprived of them also. In May 1651, Henrietta-Maria was espoused by Ragotzi, Prince of Transylvania; but if this marriage of her daughter was satisfactory to the queen of Bohemia, her joy was of short duration; for the princess died after being married only a few months. Louisa was now the favourite of her mother, and she was looked to as a comfort in her declining years. Here, again, hopes were mercilessly blighted. Without preparation or apology, and with unbecoming heartlessness, Louisa one morning quitted the maternal mansion, leaving on her dressing-table a billet containing the terrible words: 'I depart for France, to embrace the true faith, and to take the vows!' Her future life was consumed in a convent. The highest dignity she attained was that of Abbess of Maubuisson.

Now deserted by all her children, few of whom she could think of with any pleasure, impoverished, and a stranger in a land which had become distasteful, there was nothing to induce Elizabeth to remain longer in Holland; and accordingly, when the restoration of the monarchy opened England to the exiled Royalists, she gladly contemplated a return to her native country. Relieved of her debts by the sale of jewels, and by a pecuniary subsidy from the British parliament, she embraced an invitation from her nephew, Charles II., to come to England. Quitting the Netherlands with a few attendants, she arrived at Margate on the 17th of May 1661. Charles's invitation had been given in a hesitating manner; he cared not whether his aunt came or went, lived or died, provided she made no claims on his purse; and it was a relief to him to find that Elizabeth did not design to come to court, but to accept the hospitality of her friend, Lord Craven, in a mansion which he had purchased from Sir Robert Drury. This house, which was fitted up in a style of suitable elegance for its royal guest, was situated in what was then the outskirts of London, but is now included in Drury Lane, in the heart of the metropolis.

To this suburban retreat, the bereaved queen of Bohemia was conducted on her arrival, and here, 'by Lord Craven's munificence, she enjoyed all that belonged to a court, except its monotony and insincerity.' Yet not long was she permitted to indulge in dreams of earthly happiness in this hospitable retreat. Once admired and eulogised, Elizabeth was now neglected equally by Cavaliers and Puritans. Her fine qualities were forgotten; her misfortunes received no public sympathy. In the wane of life, her constitution was broken, and her spirits gone. Feeling her end approaching, she made her will; but what had she to bequeath? Only a few books, papers, and pictures, which she left to her incomparable friend and benefactor, Lord Craven. So little did she occupy attention, that her last illness is described by no contemporary writer. All that is known of her decease occurs in a brief sentence in a chronicle of the period: 'On the 13th of February 1662, died the queen of Bohemia—a princess of talents and virtues not often equalled, rarely surpassed.' Thus obscurely perished Elizabeth Stuart, formerly the occupant of a throne, and whose varied career from grandeur to poverty offers one of the most remarkable examples of the instability of fortune. To complete the series of contrasts in her melancholy history, Charles II., who had left her a dependant on strangers, ordered her body to lie in state, and gave her the mockery of a royal funeral. Her remains were interred in Westminster Abbey on the 1st of March 1662.

Any interest in the history of Elizabeth Stuart, in the present day, is derived perhaps less from her extraordinary reverses of fortune, than from the fact of her having been a foundress of at least two of the most distinguished families in Europe—namely, the present royal family of England, and the Orleans branch of the French Bourbons. For the sake of our young readers, we shall present some account of Elizabeth's connection with these dynasties.

Elizabeth, as we have seen, had nine surviving children; to whom individually we must again refer, beginning with Rupert. This personage, who is usually described as 'the mad cavalier,' returned, after his maritime enterprises, to England a considerably sobered man. He enjoyed the office of governor of Windsor Castle, and spent his declining years in a retirement devoted to literary and scientific pursuits: he died a bachelor in 1682. Maurice never came back to England; he is said to have been drowned at sea. Edward was married; but he became a Roman Catholic, and his children and their descendants were of the same faith. Philip was slain in the civil wars in France. Henrietta-Maria was married, but died childless. Elizabeth and Louisa were nuns, and consequently died unmarried. Thus seven of Elizabeth's children are disposed of; leaving us to speak of the eldest, Charles-Louis, and the youngest, Sophia.

Charles-Louis, who became Elector-Palatine, was married to Charlotte, Princess of Hesse-Cassel, by whom he had a son, Charles, and a daughter, Charlotte-Elizabeth, the latter born at Heidelberg in 1652. Shortly after the birth of this child, the conduct of Charles-Louis became so insulting to his wife, that she found it necessary to leave him, and take refuge at her brother's court at Cassel. Charles-Louis died in 1680, when his son, Charles, succeeded him as Elector-Palatine, which dignity he enjoyed only five years. He died in 1685, without issue; and the Palatinate, as a male fief of the empire, passed to the House of Neuburg, a collateral branch of the family. In this branch there were several successive Electors-Palatine. Charlotte-Elizabeth, deserted by her mother, was brought up chiefly by her aunt Sophia, who took care to give her the best education that could be found in Germany. She is described by historians as plain in appearance, but with a strong understanding, an unaffected character, and much liveliness of manner. She also possessed considerable literary ability, and carried on a correspondence with Leibnitz and other distinguished men of her time. In the year 1671, at the age of nineteen, this accomplished princess became the second wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans, only brother of Louis XIV. of France. The alliance was one of state policy. It was arranged by Louis XIV. with a view to securing the neutrality of the Elector-Palatine, in the approaching war against Holland. Charlotte-Elizabeth was carried by her husband to Paris, and the remainder of her life was spent at the French court, where she incurred the enmity of Madame de Maintenon, but attracted the friendship of Louis XIV. by her integrity and frankness, her vivacity and wit. She often accompanied the king to the chase, where she shone as an equestrian. In 1674, she gave birth to a prince, who subsequently inherited the title of Duke of Orleans from his father, and became the noted Regent of France during the minority of Louis XV. Charlotte-Elizabeth died at St-Cloud in 1722; having lived to see her son Regent. From this son the late Louis-Philippe, king of the French, was lineally descended.

We may now proceed to the history of Sophia, the youngest daughter of Elizabeth Stuart, whom we left at the court of Heidelberg. With her brother, she appears to have lived here a few years, dignifying a court which was deprived of its proper mistress, by the absence of the ill-used wife of the Elector-Palatine; and it is more than probable that Sophia remained with her brother only on account of her mother's hapless condition, and from a desire to superintend the early years of her niece, Charlotte-Elizabeth, to whom she was greatly attached. At length, Sophia was drawn away from Heidelberg, to be placed at the head of a modest establishment of her own. In 1658, she was married to Ernest-Augustus, the young titular Bishop of Osnaburg, who was descended from a junior branch of the House of Brunswick. This union, which had been promoted by Charles-Louis, pretty much with the view of ridding himself of his sister, was not deemed to be a brilliant match; for Ernest possessed but a small inheritance, not greater than an ordinary English estate. Ernest, at the period of his marriage, was not even heir-presumptive of the states of Hanover. Fortunately for him, his eldest brother, George-William, the Duke of Lüneburg, had entered into a left-handed marriage; and though the union was valid in point of law, his children could not succeed to his rank and estates. It was equally fortunate that his next elder brother died without heirs; and thus Ernest and his wife Sophia peacefully succeeded to the electorate of Hanover.

Removed to Hanover, Sophia now occupied a position which realised all her wishes, and had the additional advantage of rendering her no longer dependent on her brother. In 1660, she gave birth to George-Louis, who, at the death of his father in 1700, succeeded to the electorate. Sophia lived through the period in English history which saw the abdication of James II., the Revolution of 1688, with the accession of William and Mary, and the reign of Queen Anne. As death and forfeiture cleared the way for the advancement of her family, Sophia looked forward with confidence to her promotion to the throne. This, indeed, provided she lived long enough, was placed beyond a doubt. By an act of parliament, 1708, the crown of Great Britain was secured to her and her descendants, being Protestants, to the exclusion of all other claimants. Sophia, however, did not survive to enjoy her anticipated honours. Anxiously did she desire that she might survive Anne, and be greeted with the title of queen; but it was otherwise destined. She died three months before Anne, and her son was called to the throne of these realms as George I. This event occurred August 12, 1714.

The accession of the family of Hanover was, as is well known, a deeply debated question, there being various personages whose claims, in point of consanguinity, were stronger than that of George. Setting aside James II., and his unfortunate son 'the Pretender,' who were assumed to have forfeited their rights, there were descendants of Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., and first wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans; also descendants of Edward, son, and of Charlotte-Elizabeth, grand-daughter, of Elizabeth Stuart. Charlotte-Elizabeth, as has been seen, was still in existence at the death of Queen Anne, and died at St-Cloud so lately as 1722. Lastly, there was George, son of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, the daughter of Elizabeth Stuart. It is a remarkable fact, that all these descendants of James I. were Roman Catholics, except Sophia and her family, and on that account they were set aside by the nation. The calling of a descendant of the Stuarts to the throne was regulated by the principle of appointing the nearest heir, 'being a Protestant;' and in virtue of the act of parliament destining this form of settlement, George ascended the throne of Great Britain. In this extraordinary and unforeseen manner did a grandson of the unfortunate queen of Bohemia become king of England, and originate the dynasty of the reigning monarch.

With these explanations, we may conclude our narrative by giving a few particulars respecting the Palatinate, in the later period of its history.

The termination of the Thirty Years' War, in 1648, left the Palatinate in an exhausted condition; its towns were destroyed, its fields were uncultivated, and suffering prevailed through a once happy domain. By the measures adopted by Charles-Louis, the continuance of peace, and the natural fertility of the soil, the country again assumed a state of prosperity. The castle of Heidelberg was rebuilt, and again was the seat of the elector's court. As if misfortune were never to be done with it, the Palatinate, after twenty-seven years of repose, became once more involved in the horrors of war. On this occasion, no blame could be imputed to the reigning prince; for Charles-Louis, whatever were his faults, desired to live at peace with his neighbours. War, however, sometimes comes unsought and unprovoked.

The author of the new outrages was Louis XIV. Animated by the most insatiable ambition, this monarch desired to add various territories to France, and picking a quarrel with Germany, he despatched an army to carry fire and sword over a wide extent of country on the Upper Rhine. The war was prosecuted with vigour in 1675, under Marshal Turenne, one of the most celebrated soldiers of his age—bold, unscrupulous, and whose sense of duty led him to execute orders to kill and demolish without the slightest compunction. Headed by this remorseless commander, an army of Frenchmen overran the Palatinate and adjacent territories, everywhere attacking castles, sacking towns and cities, and destroying the property of the much-abused inhabitants. From the towers of one of his castles, Charles-Louis, without means to check the advance of the enemy, saw fire and smoke rising on the plain from burning villages; and his conduct on witnessing this distressing spectacle, shews that he was not destitute of the heroic spirit of the Stuarts. Anxious to save his people and country, he sent a challenge to Turenne to meet him in single combat, and so settle the war without further devastation. A civil answer was returned by the French marshal, declining the proposed encounter. The war continued its progress, until the Peace of Nimeguen, in 1678, when the Palatinate was again left to recover itself.

On the demise of Charles, Elector-Palatine, in 1685, the right to the Palatinate, as has been shewn, devolved on a collateral branch of the family. This claim, however, was not uncontested. On pretence of vindicating the right of Charlotte-Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans, but, in reality, with a view to aggrandise France at the expense of Germany, Louis XIV. began a fresh war, which exceeded the former in atrocity. The new Elector-Palatine possessed little power to resist the invasion of his territories; but William of Orange, now king of England, had organised a coalition against France, and the war became general. The armies of France, nominally under the command of the Dauphin, but really conducted by Marshal de Duras and the famous Catinat, entered the Palatinate, and successively, and almost without an effort, possessed themselves of Heidelberg, Mannheim, Frankenthal, Spires, Worms, Oppenheim, and other places of importance. The whole country was thus in possession of and at the mercy of the invaders; and so far there was no pretext for the wanton destruction of what had become their own property. But the German armies, though baffled and driven back, were still organised, and might return in augmented force. It was therefore resolved, in the council of Versailles, to reduce the whole country of the Palatinate and its neighbourhood to the condition of a desert. The orders given to the military commanders were to burn, slay, and consume every castle, city, town, and hamlet to ashes. Never, perhaps, in any age or country, did so savage a decree go forth. The people who submitted were to be driven from their homes, and marched into France, to become henceforth subjects of the Grand Monarque. To render the devastation more frightful, the season was the heart of winter, and snow covered the ground.

The French commenced by the destruction of Mannheim and Heidelberg, as the residences of the unhappy elector, whose palaces were destroyed, as well as the humbler mansions of the citizens. The ravage was at least impartial, if it was unsparing. Even the tombs of the dead were torn up and ransacked in search of plunder; and, in the language of the historian, the very ashes they contained were scattered abroad upon the waste around. All Europe was aghast with horror at the atrocity. The fires with which Turenne had burned two cities and twenty villages in his desolation, were but sparks in comparison with the vast and all-pervading conflagration which now prevailed. It is said that even the military men who executed these horrible orders were ashamed, and threw the blame upon Louvois, minister of war, a man of the most savage temperament.

Among the many celebrated towns thus levelled with the ground, Mannheim and Heidelberg have been too often referred to, to need further resumption of the bare and monotonous tale of murder; but there is something peculiarly touching in the fate of older and more celebrated towns on the Rhine which shared in the common ruin. We may instance the interesting town of Spires, on the left bank of the Rhine, once a chosen residence of Charlemagne and his successors. Spires had also been celebrated as a seat of the German Diet, and the scene of many interesting historical events. All these venerable recollections availed not to the unhappy city, which the French had not even the excuse of taking by storm, as it surrendered quietly on the approach of their armies. Shortly after its occupation, a proclamation was issued commanding all, without exception of sex or age, to quit the town within six days, and to betake themselves, not to their fellow-countrymen of Germany, but to Alsace, Lorraine, or Burgundy, it being death to attempt to cross the Rhine. To give emphasis to this edict, a grisly procession of the provost-marshal, with forty assistant executioners, was paraded through the town, each with a gallows, wheel, and other instruments of torture embroidered on his dress. By the appointed day, the inhabitants were driven out by beat of drum. The soldiery were then let loose through the deserted streets, and everything of value plundered. The cathedral was dismantled, the graves of the emperors burst open, and their remains scattered. The city was then systematically fired, and in a few hours the seven-and-forty streets of Spires were in a blaze. Not satisfied with this, all the resources of destructive art were employed to blow up the very foundation, so as to render the city for ever uninhabitable. The *dom*, or cathedral, alone bade a proud defiance to the utmost efforts of malignant ingenuity. It was mined; but its stupendous strength, and its massive round arched pillars, remained entire after the terrific explosion. For years this ancient seat of empire continued, like Babylon, a desolate wilderness. Even at this day, in spite of all attempts at restoration, it remains but a shadow of its former self. At this period, 1693, the castle of Heidelberg was also entirely ruined.

Ultimately, Louis XIV. withdrew all his claims on the Palatinate, and, humbled by repeated losses, was glad to put an end to the war; so that all the sufferings inflicted on this and adjacent districts proved to be useless as regards political advantage.

Again, from being a scene of ruin, the Palatinate returned to a condition of prosperity. About the year 1718, the castle of Heidelberg was restored to something like its original splendour; and in this finished state it remained till 1764, when it was unfortunately set on fire by lightning, and destroyed. Since this calamity, it has remained a ruin. Meanwhile, previous to its destruction, the Electors-Palatine removed the court to Mannheim, which had grown up a considerable town on the Rhine. It is distressing to relate that even yet the Palatinate was destined to suffer from military incursion. During the wars of the French Revolution, Mannheim was bombarded in 1794 by the French, and in 1795 by the Austrians; and till this day, a portion of the palace remains a blackened ruin.

At the Peace of Lunéville, dictated in 1801 to Germany by the victorious French Republic, the principality of the Palatinate was dismembered. The larger portion, on the right bank of the Rhine, was shared between Baden and other neighbouring principalities; that on the left bank was annexed to France, along with the other territories lying on that side of the river to the north, including the Netherlands. France had thus attained what had always been, and has never ceased to be, her chief aspiration—the boundary of the Rhine. But this arrangement did not last long. After the fall of Napoleon in 1815, Germany regained her territories beyond the Rhine, and, among the rest, the Trans-Rhine Palatinate. Parts of it in the north were annexed to Rhenish Prussia and Hesse-Darmstadt; but the great bulk of it was given to Bavaria, and now forms a detached circle of that kingdom under the name of Rhenish Bavaria, the Rhenish Palatinate, or simply the Palatinate (Pfalz). It was on the borders of this province—at Weissenburg and Saarbrük—that the internecine war of 1870 was begun between France and Germany; the motive on the side of France being, partly at least, to gain this and other German lands on the west bank of the Rhine, and thus restore her boundary to what it was from 1801 to 1815. The eastern and chief division of the old Palatinate, divided into the circles of Mannheim, Heidelberg, and Mosbach, continues to form part of the grand-duchy of Baden.

THE CAMISARDS.

WHILE Scotland was suffering for the cause of religion under the persecutions of the later Stuarts, a similar and not less remarkable course of persecution was enacting in France under Louis XIV. In the one case, it was an attempt to put down Presbyterianism; in the other, to extinguish Protestantism generally; and the same species of compulsion was employed in both. As the troubles in Scotland have generally been associated with the name of the *Covenanters*, from the insurgents having engaged in a national covenant to defend their rights, so the war in France has been usually distinguished as the war of the *Camisards*, in consequence, it is said, of the leaders of the persecuted party having often appeared in a *camise*, or frock-shirt, over their other garments.

To understand the nature of the war of the Camisards, a few preliminary explanations seem desirable.

The readers of a previous tract* will be aware that, after a long period of civil war, arising from the spread of Calvinism in France, tranquillity was restored to that country by the accession of Henry IV. to the throne. Originally a Calvinist, Henry—although he found it necessary, for political reasons, to embrace the Catholic faith—was naturally disposed to be tolerant towards his old friends and fellow-religionists; and accordingly, under his auspices, was passed the famous Edict of Nantes, dated the 30th of April 1598, by which

* No. 97.—*Life of Henry IV., King of France.*

ample liberty of conscience, the privilege, with certain restrictions, of worship after their own forms, and perfect freedom from civil disabilities, were secured to the French Protestants. This Edict of Nantes was regarded by the Protestants as the great charter of their liberties, never to be repealed or infringed. During Henry's life, it was punctually respected; and under its protection the Calvinists enjoyed a peace which had long been strange to them. Restrained from open attacks on the established church, bound also to contribute to its support, they were yet permitted to worship God in their own way, to print books for their own use, to educate their children in the Protestant faith, and even to hold synods for arranging the affairs of their church—privileges which, though at the present day they may seem limited enough, were then accepted with thankfulness. At Henry's death, however, in the year 1610, the condition of the Protestants was altered for the worse. War commenced between his son and successor, Louis XIII., and the Protestants of France. At this moment the master-spirit of Richelieu took the direction of affairs. The Protestants could not cope with so powerful a genius. In November 1628, the town of Rochelle, long the principal fastness of Protestantism in France, surrendered to his hands. Richelieu, however, was a generous enemy; and, in depriving the Calvinists of their political influence, he suffered them to retain most of their religious rights, as secured by the Edict of Nantes. To use his own expression, all that he wished in making war upon the Protestants was, 'to reduce them to the condition in which all subjects ought to be—to disable them from forming a separate body in the state.' When this was once effected, he was content; and under Richelieu every national career of activity—agriculture, commerce, the army, and the navy—was open to the Calvinists.

REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.—PERSECUTION OF THE PROTESTANTS—THE DRAGONNADES—REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

Richelieu died in December 1642, and his master, Louis XIII., survived him but a few months. He was succeeded by his son, Louis XIV., then a child of five years of age. An immense change had been brought about in France during the last reign by the efforts of Richelieu. Factions had been suppressed; the nobility humbled; the monarchy exalted; and, instead of a kingdom torn by political and civil discord, as it had been for a century previously, the young king received from his dying father a kingdom compact, peaceful, powerful, and submissive to the slightest declaration of the sovereign's will. The reign of Louis XIV. was the culminating era of the French monarchy. 'Louis,' says a French author, 'was born with an ideal of royalty altogether Asiatic. It consisted not in conducting his armies, for he was not a hero; not in directing diplomatic arrangements, for he was not a politician; not in organising his government, for he was not a statesman; but in reigning, in sitting upon his throne, in receiving the laurels of his generals, the submissions of vanquished nations, the homages of allied kings, the embassies of distant monarchs, the praises of the universe.'

During the first eighteen years of Louis XIV.'s long reign, nothing of consequence happened affecting the condition of the French Protestants as it had been fixed by Richelieu. There were various reasons for this forbearance. The Cardinal Mazarin, who succeeded Richelieu as prime-minister, desired to follow up the policy of that great statesman, which, as we have seen, was tolerant towards the Protestants. The international relations of France were likewise such as to render persecution of the Calvinists impolitic. It was the era of the Civil War and Protectorate in England; and the terror of Cromwell's name was sufficient, while he lived, to check the persecuting spirit of foreign governments. The restoration of Charles II. to the throne of England in 1660, the marriage, in the same year, of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, and the death of Mazarin in 1661, were fatal events for French Protestantism. From this period we date the commencement of the persecutions of Louis XIV. One of the articles in the marriage-contract of Louis and Maria Theresa was the extirpation of heresy in France. The zeal of the Catholic clergy, long suppressed, now burst forth with fresh fury. France, divided into two religions, was universally compared by them to the household of Abraham, in which Hagar shared the honours due alone to Sarah; and the monarch was solicited to imitate the conduct of the patriarch, and drive out the bondwoman and her son.

On Mazarin's death in 1661, Louis XIV., now about twenty-three years of age, avowed his intention of thenceforth governing alone. His ideas of his own power were of the most absolute character, as may be judged from his celebrated saying: '*L'état, c'est moi!*'—'The state, that is *me!*' On Mazarin's death, the young monarch assumed the entire administration of affairs into his own hands. One of his first acts was to dismiss Fouquet, who had acted as superintendent of finance under Mazarin, and appoint in his room the celebrated Colbert, whose strict economy soon restored order and prosperity to the revenue. Colbert was a Protestant; but his appointment did not proceed from favour to his religious opinions. On the contrary, Louis began to manifest the most rooted dislike to the Protestants. The first distinct exhibition of this dislike in practice was the appointment of a commission to ascertain the number of churches, schools, and burying-grounds possessed by the Protestants, in order to reduce it strictly within the legal limits fixed by the Edict of Nantes. This proved a great hardship to the Calvinists. Many chapels, which had been erected in consequence of the increase of the Protestant population, were suppressed, as having no legal right; elementary schools for the young were likewise prohibited, because, though evidently implied by the Edict of Nantes, they were not expressly stipulated for in its provisions. By a strict application of the letter of the Edict, its whole spirit was violated, and the Protestants subjected to the most galling superintendence. The slightest irreverence on the part of a Protestant to the ceremonies of the Catholic religion was punished with rigour; and all liberty of speech was virtually denied to the Calvinistic preachers. A multitude of vexatious edicts were passed, which reminded the Protestants of their inferior position in the state. Their clergy were forbidden to walk with their gowns on, to pray or address the people in the open air at funerals, or to mention the Church of Rome in their discourses with any other qualification than that of *Catholic.* Protestant notaries were forbidden to mention the Reformed Church without prefixing the word '*pretended*' to the name, under a penalty for every omission of the word. It was forbidden to Calvinists to bury their dead after six o'clock in the morning, and before six in the evening, in spring and summer; after eight in the morning, and before four in the evening, in autumn and winter. It was forbidden to Protestant congregations to sing in their churches during the passage of the holy sacrament. These and many other such-like enactments were passed between the years 1662 and 1668. A still more direct blow at Protestantism was the abolition, in 1669, of the *Chamber of the Edict*—a board invested with the charge of seeing the Edict of Nantes faithfully observed. The Protestants, foreseeing the impending persecution, began to leave France, and seek a refuge in other countries. The monarch tried to check the stream of emigration by a law punishing emigrants with death. The effort, however, was vain; family after family took leave of their native coasts, and went into exile.

Those who remained in France, especially such as occupied stations of trust or importance, were under great temptations to abjure the Protestant faith. The king had declared his intention to 'employ only good Christians in public situations,' by which he meant Roman Catholics. Accordingly, many Protestants were ejected from their places in the public service, and the royal patronage was carefully withheld from all who were not Catholics. On the other hand, the most tempting encouragements were held out to such as should set a public example by abjuring their Protestant tenets. In this work of conversion, Louis was assisted by the grand genius of Bossuet, whose sermons and publications, the production of a powerful intellect and a fervid soul, really shook the attachment of many minds to Protestantism, and dragged them over to the Church of Rome. Influenced partly by courtly motives, and partly by the arguments and controversies of Bossuet and his associates with their Protestant opponents, many of the first houses of France, as those of Bouillon, Coligny, Rohan, and Sully, abandoned Protestantism. It was not uncommon for an intending convert of rank to invite some leading Protestant clergyman to meet some leading Catholic in his house, there to debate respecting their differences, as if to satisfy the mind of their host which religion was the preferable—the host having long ago determined the matter for himself.

These theological controversies, and the persecution of the Protestants which accompanied them, were interrupted by the breaking out of a war with Holland in the year 1672. All the energies of Louis, and his ministers Louvois and Colbert, were devoted to this attempt to subjugate Holland. 'Scarcely,' says a French historian, 'since the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, had the world seen an exhibition of force more imposing than that of Louis XIV. invading Holland in 1672 at the head of his armies and fleets, commanded by Condé, Turenne, Luxembourg, and Duquesne. But scarcely,' adds he, 'since Marathon and Salamis, has the world seen a more glorious display of heroism than that of the Dutch people defending their liberties.' At their head appeared a young, weak-bodied, pale-faced prince, as yet unknown to fame, but soon to be recognised as the champion of European Protestantism—William of Orange, afterwards William III. of England. Austere, simple, and taciturn, this young pale-faced stadtholder possessed a brain such as had been denied to his antagonist, the haughty and high-born king of France. Whoever would understand the history of Europe in the end of the seventeenth century, must have a picture in his mind of these two men—Louis XIV., the despot of France and the patron of Catholicism; and William of Orange, the republican stadtholder and the protector of Protestantism.

The war with Holland was brought to a conclusion by the peace of Nimeguen in 1678. Louis now turned his attention to his own kingdom, and again his bigoted dislike to the Calvinists began to display itself in persecution. A monarch with oriental ideas of his own power, totally ignorant of any except palace-life, and accustomed to see his Protestant courtiers become Catholics to please him, had no conception of the difficulty of forcing a nation's conscience, no belief that the common people had a conscience at all. His resolution to abolish Protestantism in his kingdom was encouraged by Letellier, his chancellor, and Louvois, his secretary-of-war, as well as by his mistress, Madame de Maintenon—a name conspicuous in the history of those times.

The persecution was recommenced with new vigour. Decree after decree was issued against the Protestants. One of these decrees excluded Protestants from all the royal farms; another fixed the age for the voluntary conversion of the children of Protestant parents at seven years. Excited by the priests, mobs rose in the towns, attacked the Protestant places of worship, and made bonfires of the desks, seats, and Bibles; corpses were disinterred from the Protestant burying-grounds, and thrown into the rivers; and Protestant clergymen were imprisoned or banished on the slightest pretext. The death of Colbert, in 1683, removed the last obstacle to the progress of these severities. Two millions of people were virtually put beyond the pale of the laws—denied liberty of conscience at home, and yet prohibited, on pain of death, from going into exile. The crowning act of persecution was the employment of the famous *dragonnades*, or invasions of the Protestant provinces by troops of dragoons, charged with the task of forcing the conversion of the inhabitants to the Catholic faith. The following is the account of these dragonnades, given by a French historian; and our readers will doubtless be struck by the similarity of many of the scenes described to those which were enacted in Scotland by the dragoons of Charles II. at the time of the persecution: 'Louvois did not venture at once upon a general dragonnade. He commenced by isolated and progressive attempts, as if to habituate himself, the king, and the country to such measures. Encouraged by the success which he obtained over the peasants of Navarre, he caused the frontiers of the kingdom to be closed, and putting his troops in motion, commenced a general dragonnade. From Béarn, the cradle of French Calvinism, the dragonnade advanced roaring towards the valley of the Garonne, and ascended its tributaries the Dordogne, the Lot, the Tarn, the canal of Languedoc, towards the Cevennes. All kinds of troops were employed in this service; but the dragoons—whether from their more brutal zeal or their more glaring uniform—obtained the honour of giving it its name. The day before their arrival, the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of the town or village assembled the Protestant inhabitants, and in a harangue, the usual peroration of which was a threatening announcement of the armed force which was at hand, signified to them the irrevocable resolution of the king. The terrified people were sometimes converted by unanimous acclamations. Educated persons signed a confession of faith; the mob simply said: "I conform," or cried out "Ave Maria," or made the sign of the cross. In some towns, *conversion offices* were established, where, after the names of the converts were inscribed, there was delivered to them, on the back of a playing-card, a certificate which was to protect them from the soldiery. The people of Nîmes called this card the mark of the beast—the expression of a profound truth; for what else is a man who, to preserve his animal and mortal being, abdicates his thought, his soul, his celestial and immortal nature?

'The soldiers then entered the village with drawn sabres and muskets erect. Their first attempt was to stagger the fidelity of the clergyman; if he resisted, he was driven from the town, that his example might not restrain the flock. After him, they tried to seduce the notables of the place. At Montauban, the Bishop Nesmond called before the intendant, De Boufflers, the Barons Mauzac, Vicoze, Montbeton, &c. The lackeys, concealed behind the door, suddenly fell upon the noblemen, and threw them down, so as to make them kneel; and while they were struggling with the valets, the prelate made the sign of the cross upon them, and the business was over. Meanwhile the citizens and common people were the prey of a licentious soldiery, whose excesses would have put to the blush a horde of Tartars. After locking up their victims in closets, the dragoons threw out the magnificent furniture into the street, stalled their horses in splendid halls, offered them buckets of milk and wine to drink, and for litter gave them wool, cotton, silk, and the finest Holland lace. If their host, or rather their victim, still held out, they dragged him from his confinement, and sometimes suspended him in a well; sometimes tying his hands and feet crosswise at his back, hoisted him up by a pulley, with his face down, like a chandelier, let him fall on his face, and then hauled him up to let him fall again; sometimes stripping him entirely naked, they forced him to turn the spit, and, while he was cooking their repast, amused themselves with pinching his skin and scorching his hair; sometimes they compelled him to hold in his clenched hand a burning coal during the repetition of a whole paternoster. But the most intolerable punishment was the deprivation of sleep. Sometimes they sold sleep to their victim at ten, twenty, or thirty crowns an hour. By the time that the poor wretch began to slumber, the fatal hour struck, and they awoke him with their drums. Many women, seized in their flight by the pains of childbirth, were delivered in the woods. Their sex, in general, had more to suffer than ours; because to a nature more delicate and modest, they joined a more lively faith and greater constancy. Young mothers, tied to the posts of their beds, were offered the cruel alternative of abjuring, or seeing their infants die of hunger before their eyes. Some yielded, that they might give their babes suck—touching feebleness of a mother, sacrificing, as she conceived, her own eternal salvation to the daily wants of her child, trusting in the infinite mercy of God, alone capable of understanding and rewarding the act.

'From Versailles, Louvois watched, directed, stimulated the dragonnade, and scolded the less active intendants as the proprietor of a farm scolds his lazy reapers. "His majesty," he wrote to them, "wishes you to push to the last extremity those who will have the stupid glory of being the last to give up their religion."'*

These severities had in some degree the effect intended. Whole towns and districts professed their conversion to the Catholic faith. The prisons and dungeons were full of recusants, who were treated with the most barbarous cruelty. Seven hundred Protestant churches were suppressed throughout France, and the clergymen separated from their flocks and driven into exile. Louis had no doubt but that the last remains of Huguenotism would soon be destroyed in his kingdom—that he would soon reign over a population united in one faith. Already he was receiving the flatteries and praises of his courtiers for the success of his schemes; already he was hailed by the Jesuits as the destroyer of heresy. One measure alone remained to be adopted to make his triumph complete; namely, the *Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.* The previous persecutions, the edicts against the Protestants during the last twenty years, and the dragonnades, had been merely preliminary to this final stroke, which descended in the shape of a royal *ordonnance*, in the month of October 1685. By this ordonnance all assemblies of any kind for the exercise of Protestant worship were prohibited; and all the Protestant clergy who should continue obstinate in their opinions were ordered to quit France within fifteen days, under the penalty of being sent to the galleys. The only part of France to which these regulations did not apply was Alsace, which was under the protection of a special treaty.

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* *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert.* By M. Peyrat. An able work, to which we are indebted for much of the information contained in the present tract.

Fifteen hundred clergymen left the country. Most of them took refuge in Holland and Germany. The people, unable to bear separation from their pastors, followed them into exile; and immediately after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the emigration, which had been going on for twenty years, increased to such a degree as to attract the attention of government. The emigrants were forced to adopt innumerable precautions, and to run innumerable risks, in order to effect their escape. Travelling in all manner of disguises, and by the most unfrequented routes, they endeavoured to reach the frontier, or some seaport where they might embark for a foreign land. 'Great ladies, whose satin slippers had never before touched the grass, now travelled thirty, forty, or fifty leagues in clogs behind the mule of their guide, whose wife or daughter they passed for. Gentlemen tried to pass rolling wheelbarrows, carrying bales, or driving an ass or pigs; others adopted the costume of a sportsman, with a gun and dog; others that of a pilgrim, with long beard, staff, and rosary in hand, and their breast ornamented with shells.' Within a quarter of a century, about 500,000 Protestants had quitted France, and dispersed themselves over the whole world. As far as India and America, French refugees might be found. In the backwoods of America, the savage Indians received, with kindness and respect, the white strangers, 'who were without a home, because they had worshipped the Great Spirit.' The northern states of Europe, however, were the principal resort of the emigrants. Everywhere they were welcomed; subscriptions were made for their relief, lands appropriated to them, and residences provided for them. Thus were many little French colonies planted in various of the northern countries of Europe in the end of the seventeenth century. In London, Berlin, and Amsterdam, whole streets were occupied by emigrant French Protestants. Nor was the hospitality with which they were treated without a recompense. Wherever they went, they carried with them new branches of manufacture which France had hitherto monopolised; and many establishments for stocking-making, silk-dyeing, glass-blowing, &c., now flourishing in the towns of Northern Europe, were founded by the refugees whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove from their homes. Among the expelled clergymen, too, were many men of ability and learning, who founded academies, or pursued a literary career in the countries where they took refuge.

PERSECUTIONS IN LANGUEDOC AND DAUPHINÉ—THE FIRST PASTORS OF THE DESERT.

France was by no means cleared of Protestantism by the severities of Louis and his ministers. The half-million who had gone into exile were but a fraction of the Protestant population, and the leaven still remained, fermenting throughout all the provinces of France. True, whole towns and districts had abjured their faith, and professed themselves Catholics—driven to this extremity by the terrors of the dragonnade. It might indeed have appeared at first sight that Louis, in thundering his royal decree over the kingdom, had performed a miracle—had put down Protestantism at once and for ever. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was followed by a stifling calm; and if any Protestants continued in France, they scarcely dared to breathe. But a tremendous reaction ensued. The pretended converts to Catholicism were seized with the horrors of remorse. Many of them, when partaking of the sacrament for the first time according to the Romish form, spat out the wafer, or went into fits. Others continued Catholics for a time; but when attacked by illness, or when death approached, they returned to their former faith, testifying all the agonies of a restless conscience. In a short time it became evident that Protestantism was far from being extinct in France. As in Scotland after the passing of the Act of Conformity, meetings for worship began to be held, at first in private houses and secretly, afterwards in the fields and more openly. Protestant clergymen, both Frenchmen and foreigners—either such as had never gone into exile, or such as had been induced to return by a noble and chivalrous sense of duty—went about through the country preaching and administering the ordinances of religion according to the Protestant form. All the exertions of the authorities, military and civil, to put down these conventicles were of no avail.

The stronghold of French Protestantism was the Cevennes—the name given to an irregular tract of very mountainous country, extending from the Pyrenees to the Alps, a distance of about three hundred miles. Of this extensive district, however, the part which is principally famed as having been the scene of the war of the Camisards, is that which constituted formerly the eastern half of the province of Languedoc, and which, according to the present system of geographical division, would include the four departments of

Ardèche, Lozère, Gard, and Hérault. The population of this part of France may have amounted, at the date of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to about 300,000, of whom nearly one-half were Protestants. In the natives of Lower Languedoc might be discerned traces of oriental blood, derived from the Jews and Arabs who haunted the shores of the Gulf of Lions during the middle ages. The Cévenols of the north, again, were a brave, simple, and hardy mountain race, and almost to a man Protestant. Their occupations were partly agricultural and pastoral, partly manufacturing. Rye, and chestnuts boiled in milk, were their principal fare. In the summer, they fed cattle; in the winter, when the snow lay on the hills, they remained in their houses, weaving coarse serges, for which they found a market at the town of Mende.

The fastnesses of the Cevennes afforded a refuge for the persecuted Protestants of the neighbouring provinces. During the dragonnade in Languedoc, many of the Huguenots fled to these mountains, to escape the fury of the soldiery; in fact, all the enthusiastic Protestantism of Languedoc was here cooped up and concentrated. The nature of the country—a maze of mountains, rocks, and forests, in many places savage and rugged in the extreme—defied all the attempts which were made to submit it to the process of purgation which the rest of France, and especially Languedoc, had experienced.

About the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a new intendant or governor was appointed to the province of Languedoc. This was Nicolas de Lamoignon de Bâville, Count de Launai-Courson. Bâville was born at Paris in 1648, and belonged to a family of jurists, whose spirit of antipathy to the church and the nobility he inherited. Able, active, and indefatigable, ambitious and imperious, he was a devoted disciple of Richelieu, in as far as anxiety to strengthen the royal power at the expense of the other interests in the state was concerned. Desirous of being absolute in his province, he procured the appointment of his brother-in-law, the Count de Broglie, to the office of military commandant of the province under him—Broglie being a savage soldier, and a man of too little ability to become his rival.

Like the *curates*, so famous in the history of the Scottish persecution under Charles II., the new clergy appointed to succeed the exiled Protestant pastors of France were men little calculated to recommend the religion of which they were the representatives. This had the effect of increasing the fondness of the Cévenols for the illegal conventicles which they had begun to hold for Protestant worship in their houses, or in *the desert*, as, in their Scriptural phraseology, they termed the solitary places among the hills. Nor were preachers wanting. The parting prediction of their exiled pastors, that God would not leave them without shepherds, but that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He would teach them His truth, seemed to be instantaneously fulfilled. A new race of preachers rose up, illiterate and rude, but powerful in their native force and their new-born enthusiasm. Leaving their ploughs or their looms, men with hard hands and sunburnt faces stood up before the crowds who gathered to hear them, and acted the part of preachers and expounders of the Scriptures. The most celebrated of these rustic preachers was Vivens, a wool-carder of Valleraugue. Some students of theology likewise joined them. Round these preachers, congregations of men, women, and children gathered; and from morning till night, nothing was heard in the desert but the groans and sobbings of excited spirits, mingled with prayer and psalm-singing.

When intelligence of these proceedings in the Cevennes reached court, it was believed that some of the Protestant pastors must have returned from their exile. Louvois instantly issued a declaration, condemning every such pastor to death; all those who held communication with him to punishment—the men to the galleys, and the women to perpetual imprisonment; and the houses in which pastors lodged to destruction. Rewards were likewise offered for the apprehension of the preachers. New bodies of dragoons were quartered in the district, by whom several field-meetings were surprised and dispersed—the fugitives being slashed down with sabres, some of them hanged from trees, and others reserved for public trial. The first preacher who fell a victim was Falcrand Rey, executed at Beaucaire in the beginning of 1686. These efforts failing, Bâville even condescended to negotiate with the Cévenols, and to make an agreement with Vivens, in the name of his brother-preachers, promising to allow them to go into exile, and carry their property with them. Divided into three bodies, the preachers left the Cevennes. Having thus purged the population of what he considered the insurrectionary leaven, Bâville prepared to prevent any further outbreaks in the Cevennes. An army of about 40,000 men was distributed, in a judicious manner, through Languedoc; the officers appointed to command the regiments posted in the Cevennes were chosen from the recent converts to Catholicism, whose zeal was naturally most savage and unhesitating; roads were begun through the mountains, to render them accessible to horse and artillery; and three forts were erected—one at Nîmes, one at Alais, and one at St Hippolyte.

The years 1687 and 1688 passed in tolerable quiet. The Cévenols and the other French Protestants seemed overawed, and were careful to hold their illegal meetings secretly. The great majority of their clergy had sought refuge in Holland, where they officiated as pastors to their fellow-exiles, engaged in theological and literary pursuits, and corresponded, as occasion offered, with their friends in France.

The year 1688 is remarkable in the history of Europe as the date of the English revolution. This event—the accession of William of Orange, the protector of European Protestantism, to the throne of Great Britain—was hailed at the time with universal enthusiasm by the Protestants of the continent. Among the exiled pastors in Holland especially it produced the utmost excitement; it seemed to them the harbinger of better days for France. The fervid soul of one of them, Peter Jurieu, seized upon the event as the prelude to the downfall of Antichrist foretold in the book of Revelation. By a calculation applied to the eleventh chapter of that book, he had some time before concluded that the death of the *two witnesses* there mentioned was a prophetical allusion to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The three days and a half, during which the bodies of the witnesses were to lie unburied, being interpreted, as usual, to mean three years and a half, it appeared to him that as the death of the witnesses, or the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, took place in October 1685, their resurrection, or the triumph of French Protestantism, must happen in April 1689. So confident was he in the truth of his views, that he published them in 1686, under the title of *The Accomplishment of the Prophecies, or the Approaching Deliverance of the Church*. The book caused an immediate sensation. The Catholic leaders replied both by ridicule and serious refutations. On the general spirit of the time the book fell like a spark among inflammable gas. Its notions spread like wild-fire among the persecuted Protestants of France, stimulating all the excitable minds to a pitch of fervour which had something in it of the grand and supernatural. The Spirit of God, it was believed, had again descended on the earth, and the times of prophecy had revived previous to the final triumph of the Protestant faith. 'Since the time of Voltaire,' says M. Peyrat, by way of preface to his narrative of those strange excitements and flights of the mind which form so remarkable a feature in the history of the Camisard persecutions, 'it is difficult for one to speak of prophecies and prodigies without provoking sarcasm and derision. Nevertheless,' he adds, '*ecstasy* is incontestably a real state of the human mind. Abnormal and unusual as it is at the present day, it was quite common in the infancy of the human species in the first ages of the world. Now the Reformation by Luther produced in the modern world a violent irruption of the old Hebrew or Asiatic spirit. The laws, customs, language, and images of the infant world were revived; and it would seem as if the susceptibility to ecstasy had revived also.' Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that extraordinary danger or suffering has the effect of changing and enlarging human nature; of stimulating the human emotion, spirit, imagination, or whatever we choose to call it, to a pitch of which, in the calm routine of civilised life, we have no experience. Without bearing this in mind, it is impossible for any one to understand the history of such religious persecutions as those of the Scottish Covenanters, or the French Camisards, or indeed to understand any important period of history whatever.

Nowhere did Jurieu's book produce such effects as in Dauphiné—the province contiguous to Languedoc. Kindled by it into a state of ecstasy, an old man named Du Serre not only began to prophesy himself, but founded a school of prophets. The contagion spread, as if carried by the atmosphere, and in a short time the whole province was filled with rumours of prophecies, apparitions, angelic visits, &c. 'The first instance of these imagined celestial appearances,' says M. Peyrat, 'was in 1688, in the neighbourhood of Castres in Languedoc. A little girl of Capelle, about ten years of age, saw one day, when keeping cows, an angel resembling a child in figure, and clothed in white. It came out of a bush, and, advancing to the young shepherdess, said: "My sister, I descend from heaven to forbid you, in the name of the Lord Jesus, from going to the mass." It then withdrew, and disappeared among the bushes. The little damsel returned home, and related the miraculous vision. The news spread from village to village. From Viane, from Lacaune, and all round about, the people ran to Capelle to see the shepherdess, and to ask her about the apparition. The child told the story with simplicity. The people believed in the reality of the miracle, and, according to the orders of the angel, deserted the churches. The priests, raising a cry of alarm, made the sub-deputy, Barbeyrac, arrest the young prophetess. She was sent to a convent of Sommières, at the foot of the Cevennes. But after her departure, the miraculous appearances continued in the district of Castres.'

This was in Languedoc: in Dauphiné the ecstasy reached to still greater heights. 'Of the disciples of Du Serre, three young shepherds, of eight, fifteen, and twenty years of age respectively, named Bompart, Mazet, and Pascalin, became distinguished above the rest. They presided over assemblies, called apostates to account, preached, baptised, married, advised the people, and exercised all the functions of the fathers of the church. They were put in prison; but were immediately replaced by a multitude of other ecstatics, of whom the chief were Isabella Vincent and Gabriel Astier. The former, commonly called the *Beautiful Isabella*, was the daughter of a wool-carder of Saou. Forced by poverty to leave her father's house, she went, at about ten years of age, to reside with a relation, a labourer, who made her keep his cattle. A stranger came one day into the sheepfold, preached, and left her, at parting, the spirit of prophecy. She began to preach, and with such success, that her name became known all over Dauphiné, as far as Geneva, and even in Holland. Towards the end of May 1689, the desire to see the young shepherdess, of whom such marvels were reported, induced an advocate of Grenoble, by name Gerlan, to visit her abode. He entered, and asked something to drink, as if wearied by his long journey. While she served him with a cup of water, he observed her attentively. Her figure was small and slender; her face irregular, thin, and browned by the weather; her forehead large, with great black eyes of a sweet expression, and level with the head. "My sister," said he, "blessed be God, who has permitted me to see and hear you, that I may be strengthened in the faith, and receive the consolations of His persecuted children." "Be welcome," she replied: "this evening I shall preach to some of our brethren assembled in the mountain." She went out about dusk, accompanied by two young girls and twenty peasants, who followed with the advocate of Grenoble. She walked very fast, although the road was rough and the night dark. A numerous assembly waited her. "Of myself," she said, "I am unable to speak; but," continued she, falling on her knees, "do thou, O God, loosen my tongue, if it be thy good pleasure, that I may be able to proclaim thy word, and console thine afflicted people." Forthwith,' says the narrator, 'the spirit seized her. She offered up a long prayer. I thought I heard some angel speaking. After the prayer, she made them sing a psalm, and raised it herself melodiously; then she preached from the text—"If any man shall say unto you, Lo! here is Christ, or there, believe it not." She delivered a discourse so excellent, so pathetic, with such holy boldness and such zeal, that one was almost compelled to believe that she had something in her above human. She uttered great lamentations for the wretched condition of the Protestants of France, who were in the dungeons, in the galleys, in the convents, and in exile. She promised, in the name of God, forgiveness, peace, blessing, and eternal joy to those who did not reject the fatherly solicitations of His goodness; she promised also, with precision and earnestness, the re-establishment of true religion in the kingdom.' 'Isabella,' adds M. Peyrat, 'could not read, and therefore quoted Scripture from memory. She preached in French. Her language was wonderfully pure, well connected, pathetic, and adorned with biblical images. Her inspiration came with such abundance and fury, that the words, like a stream long dammed up, escaped impetuously from her lips, flowed for some time with astonishing volubility, then slackened, and even towards the conclusion became embarrassed.

'At last the intendant Bouchu, who tracked out everywhere the prophets of Dauphiné, caused the young prophetess of Saou to be arrested. "Here I am, sir," said she to him; "you can put me to death. God will raise up others, who will say finer things than I." She was confined in the prisons of the general hospital of Grenoble.'*

The other prophet of Dauphiné before mentioned was Gabriel Astier, a labourer, about twenty-two years of age. Altogether of a more sombre and melancholic genius than the prophetess Isabella, his preaching was attended with greater excitement and disturbance of the peace. Various bloody engagements took place between his followers and the troops sent into the Vivarais by Bâville and Broglie. Many of the insurgents were taken alive and hanged. Gabriel, however, contrived for a whole year to elude pursuit. At last, in the spring of 1690, he was recognised in the town of Montpellier, taken, and broken on the wheel.

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* *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert*, by M. Peyrat.

Scarcely was the insurrection in the Vivarais suppressed, when the Cevennes caught the blaze. It will be remembered that, in the year 1686, Bâville entered into an agreement with a number of itinerant preachers, at the head of whom was François Vivens, promising them free exit from France. Owing to Bâville's treachery, Vivens and a body of his companions were conducted into Spain, from which they escaped with difficulty to Holland. Suddenly, in the beginning of 1689, Vivens reappeared in the Cevennes. He was about twenty-six years of age, of small stature, and lame, but robust and energetic. The Cévenols gathered round him, and the field-meetings, which, since 1686, had been almost discontinued, again became common.

Vivens was soon joined by a coadjutor illustrious in the history of the Camisards. This was Claude Brousson, a man of good family, who had practised as an advocate at Nîmes, had gone into exile in Lausanne in 1683, and had since that time been actively engaged in the communications which the persecuted Protestants of his native country were holding with William of Orange; but who now, moved by a sudden impulse of self-devotion and enthusiasm, returned to France to lead the life of a prophet of the desert, leaving his wife and child in Switzerland. After being ordained by Vivens and Gabriel, he commenced his labours. Already forty-three years of age, he abandoned a life of ease and security for one of toil, danger, and suffering. 'To be almost always alone; to travel in the night through wind, rain, and snow; to pass through the midst of soldiers or robbers; to sleep in woods on the bare ground, on a couch of grass, or of dried leaves; to dwell in caves, in barns, in shepherds' huts; to glide furtively into a town or village, and when received into a pious house, not even to be able to caress at the fireside the little ones of his generous host, lest their innocent prattle should betray him to the neighbours; to be discovered in his retreat, and surrounded by soldiers; to hide in lofts, in wells, or to cheat the troops by going boldly up to them, and sending them after some officious friend, who exposed himself to afford his pastor time to escape; to walk about in disguise; to pass sentinels, imitating the extravagances of a madman or the tricks of a mountebank; to endure fatigue, cold, heat, hunger, pain, abandonment, solitude, and finally the scaffold—such was the ordinary life of a pastor of the desert. Brousson,' continues M. Peyrat, 'preached regularly three or four times a week, sometimes every day, and even several times in one day; besides which there were baptisms, marriages, and funerals to be celebrated; models of prayer and rules of piety to be dictated to the little churches, that, after his departure, they might be able to continue their religious services without a pastor. This man, sweet and affectionate by disposition, never addressed his rustic auditories except by the appellation of sheep and doves. He afterwards published, under the title of *Mystic Manna of the Desert*, some of his "sermons preached in France, in deserts and caves, during the years 1690, 1691, 1692, and 1693." They are homilies, adapted to the wandering flocks to whom they were addressed: their style, simple, negligent, plain, but impregnated with sentiments of infinite sweetness and gentleness, is like a vessel of common clay-ware filled with milk and honey.'

Bâville's utmost activity was exerted to suppress this new outbreak of Protestantism in the Cevennes, and especially to secure the apprehension of the prophets Vivens and Brousson. The movement was indeed becoming formidable. The energetic Vivens had entered into a correspondence with the Duke of Schomberg, inviting him to make a descent upon Languedoc with ten thousand men. The plan was discovered by means of a billet which Vivens had written to Schomberg, and which fell into Bâville's hands. This redoubled the exertions of the intendant to get possession of the person of the insurrectionary prophet. He was at length tracked to a cavern situated in a valley between Anduze and Alais. At the mouth of this cavern, Vivens himself was shot; and two companions who were with him, Carrière and Capieu, died on the scaffold. Brousson now remained almost the last prophet of the Cevennes. At length, hunted from place to place, weakened in body, and requiring rest, Brousson left the Cevennes for a time, to revisit his family at Lausanne. Again, in the year 1695, he returned to France, and employed himself in preaching secretly to the Protestants of different provinces; and again he was obliged to quit it.

Meanwhile, France was in the most wretched condition imaginable. Persecution, war, and exorbitant taxation were producing their effects. In Languedoc especially were these calamities felt. Forty thousand natives had emigrated, and large tracts of country were left desert and uncultivated. The hopes, too, which the French Protestants had entertained of a melioration of their condition, through the instrumentality of William III. of England, were extinguished by the peace of Ryswick, concluded in 1697. The prophecies of Jurieu were falsified; and Louis XIV. still sat on his throne, the enemy of Protestantism.

Moved by the accounts which reached him of the sufferings of his Protestant countrymen, Brousson returned to France for the third time in 1697. He spent some time in Dauphiné and Languedoc. In the spring of 1698, he wrote to his wife: 'The persecution is renewed. It is as violent as at first. The soldiers are ravaging the houses, carrying off the furniture, the corn, and the cattle. They tell the masters of the houses they are ruining them to make them go to mass.' Bâville, hearing of Brousson's return, increased the reward for his apprehension to 600 louis-d'ors. Escaping from Languedoc, the preacher made his way to Pau in Béarn. Here a letter of introduction, which he had to a faithful Protestant, was delivered by mistake to a Catholic of the same name. The authorities were informed; Brousson was seized, and sent back to Montpellier. 'At his trial, on the 4th of November,' says M. Peyrat, 'the hall was crowded with churchmen, military officers, and lawyers, anxious to see the once celebrated jurisconsult, now a poor pastor of the desert, about to die. Brousson disdained to employ in his defence the least oratorical artifice. He spoke for about a quarter of an hour with calmness and simplicity, confining himself to saying that he was an honest man, fearing God—a minister of the gospel, who had entered France to comfort his unfortunate brethren.' He denied having been concerned in the conspiracy with the Duke of Schomberg. He was broken on the wheel that same day, having been previously strangled by a merciful order of Bâville. His name was long cherished by the Protestants of Languedoc; and an account of his death was published under the title of *The Martyrdom of M. de Brousson.*

THE ECSTATICS OF THE CEVENNES—OUTBREAK OF THE GREAT INSURRECTION.

The century was now drawing to a close. Fifteen years had elapsed since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the condition of France during that period had been as we have described it. Hundreds of thousands of its Protestant citizens had abandoned it, to seek the liberty which it denied them in foreign lands; and those who remained were subjected to the most galling persecution, forced outwardly to conform to the Catholic worship, and enjoying only secretly, at great risks, and at rare intervals, the privilege of hearing the gospel preached by a Protestant minister. A few local insurrections, as we have seen, had broken out, but had been suppressed by the activity of the governors of the provinces. In the year 1700 all seemed over; and, turning his attention from France, Louis was engaged in making preparations for the new European war in which he was involved, for the purpose of establishing the right of his grandson, the Duke of Anjou, to succeed to the crown of Spain. This war continued till 1713; but scarcely had it begun, when the spirit of insurrection broke out in the Cevennes more fiercely than ever. Of this new struggle, to which more particularly the name of the War of the Camisards is applied, we now proceed to give an account.

We have already mentioned the appearance of the spirit or disease (whichever we choose to call it) of *ecstasy* which broke out in Dauphiné and Languedoc about the year 1689. After disappearing for a while, this spirit or disease broke out again in the year 1701. We will extract our account of these singular phenomena from M. Peyrat. 'The spirit,' he says, 'descended rarely on old persons, and never on those who were rich and well educated. It visited youth and indigence, misfortune, simple hearts, shepherds, labourers, grown-up girls, and even children. "The youngest child I ever saw speak in a state of ecstasy," says Durand Fage of Aubais, "was a little girl of five years of age, at the village of Saint Maurice, near Euzet; but it is known in the country that the spirit has often been poured out on little children, of whom some were even yet at the breast, and who could not speak at an age so tender, except when it pleased God to announce his marvels by the mouth of such innocents." "I have seen," adds Jacques Dubois of Montpellier—"I have seen, among others, a child of five months, in its mother's arms at Quissac, that spoke, with agitation and sobbings, distinctly, and with a loud voice, but yet with interruptions, which made it necessary to listen attentively to hear certain words."*

'The Cévenols reckoned four degrees of ecstasy. The first was called *l'avertissement* (warning); the second, *le souffle* (breath); the third, *la prophétie* (prophecy); and the fourth and highest, *le don* (the gift). They remarked, however, in general, of an inspired person, "He has received excellent gifts." One of the most extraordinary gifts was assuredly that of preaching. M. de Caladon of Aulas, a man of cultivated mind, speaks thus of one of the preachers, a female servant named Jeanne. "She was," he says, "a poor, silly peasant, aged about forty years, assuredly the most simple and ignorant creature known in our mountains. When I heard that she was preaching, and preaching wonderfully, I could not believe a word of it; it never entered into my conception that she could join four words of French together, or that she could have the boldness to speak in a company. Yet I have several times witnessed her acquit herself miraculously. When the heavenly intelligence made her speak, this she-ass of Balaam had truly a mouth of gold. Never did orator make himself heard as she did; and never was auditor more attentive or more affected than those who listened to her. It was a torrent of eloquence; it was a prodigy; and—what I say is no exaggeration—she became all at once a totally new creature, and was transformed into a great preacher."

'The number of prophets increased so rapidly, that eight thousand were counted in Languedoc the first year. Not a town, hamlet, village, or house, but had its inspired orator. All of them assembled their congregations, and that every day; so that every day eight thousand assemblies, large or small, were held between the Lozère and the sea. But the number will appear infinite when one thinks that every prophet preached twice or thrice successively. When the first sermon was over, it often happened that people who had been delayed on the road, or who came from distant cantons, reached the spot; and these, too, must be satisfied. In going to nocturnal assemblies, the worshippers directed themselves to the spot by singing psalms. The prophet, at one of these nocturnal meetings, would all at once stop, and changing his tone, inform his hearers that there were some of the faithful wandering near at hand, in the fields or the woods, in search of the congregation, and that, to bring them in, some must go out and raise a psalm. A party would quit the assembly and begin singing, and in a short time after they would return with a considerable addition of worshippers, whom the singing had attracted to the spot. Nay, sometimes, it was said, the wanderers were guided by meteors in the sky, flaming forth in the direction in which the conventicle was assembled.'*

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* In receiving these statements, and some which follow, our readers must exercise their own discretion. It is absolutely necessary to make such quotations as those in the text, in order to give a true idea of the strange state of feeling among the Cévenols during the insurrection, when the belief in the miraculous nature of the occurrences was universal.

This state of things continued for about a year, before any positive insurrection broke out. Most of the troops which had been stationed in Languedoc were now withdrawn to serve in Spain and Italy; and Bâville had not means at his command to put down the nuisance, as he considered the fresh outburst of fanaticism among the Cévenols to be. The priests, however, complained bitterly of the evil effects produced by the ecstatics; and Bâville did everything in his power to extirpate them. He made fathers and mothers responsible for the ecstasies of their children; and threatened the preachers with the punishment of death. As the ecstasy of the young persons was contagious, affecting even the children of good Catholics, Bâville caused them to be confined—the boys in the prisons, and the girls in convents. As many as three hundred were confined at once in the prisons of Uzès. Of the adults, many were apprehended, and subjected to severe punishments. Daniel Raoul, Floutier, and others of the most conspicuous preachers, perished on the wheel or the gibbet; and scores of others were sent to the galleys. Even women were hanged by Bâville's orders for the crime of preaching. In one instance, it is said, a woman was put to death because, in her ecstatic state, she shed tears of blood. One can hardly imagine a more horrible state of things than this—a whole province roused to a condition of frantic emotion, in which rational piety was strangely mingled with diseased nervous excitement; and a governor trying to restore calm and order by hanging the poor people in scores. These Cévenols were not naturally more given to extravagance than the rest of their countrymen; and had their own pastors been left among them, they would have continued, as they were before, a quiet, peaceable, hard-working, and pious peasant population.

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* *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert*, by M. Peyrat.

A tragical occurrence hurried on the general insurrection. One of the most zealous instruments of the persecution in Languedoc was François de Langlade du Chayla, archpriest of the Cevennes. The cruelties of this man had roused a general and bitter feeling against him among the Cévenols, and he had more than once been threatened with death. In the month of July 1702, a party of Protestants, male and female, trying to make their escape from the Cevennes, with the intention of going into exile at Geneva, were seized by the soldiery, and by the archpriest's orders committed to prison. On the following Sunday there was a field-meeting on the mountain of Bougès, at which a prophet of the name of Peter Séguier preached. Alluding in his sermon to the unfortunate Protestants who had been made prisoners, he declared that 'the Lord had commanded him to take up arms to deliver the captive brethren, and to exterminate that archpriest of Moloch.' Other preachers present followed in the same strain, one of them, Abraham Mazel, adding: 'Brethren, I have had a vision. I saw large black oxen, very fat, which were browsing on the plants of a garden; and a voice said unto me: "Abraham, drive out these oxen;" and when I did not obey, the voice again said unto me: "Abraham, drive out these oxen." Then I drove them out. Now, as the Spirit has revealed to me, that garden that I saw is the church of God, the black oxen which wasted it are the priests, and the voice which spoke to me is the Eternal, ordering me to drive these priests out of the Cevennes.' This parable produced its effect; and next day fifty peasants met, twenty of them armed, and resolved to march to the archpriest's residence at Pont de Montvert, to inflict vengeance upon him, and release such of their brethren as were confined there. They were commanded by the preacher Séguier: Mazel was also there, and another prophet called Solomon; and not the least enthusiastic among them was a mere stripling named Jean Cavalier—afterwards well known over all France.

At ten o'clock on the evening of the 24th of July, the archpriest was sitting with some ecclesiastics in his house at Pont de Montvert, when they heard the sound of psalmody approaching. They soon became aware that the house was surrounded by Protestant peasants. 'Withdraw, you Huguenot canaille!' cried the archpriest from the window. On their refusing, the guards fired, and killed one of the assailants. Procuring the trunk of a large tree, the peasants broke open the gate, and entering the house, ran to the dungeons in which the prisoners were confined, and set them free. They then set fire to the house. Some of the ecclesiastics escaped, others were killed in the attempt. Du Chayla, in trying to descend from a window, fell and broke his thigh. The peasants seized him, and despatched him with fifty-two wounds. All night they remained kneeling round the burning ruins, and returning thanks to God; in the morning they departed to their mountains, singing as they had come.

For a week Séguier and his companions wandered through the country in the neighbourhood of Pont de Montvert, executing what, in their wild and bloody enthusiasm, they called the judgment of God; putting priests to death, setting their imprisoned friends at liberty, and burning the houses in which they had been confined. The whole province was alarmed. Bâville despatched Broglie to the spot. After a short pursuit, the peasants were overtaken and dispersed by twenty men under one of Broglie's officers named Poul; the prophet himself, with two others named Nouvel and Bonnet, were taken, and conducted in chains to Florac, where they were condemned and executed.

The other peasants who had been concerned in the archpriest's death remained concealed in caves and woods, so that few of them were taken. It was concluded at last that they had escaped from the country; and Broglie, believing the disturbances over, retired to Alais, leaving Poul, with some companies of fusiliers, among the mountains. Scarcely was he gone, when the peasants left their hiding-places, reassembled, and seeing the impossibility of flight, resolved to continue the insurrection, and chose for their commander Laporte of Massoubeyran, a man of about forty-five years of age, who had served in the army. Laporte forthwith assumed the title of 'Colonel of the Children of God;' and named his camp the 'Camp of the Eternal.' Fresh recruits now came in from the country round, among the rest Laporte's nephew, Roland, and a peasant named Catinat, who had been concerned in an assassination perpetrated a few days before—that of the Baron de Saint Cômes, a military commander noted for his cruelty to the Huguenots. The young stripling Cavalier, too, shewed his zeal by descending to his native village of Ribaute, and returning to the 'Camp of the Eternal' with eighteen armed youths, whom he had enlisted in the cause. In all, the insurgents did not exceed a hundred and fifty. Under Laporte, they chose for their commanders Roland and a man named Castanet.

From the middle of August to the end of October, the 'Children of God'—sometimes in one body under the command of Laporte, sometimes divided into several under the command of Roland, Castanet, Catinat, and Cavalier—ranged through the Cevennes, inflicting vengeance on such persons as had made themselves conspicuous in the work of persecution, expelling the priests from their parishes, and holding field-meetings for prayer and worship among the mountains. Poul and his soldiers exerted their utmost activity to put an end to the insurrection; but for a while the insurgents contrived to elude their search. At length, on the 22d of October, a party of them, among whom was Laporte, were surprised and attacked in the valley of Sainte Croix. Laporte was killed, and his head, along with a number of others, sent in a hamper to Montpellier.

ORGANISATION OF THE CAMISARDS—THEIR CHIEFS—WAR OF 1703—ROMANTIC CAMISARD STORY.

Again Bâville believed that the insurrection was at an end; and again he was mistaken. Roland, Castanet, Catinat, and Cavalier, collected the dispersed troop of peasants, and recommenced the insurrection with fresh vigour. Roland was chosen to succeed his uncle Laporte as commander-in-chief. Of the various arrangements which they made for their own government, and the conduct of the war, M. Peyrat gives the following account: 'The Children of God,' he says, 'proceeded to organise themselves. Their army had increased considerably; the harvest being over, the young Cévenols took their muskets and hatchets, and flocked to join their friends, so that all at once Roland found himself at the head of a thousand men. The army divided itself into five cantons, as follows: The men of Faus des Armes; those of Upper Cevennes; those of Aigoal; those of Lower Cevennes; and those of Lower Languedoc. Each canton chose its own chiefs, their principle of election being to choose not those who were most conspicuous on account of their birth, their fortune, or even their intelligence, but those who were most largely gifted with what they called *the spirit*. Thus, Roland was elected commander-in-chief, not as the nephew of the last leader, not for his services in the insurrection, not for his courage or military skill; but solely because he was their greatest prophet. The other chiefs ranked under him according to their degrees of inspiration. The whole hierarchy, for such it was, consisted of a general-in-chief, generals of brigade, chiefs of brigade, captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and privates. The army was divided into five legions; every legion into brigades of a hundred men each; and every brigade into two companies of fifty.' Roland, who, as commander-in-chief, assumed the title of 'General of the Protestant troops of France assembled in the Cevennes,' was also special commander or brigadier-general of his own legion, that of the canton of Lower Cevennes. The legion of the Upper Cevennes chose Abraham and Solomon as joint commanders; that of Aigoal, Andrew Castanet; that of Lower Languedoc, Jean Cavalier; and that of Faus des Armes, Nicolas Soani. Of the five legions, those of Roland and Cavalier were the largest; a circumstance which made their power preponderate. The principle of equality and fraternity, however, was recognised among them; and all, whether officers or men, addressed each other by the name of *brother*. This, however, did not interfere with the exercise of due authority. Roland had a supreme council, composed of the brigadier-generals and the chiefs of brigade; and each brigadier-general had a council, composed in like manner of his inferior officers. 'As prophet-king, Roland, and, under him, his lieutenants, exercised religious and military power in all its functions and rights—the rights of life and death, of taxation, of worship, of celebrating the Lord's Supper, baptism, marriage, and funerals.' Such was the singular republican organisation set up by a few persecuted peasants in the year 1702, in a corner of the kingdom of the absolute monarch, Louis Quatorze.

Of the personal appearance and character of the two principal Camisard chiefs, the following is M. Peyrat's description. Roland was about twenty-seven years of age, and had served in the army down to the peace of Ryswick. He was of middle stature, of robust constitution; his face was round, and marked with small-pox, but with a fine complexion; his eyes large, and full of fire; his hair long, and of a light brown; he was naturally grave, silent, imperious, and ardent under an impassive aspect. Cavalier was scarcely seventeen, having been born in the famous year of the revocation at Ribaute, near Anduze. A poor peasant's son, and the eldest of three children, he had been first a shepherd boy, and afterwards a baker's apprentice at Anduze. To escape the persecutions of the curé of Ribaute, on account of his Protestantism, he fled in March 1701 to Geneva, where he lived for some time in the employment of a master baker; but, moved by the promptings of the Spirit, he returned to Languedoc, and plunged, as we have seen, into the insurrection. The Camisards delighted to trace in this youth a resemblance to the Hebrew David, while he was yet a shepherd feeding the flocks of his father Jesse. He was fair, well made, of small stature, but robust; his neck was short, his face wore the colour of health, his eyes were blue and quick, his head was large, and from it an abundance of flowing locks descended on his shoulders.

After having completed their arrangements, the army of the Children of God separated, each of the five legions going to its own canton, and there continuing its violent work—putting obnoxious persons to death, expelling priests, and occasionally coming into conflict with parties of Broglie's troops. In these engagements the Camisards were almost always victorious. It is impossible to follow the movements of all the various bands as they roamed through Eastern Languedoc, during the months of November and December 1702, fighting and singing psalms; the traditions of the adventures of the Camisards during these two months would fill a volume.

Before Christmas 1702, Languedoc was almost at the disposal of the Camisards; the noblesse had deserted their châteaux, the priests their parishes, the rich Catholic bourgeoisie their villages—all going to seek safety in the fortified towns, and leaving the general Catholic population to protect themselves, as they best could, against the Camisards; who, however, did not, except in rare cases, seek to do them any injury. Had the Camisards at this time received assistance from any foreign Protestant state, it is probable that Louis XIV. would have been obliged to make concessions; unfortunately, however, for them, William III. of England, from whom alone they could have expected efficient assistance, was now no more, having died in April 1702. They were left, therefore, to fight out their own cause as they best could—a few thousands of enthusiastic, and, in consequence of their persecutions, almost insane peasants, bidding defiance to the power of the most despotic monarch in Christendom. If, indeed, the politically discontented Catholics of France had combined with the Camisards, and demanded civil, while they demanded religious liberty, the coalition might have proved formidable. But, in the circumstances, such a coalition was impossible; the Camisards being animated by a spirit too peculiar either to co-operate with any other party, or to invite co-operation.

Louis XIV. was not aware of the whole extent of the insurrection in Languedoc; and if he had been, he would not have understood it. Information, however, reached the court sufficient to injure Bâville in the monarch's eyes; and in the middle of January 1703, M. de Julien—a distinguished officer, a native of Orange, who had served first under King William, then under Schomberg, and had at last entered the French army, turned Catholic, and received high promotion—was sent ostensibly to co-operate with Broglie, but really to supervise Bâville. Julien's advice for suppressing the insurrection was as follows: 'It is not sufficient,' he said, 'to kill only those who carry arms; the masses are infected; it is necessary to put to the sword all the Protestants of the country, and to burn up their villages. By these means the insurrection will not be able to recruit itself, and its extirpation will not cost the life of a single Catholic.' This horrid proposal revolted Bâville; and, by his influence, a more humane plan of procedure was reluctantly adopted. Ordinary military operations were recommenced against the Camisards, particularly against the legion commanded by Cavalier; and the month of January was passed pretty much in the same way as the months of November and December. Still, the Camisards had the advantage. In two or three engagements, Broglie's troops sustained severe defeats; and the insurrection seemed to be approaching no nearer to its termination. The secret dispatches of Julien to Versailles informed the court of the real state of matters in Languedoc; and the whole blame of the bad success falling on Broglie, he was recalled in the beginning of February, and Maréchal de Montrevel was sent to fill his place. He was about fifty-seven years of age, a brave enough soldier, but deficient in all the higher qualities necessary for the post to which he was appointed—that of military chief of a revolted province. Montrevel brought large reinforcements with him into Languedoc; and the royal army quartered in the province amounted now to an effective force of 60,000 men.

It was a common belief at the period that there existed in France a secret consistory or organisation, whose object was the re-establishment of Protestantism. This belief was adopted by Montrevel; and consequently he was inclined to favour the project of devastation which had been proposed by Julien, as the only means of suppressing the Camisard insurrection—a mere symptom, as he conceived, of the deeper disease which existed throughout the commonwealth. His plan was to make the whole Protestant population of Languedoc responsible for the crimes of the Camisards; and hold them punishable for these crimes in their persons, or, at all events, in their property. Bâville still opposed such an indiscriminate mode of retaliation; but Montrevel, enjoying the confidence of the court, was able to some extent to put it into execution. Accordingly, during the spring of 1703, the war changed its character. It was no longer a war against the culpable individuals; it was a course of military executions upon whole towns and districts, whose only fault was secret attachment to Protestantism. Massacres and butcheries, the ruin by exorbitant fines of whole families, not one member of which was among the Camisards, the devastation of villages, the transportation of their inhabitants to another part of the country—these and such-like were the measures adopted by Montrevel during the months of March, April, and May 1703. In this last month, too, a stimulus was given to the persecution in the Cevennes by a bull from the Vatican, couched in these words: 'Clement XI., the Servant of Servants; salvation and apostolic blessing: We cannot express with what grief we have been penetrated on learning, through the ambassador of the Most Christian King, that the heretics of the Cevennes, sprung from the execrable race of the ancient Albigenses, have taken up arms against the church and their sovereign. With the design of arresting, as far as lies in our power, the progress and constant reappearance of heresy, to which it seemed that the piety of Louis the Great had given a finishing blow in his dominions, we have thought it our duty to conform to the conduct of our predecessors in like cases. Wherefore, and in order to engage the faithful in the work of exterminating the accursed race of those heretics and those evil-doers, in all ages enemies both of God and Cæsar, we, in virtue of the power to bind and to loose accorded by the Saviour of men to the chief of the apostles and to his successors, declare and award, of our full power and authority, the absolute and general remission of their sins to all those who shall engage in the holy crusade which ought to be formed and conducted for the extirpation of those heretics and those rebels to God and the king, and who shall have the misfortune to be killed in battle; and that our intentions on this subject may be known and made public, we command that our bull, given under the signet of the Fisher, be printed and affixed to the doors of all the churches in your diocese.—Given at Rome the 1st of May, in the year of our Lord 1703, and the first of our pontificate.' This bull, which was sent to the bishops of Languedoc, had the effect of exciting a number of fanatics—among others, a hermit of the name of La Fayolle, who obtained from

Montrevel two hundred men, with whom he ranged through the Cevennes, wreaking vengeance on the Huguenots.

All the severities of Montrevel had only the effect of swelling the numbers of the Camisards, by driving the persecuted villagers to join them, and of rendering them more desperate. It would be hopeless to attempt to give an account of all the engagements which took place between the troops of Montrevel and the Camisards under Roland, Cavalier, and the other leaders; or of all the enormities perpetrated by the Camisards upon the Catholics by way of retaliation. Detached scenes of blood may be depicted; but to convey by words an idea of three months of merciless warfare, is impossible. We turn rather to the following strange and romantic picture of Camisard life during the period. The picture is painted by the Camisards themselves. 'Brother Cavalier, our chief,' says the narrator, 'called an assembly near the tile-kilns of Cannes, between Quissac and Sommières. Our troop, if I mistake not, amounted to five or six hundred men; and there were at the least as many others, of both sexes, who had come from the neighbouring towns and villages to assist in our pious exercises that Sunday afternoon. After the exhortation, the reading, and the singing of psalms, Brother Claris of Quissac—a man of about thirty years of age, who had received excellent gifts, and whose revelations were frequent—was seized with the Spirit in the midst of the assembly. His agitation was so great, that all present were moved in an extraordinary manner. At the commencement, he said many things touching the dangers to which the congregations of the faithful were ordinarily exposed, adding, that God was their guard and protector. His agitation augmenting, the Spirit made him utter words to this effect: "I assure you, my child, there are in this assembly two men who have come to betray you; they are sent by your enemies to spy all that passes among you, and carry the intelligence to those who employ them; but I say unto you that unless they repent, I will permit them to be discovered by your laying your hand upon them." On this, Brother Cavalier ordered those who carried arms to form a circle, so that no one might escape. All present were much impressed; and Claris, continuing in his ecstasy, rose and walked through them sobbing, his eyes closed, his head shaking violently, and his hands joined and elevated. He went straight up to one traitor, who was in the middle of the assembly, and laid his hand on him. The other, who was at some distance, cut his way through the press, and came to throw himself at the feet of Cavalier, asking mercy and pardon from God and the congregation. His companion did the same thing; and both said that their extreme poverty had been the cause of their yielding. Cavalier made them be bound, and ordered them to be guarded.'

Meanwhile, it seems, on the supposition of some connivance between the prophet and the traitors, a murmur of disapprobation rose among the multitude. Claris understood its meaning; and judging that the subordination of the troops and the strength of the insurrection depended on the belief in the divine inspiration of the chiefs, he had recourse all at once to a prodigious device. 'O ye of little faith!' cried the Spirit by the voice of the prophet; 'do you yet doubt my power, after so many marvels which I have done in your sight? I will make you know my power and my truth. I desire that a fire be kindled presently; and I say to thee, my child, that I will permit thee to place thyself in the middle of the flames, without their having power over thee. Fear not; obey my commandment. I will be with thee, and preserve thee.' On this the people cried out (particularly those who had murmured, and who, not carrying arms, had the less degree of faith), shedding tears, confessing their fault, and asking forgiveness. But Claris insisted with redoubled agitation; and Cavalier, who did not hurry himself in an affair of so much consequence, at length ordered people to go and search for dry sticks with which to make a fire. 'I,' says Fage, one of the narrators, 'was of the number of those who gathered the wood. As there were tile-kilns quite near, we found in a moment a quantity of dry branches of pine, and of the prickly shrub which in Languedoc is called *arjalas*. This last wood, mingled with large branches, was piled up in the middle of the assembly, in a spot of ground somewhat lower than the rest, so that all stood elevated round it. The fire was kindled; and I am not sure but it was Claris himself who kindled it. Then, as the flames were beginning to rise, Claris, who had on that day a white waistcoat (*camisole*), which his wife had brought him in the morning, placed himself in the middle of the heap of branches, standing erect, his hands joined, and raised over his head, always in ecstasy, and speaking under inspiration. Claris did not come out from the midst of the burning until the wood was so far consumed as no longer to emit flame. The Spirit had not quitted him for the whole time, which was about a quarter of an hour; and when he came out, he still spoke with heavings of the chest and sobs. Our wonder may be judged of. All those who could embrace him did so. I was one of the first to speak to Claris, and to look at his clothes and hair; and his white waistcoat was not singed the least, nor a single hair of his head. His wife and his relations were in raptures of joy; and every one blessed God.'*

As for the two spies who were the occasion of this strange scene, Cavalier took pity on their poverty, and, with the advice of the prophets, pardoned them, after a severe rebuke. The next traitor, however, discovered in a similar manner, was put to death.

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* Our readers must again exercise their discretion as to how much they will believe. Our object being to present a picture of Camisard life, we give such stories as related by the Camisards themselves.

DEVASTATION OF THE CEVENNES—VICTORIES OF THE CAMISARDS—THEIR DEFEAT AND RUIN.

Our narrative must now be less detailed. During the summer of 1703, the war was not carried on with such vigour as during the spring months—principally owing to the somewhat effeminate character of Montrevel. In the month of September, however, he summoned a meeting of generals, bishops, governors of towns, &c. to meet him at Alais, to deliberate on measures for the suppression of the insurrection. After considerable discussion, the devastating policy of Julien triumphed, modified a little by the influence of Bâville. A proclamation was immediately issued by Montrevel to the following effect: 'Nicolas de Labaume-Montrevel, Maréchal of France, &c. It having pleased the king to command us to place the parishes and places after named out of a condition to furnish provisions or succours to the rebel troops, and not to leave in them any inhabitant, his majesty, nevertheless, desiring to provide for the subsistence of their inhabitants, by giving them instructions as to what they are to do, we hereby order the inhabitants of the said parishes to repair immediately to the places hereafter specified, with their goods, their cattle, and generally with as much of their property as they can make out to carry.' After which follows a list of the places of refuge, ten in all, to which the inhabitants of the various parishes were to repair; as, for instance, the inhabitants of the parishes of Castagnols, Saint Maurice, and Genouillac, were all to repair to the town of the last-named parish, there to remain during the king's pleasure. Three days were to be allowed, after the publication of the proclamation in each parish, for the inhabitants to obey it; after which those who remained were to be treated as rebels, their houses razed, &c. Never was there such consternation as these inhuman orders caused. Men, women, and children might be seen leaving their homes, which they were never more to see—carrying their furniture, and driving their cattle to the city of refuge. Many, however, took their guns, and joined the Camisards.

On the 29th of September, the work of devastation began under Julien. It lasted nearly three months, being terminated on the 14th of December—the last parish wasted being that of Saint Etienne de Valfrancesque. In these three months, four hundred villages and hamlets were reduced to ashes, and twenty leagues of territory converted into a desert, with here and there a town rising like an oasis, and crowded to overflowing with people and cattle. 'At last, thanks be to God,' wrote Julien to the minister Chamillard, when the horrid work was over, 'I have the honour and pleasure to announce to you that I have entirely accomplished the long and laborious task intrusted to me.'

The devastation of the Cevennes did not produce the desired effect.

Instead of remaining among the hills, the Camisards rushed down in detachments into the plain, committing terrible reprisals upon the Catholic population, and carrying back provisions and ammunition, which they stored up in caverns and other places of concealment for their future use. While Julien was carrying on the devastation, Montrevel had sufficient occupation in protecting the Catholics of Lower Languedoc against the irruptions of Cavalier. Various bloody engagements took place between the royal troops and the Camisards under their young chief, and the victory was almost always on the side of the latter. The year 1704 commenced with good auspices for the Camisards, so far as hope and victory were concerned. The devastation had turned out a blunder; it had not accomplished its object of starving out the insurrection; it had drawn down dreadful sufferings upon the unoffending Catholic population of the plain; and it had encumbered the authorities with the care of supporting the crowds of Protestants, who were cooped up in the cities of refuge without the means of providing for their own subsistence. Two great victories over the troops of Montrevel, gained by the Camisards in February and March—the one by Cavalier at Martinargues, the other by Roland at Salindres—completed the triumph of the insurgents. Their cause seemed more hopeful than ever; they had received some slight intimations that foreign Protestant states, especially England, were disposed to render them assistance in their struggle; and they did not doubt but that, with a few thousands of foreign troops to fight by their side, they would be able to compel Louis XIV. to repeal his edicts against Protestants, and permit the Cévenols and all his other subjects to enjoy liberty of conscience. It was an additional cause of triumph that, by their victories, they had forced Louis to recall Montrevel, and appoint Maréchal Villars his successor.

The hopes of the poor Camisards were soon to be overthrown. Montrevel determined to signalise his departure from Languedoc by a last blow at the Camisards. He caused rumours to be spread that he was to leave Nîmes on a certain day, accompanied by half the garrison, on his way to Montpellier. By these rumours the Camisards were deceived. Cavalier resolved to attack Montrevel either before or during his march; and leaving the hills with a force of nine hundred foot and three hundred horse—the largest and best-equipped of all the Camisard armies that had yet been seen—he arrived, on the 15th of April, at Caveirac, about a league from Nîmes. Meanwhile Montrevel took his own precautions; posted large forces in the most advantageous positions, to enable him to cut off his enemy; and, after some preliminary fighting, drew him into a great and disastrous battle at Nages. In this battle, fought on the 16th of April 1704, the Camisards were to their enemies in the proportion of one to six; nevertheless they fought with the most resolute obstinacy from two in the afternoon till night. They escaped at length, after having lost about five hundred men. The military skill displayed by Cavalier in the battle and the retreat, excited still greater admiration than the courage of the insurgents. When, on his arrival in Languedoc, the Marquis de Villars visited the field of battle, 'Truly,' he said, referring to the conduct of Cavalier, 'it was worthy of Cæsar.'

The defeat of Nages was followed, in two days, by three others—one at Euzet, one at St Sébastien, and one at Pont de Montvert. In short, the Camisards were ruined. 'In two days and four battles,' says M. Peyrat, 'they had lost half of their brigades and of their horses, many of their secret stores for provisions, considerable quantities of ammunition and goods, and, what was worse than all, their energy and hope.' The most striking symptom of their dissolution—probably, indeed, the principal cause of it—was the growth of a sceptical spirit, which would no longer believe in the inspiration of their prophets. With the increase of this spirit their enthusiasm vanished, ecstasy became less common, the troops became mutinous and disaffected, and the whole hierarchy crumbled to pieces. It was a striking spectacle. A population which, for more than a year, had been at the boiling-point of enthusiasm—united, bold, daring, pervaded, as one man, by a spirit of fervid zeal—now cooled, demoralised, disintegrated, mistrusting one another, deceiving one another. The change was so rapid, as only to be fully expressed by their own phrase—'The Spirit had withdrawn from them.' They had awakened from their ecstasy, and were now common men.

PACIFICATION OF LANGUEDOC BY MARÉCHAL VILLARS—END OF THE INSURRECTION.

Louis-Hector, Marquis de Villars, and Maréchal of France, arrived in Languedoc in April 1704. He was about fifty years of age, and a man of brilliant abilities, who had distinguished himself in the service of France in the Low Countries. He was accompanied into Languedoc by the Baron d'Aigalliers, a Protestant at heart, who had conceived the project of crushing the Camisards by opposing to them the rest of the Protestant population. This singular but sagacious idea pleased Villars, who had himself resolved on a mild and pacific policy. By the representations of Villars and D'Aigalliers, Bâville and General Lalande, whom Montrevel had left in the province, were brought to co-operate in the attempt to put an end to the insurrection by pacific measures. The king himself had likewise been induced to permit the experiment. As we have seen, the time was exceedingly favourable for making it, the Camisards being disheartened and disorganised. It was thought advisable to begin with Cavalier, for whom the Catholics had conceived a general admiration, and who was believed much more likely to yield to fair offers than Roland. Accordingly, a conference was procured between the young Camisard chief and General Lalande, in which the former was sounded as to the conditions on which he would consent to lay down arms. This led to a meeting between Cavalier and Villars himself at Nîmes. Villars received the young Camisard with great respect, and a long conversation ensued. Cavalier drew up his demands in the form of a petition to the king; the articles of which, with the answers of Villars, in the name of the king, were as follows:

'The very humble request of the Reformed population of Languedoc to the king:

'Article 1. That it please the king to grant us liberty of conscience in the whole province, and to hold religious assemblies in all situations which shall be judged suitable, out of fortified places and walled towns. (Granted, on condition that they build no churches.)

'Art. 2. That all Protestants detained in the prisons or the galleys for the cause of religion, having been placed there since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, shall be set at liberty within the space of six weeks from this date. (Granted.)

'Art. 3. That it be permitted to all those who have quitted the kingdom for the cause of religion, to return freely and in safety; and that they be re-established in their property and privileges. (Granted, on condition that they take the oath of fidelity to the king.)

'Art. 4. That the parliament of Languedoc be re-established on its ancient footing, and with all its privileges. (The king will consider the matter.)

'Art. 5. That the province be exempted from capitation during ten years. (Refused.)

'Art. 6. That the towns of Montpellier, Perpignan, Cette, and Aiguemortes be given us as towns of security. (Refused.)

'Art. 7. That the inhabitants of the Cevennes whose houses have been burned or destroyed in the course of the war, be exempt from taxes during seven years. (Granted.)

'Art. 8. That it please his majesty to permit Cavalier to choose two thousand men, as well from his present troop, as from those who shall be liberated from the prisons or galleys, to form a regiment of dragoons for the service of his majesty; which shall proceed to Portugal, and receive his majesty's immediate orders. (Granted. If all the Camisards lay down their arms, the king will permit them to live quietly in the free exercise of their religion.)'

This treaty was signed at Nîmes on the 17th of May 1704; by Villars on the part of the king, and by Cavalier on the part of the Camisards. Both perhaps exceeded their commissions in signing the treaty. Cavalier, in doing so, was compromising Roland and the other Camisard chiefs; and although Villars acted 'in virtue of full powers committed to him by the king,' he did not communicate the precise nature of his intercourse with the Camisards to the court at Versailles.

Roland and most of the Camisards treated Cavalier as a traitor. Powerful as he had been when leading his countrymen to battle, his influence was not sufficient to prevent them from refusing their submission, and persevering in their resistance. But, faithful to the promise he had made to Villars, he held to his engagement—abandoned his native mountains with those of his companions who still adhered to him, and proceeding to Paris, presented himself at the court of Louis. The king, on his being presented, judging from his slight and youthful appearance (he was still only in his twentieth year), shrugged his shoulders ; and Cavalier met with so doubtful a reception, that he took the first opportunity to withdraw, and save himself in Piedmont—the monarch thus shewing himself an indifferent judge of men, as he had previously done when rejecting with contempt the offered services of Prince Eugene of Savoy. Cavalier had a spirit of no ordinary stamp. From Piedmont he retired into Holland, and from thence to England, where he was received into the British service. He became a general officer and governor of Jersey ; which post he filled with a well-earned reputation for bravery and talent, as well as prudence and discretion. He died at Chelsea in 1740.

Subsequent to the retirement of Cavalier, the war in the Cevennes was carried on by the Camisards under the direction of Roland, of Ravenet, and others of his former associates. Roland fell in the cause on the 13th of August 1704, and Ravenet was obliged, with many others of his company, to save himself in Switzerland. By the time that Villars quitted Languedoc in December 1704, his measures—partly severe, partly pacific—had succeeded so far, that the Camisard insurrection was considered at an end.

It was not, however, till the death of Louis in 1715 that the persecution of Protestantism in Languedoc closed. Indeed, properly considered, a history of the persecutions of the Protestants in France should reach to the year 1787—within a year of the French Revolution. The narrative of these persecutions, however, would form a distinct story.

WOMEN'S TRIALS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

STORY OF PEGGY DICKSON.

WHAT a neat-looking girl Peggy Dickson was when we first saw her, a great many years ago: active, sprightly, and obliging, everybody thought well of her, and said she deserved to be happy. Peggy was brought up as a domestic servant from about her twelfth year, when she had the misfortune to lose both her parents, and in the course of time she went through a number of respectable places.

Peggy had received little or no education, but she possessed good principles, and was liked by her employers. In more than one of her situations she might have lived for any length of time in a state of comfort, being kindly treated, and receiving the highest wages that were paid; but, like many others in her class, Peggy was a little too fond of changes. She never liked to stay long in any place; fidgeted about from term to term, always seeking better situations, or leaving those she was in from the most trifling excuses. In one house, she was not allowed to let a number of acquaintances call upon her; in another, she was scolded for spending time needlessly when sent on errands; and in a third, she was only allowed to have every alternate Sunday evening, not the whole day, to herself. These, and the like of these, she considered sufficient reasons to shift her situation, with a view to bettering her condition. Peggy's fate verified the old proverb, that 'an unhappy fish often gets an unhappy bait.' By one of these luckless removes, she got into a situation where she had the liberty of going out every alternate Sunday from morning till night; this seemed to her a most delightful arrangement, for it permitted her to carry on a more extensive system of gossiping with persons in her own rank of life at houses where servants are in the habit of meeting each other, to talk over their own affairs and those of the families with whom they are connected; by which practice a steady-flowing under-stream of scandal is kept up through society. Whatever may have been the pleasure derived at the time from these gossipings, they paved the way to a very serious disaster, which was neither more nor less than Peggy's marriage with a workman in the town, Peter Yellowlees by name. This would have been a commendable and prudent enough step, had she taken a little care to ascertain beforehand that her proposed husband was a man of steady industrious habits and sound moral principles. But this never entered into her mind; like too many women in humble life, she persuaded herself that it was her *fate* to marry the person who thus addressed her, and therefore neither sought advice, nor made any kind of investigation whatever.

Behold Peggy Dickson now transformed into Mrs Yellowlees, and her residence in a gentleman's family exchanged for a house of her own, consisting of a single apartment in an upper story in one of the meaner kind of back streets! Peggy was, however, a girl of some taste and tidiness; and although her domicile was humble, she did everything in her power to make it agreeable and acceptable to her husband. To the small stock of furniture she made some useful additions, and both by her exertions and her good-will, promised to make a really excellent housewife with the limited means at her command. But most unfortunately she had married a person who in no respect appreciated her efforts. Her husband was a man not decidedly bad; he would do nothing that would bring him within the scope of judicial punishment. But a man may be an utter wretch, and yet avoid the chance of coming under the hands of even the police. Peter was one of this description. He was addicted to indulge with companions in taprooms, and to loiter away his time with associates at the corners of the streets, or in any way that did not involve anything like steady labour. In short, he was an idle, dissolute person, who married Peggy for what he considered a tolerably large fortune—something that would minister to his abominable gratifications. Peggy's dowry was, alas! but a small affair to have tempted any one to destroy her comfort for life. It consisted of about twelve pounds sterling, saved from her half-yearly wages, besides a blue-painted trunk containing a tolerable wardrobe, not to speak of a brown silk bonnet with a veil, worth five-and-twenty or thirty shillings. All this appeared an inexhaustible mine of wealth to Peter, who was not long in developing his real character.

For two or three weeks all went smoothly on, and he attended pretty regularly to his employment; but towards the end of the fourth week, his propensities could no longer be restrained. On the pretence of purchasing some articles necessary for their personal comfort, he wheedled Peggy out of the remains of her little savings. He went forth with some seven or eight pounds in his pocket—more riches than he had ever before had in his possession at one time—and did not make his appearance for a fortnight. This was a dreadful blow to Peggy's expectations of happiness in wedded life. It opened her eyes to the horrors of the condition she had brought herself into; but it is somehow difficult for a woman all at once to give up her attachment to the object who has gained her affections. A good and discreet wife will submit to a lengthened repetition of contumelies and ill-usage before she can think seriously of parting from a husband whom she has vowed to love, cherish, and obey, whatever may be his errors, however great may be his crimes. The idea always predominates in her mind that his follies are but temporary, that he will repent of his misdeeds, and again be the worthy being which she once pictured him to be in her imagination. This is a delusion—a hope that is rarely realised. Few badly disposed husbands are ever altogether reclaimed, or become better than they have been. Such at least was the case in the present instance. Peggy's silent tears, and bosom heaving with distress, her pitying and beseeching looks, or her few words of remonstrance, were alike disregarded. In a short space of time her husband abandoned all regular employment, abstracting from her little household any portable article he could carry off from time to time, to pledge at the nearest pawnbroker's for an insignificant sum, and which he squandered on liquor in the company of his reckless associates. In the meantime want pressed upon the humble dwelling, and Peggy only saved herself from starvation by making her necessities known to some of the families whom she had previously served, and who commiserated her deplorable fate. At length, in the midst of her distresses, she brought an infant into the world, to share in her sufferings, and to call upon her to put forth additional exertions for the family's support. But for the kindness of a lady who had known her in better days, she must now inevitably have sunk under her calamities; this benevolent individual, however, interested herself so far as to procure some employment for her, for which she expressed her thankfulness in terms of untutored eloquence. Poor Peggy, however, still clung to her home, miserable and desolate as it was; and still, in the warmth and sincerity of her unfortunately placed affections, continued to hope that her heartless husband would see the folly and wickedness of his ways, and would return to her and her child a penitent and reclaimed man. Vain hope! Idle anticipation!

One evening, as she was sitting by her little carefully economised fire, nursing her little one—on whom, to add to her misery, the hand of sickness was pressing heavily—sometimes reflecting on the painful contrast which her present and former condition presented, sometimes brooding over disappointed prospects and vanished dreams of happiness, mingled—for when will hope desert us?—with visions of future felicity, grounded on a fond anticipation of her husband's amendment—one evening, as we said, while thus employed, she was startled by a loud and boisterous knocking at the door. Her heart leaped from its place with terror, and in an instant her face grew deadly pale. She knew who it was that knocked—she knew it was her husband; but this, instead of allaying, only served to increase her fears; for she knew also, from the rudeness with which the wretched man assailed the door, that he was in that state when neither reason nor sympathy can reach the brutalised heart; she knew that he was intoxicated. The unhappy woman, however, obeyed the ruffian's summons. She opened the door, and Peter staggered into the middle of the apartment. Partly through fear, and partly from a feeling of affection for the lost man, which even his infamous conduct towards her could not entirely subdue, Peggy addressed him in the language of kindness, and endeavoured to soothe and allay the sullen and ferocious spirit which she saw gleaming in his reeling eye; for he was not in the last helpless stage of drunkenness, but just so far as to give energy and remorselessness to the demon spirit which the liquor he had swallowed had raised within him. 'Peter,' she said kindly, and making a feeble attempt to smile as she spoke—'Peter, you're all wet, my man; sit down here near the fire'—and she placed a chair for him with one hand, while she supported her child with the other—'and I'll put on some more coals,' she went on, 'and bring you dry clothes, and get some supper ready for you, for I'm sure you must be hungry.—Poor little Bobby's very unwell, Peter,' she added.

'I don't care whether he's well or ill,' roared out the drunken wretch; 'nor do I want clothes from you, nor a supper either! I want money!' he shouted out at the top of his voice; 'and money I must have!'

'Money, Peter!' replied the terrified wife in a gentle tone; 'you know I have no money. There's not a farthing in the house, nor has there been for many a day.'

'Well, though you have no money, you have a shawl, which we can soon turn into money.' Saying this, he forthwith went to a chest of drawers, and endeavoured to pull out that in which he knew the article he wanted was deposited; but the drawer was locked. This, however, was but a trifling obstacle. He seized a poker, smashed in the polished mahogany front of the drawer, and in an instant had his prey secured beneath his jacket, and was in the act of leaving the house with it, when his unfortunate wife, having laid her sick child down on the bed for a moment, flew towards him, flung her arms about his neck, burst into a flood of tears, and imploringly besought him to think of her and her infant's condition, and not to leave the house, or deprive her of the only remaining piece of decent apparel that was left to her. And what was the reply of the monster to this affecting appeal? His only reply was a violent blow on the breast, by which he stretched his unfortunate wife senseless on the floor! Having performed this dastardly and villainous feat, he rushed out of the house, hastened to a pawnbroker's shop, and from thence to the taproom, to rejoin the abandoned associates whom he had left there, until, as he himself said, he should 'raise the wind.'

Leaving the heartless ruffian in the midst of the fierce debauch which the basely acquired means he now possessed enabled him to resume, we return to his miserable wife. Extended on the floor by the hand that ought to have protected her, the unhappy woman lay for a considerable time without either sense or motion, until recalled to consciousness by the piercing cries of her helpless infant, who lay struggling on the bed where she had placed him. But the consequences of the cowardly blow did not terminate with the restoration of her faculties. On the day following, she became alarmed by the acutely painful sensations she felt in the breast on which the ruffian's blow had alighted. This pain gradually increased from day to day, until it at length became so serious, and exhibited symptoms so alarming, that the unfortunate woman, urged by her neighbours, submitted her case to a surgeon at one of those friendly medical dispensaries which are established in different parts of the town. But it was too late—not, however, to save her life, but to save her from mutilation; for a dangerous cancer was already at work on her frame. Unwilling to expose her husband, she had delayed too long. Cancer had taken place, and had already made fearful progress in her breast.

The surgeon who attended her recommended her instant removal to the infirmary, whither she accordingly went; and in two or three days after she entered that beneficent institution, the unfortunate woman, as the only means of saving her life, was subjected to the appalling operation of having her breast amputated. In six weeks afterwards, Peggy, with a dreadfully shattered constitution and emaciated form, left the infirmary, and returned to her own cold and desolate home, now ten times more desolate than it was before; for the callous brute to whom, in an evil hour, she had united her destiny, instead of soothing her bed of affliction, had availed himself of her absence to strip the house of every article of the smallest value it contained, and with the money thus raised, had continued in an uninterrupted course of dissipation during the whole time of his wife's confinement in the infirmary. During all that time, too, he had never once visited her, or ever once inquired after either her or his child. His days, and the greater part of his nights likewise, he spent in public-houses, and only visited his home to commit some new act of robbery.

When Peggy left the infirmary, her first care was to visit the kind neighbour who had taken charge of her child during her confinement, and it was some alleviation to her misery to find, as she now did, that her little innocent had been carefully tended, and was at that moment in excellent health. But the unfortunate woman was not yet aware of the state of utter desolation to which her home had been reduced by her worthless husband; when, therefore, she saw its bare walls, its naked apartments, and comfortless hearth, her heart sank within her, and she wept bitterly. It was now that she felt the full extent of her misery, and saw, with unprejudiced eyes, the melancholy and striking contrast between her present and former condition. She could no longer conceal from herself the appalling fact, that she was now fast verging towards the last stage of destitution, and was absolutely without a morsel of bread. Even hope threatened to desert her, and leave her a prey to a distracted mind and broken spirit. Poor Peggy, however, determined to make yet another effort for the sake of her child, and on his account to endeavour to fight her way a little farther through the world. With this view, she sought for, and at length, though not without great difficulty, succeeded in obtaining employment as a washerwoman. But here a serious obstacle presented itself. How was she to dispose of her child? She could not both work and nurse; yet work she must, or both must inevitably starve.

From this painful predicament she extricated herself by determining on putting the child out to nurse, and devoting to its maintenance whatever portion of her little hard-earned gains that duty should demand. Poor Peggy, however, did not come to the resolution which stern necessity imposed upon her, of parting with her infant, without feeling all that a tender and affectionate mother must always feel in taking such a heart-rending step. It is true that she knew she could see her child at any time; for she resolved that, wheresoever she placed it, it should be near her; but then she foresaw, also, that she must necessarily be often many hours absent from it, and a mother's fears pictured to her a thousand accidents which might befall the infant when she was not near to save or protect it. It was, however, impossible for her to do otherwise with the child than put it out to nurse, and she accordingly began to look out for a suitable person for that duty; and such a one—at least she thought so—she at length found; but she did not resign her infant to the charge of this person without having previously made the most minute and strict inquiries regarding her character, and being perfectly satisfied, or, at anyrate, so far satisfied as the testimony of those who knew the woman could make her; but, as the sequel will shew, she was, after all, cruelly deceived, and so probably were those who had spoken to her good name. Having made arrangements with this woman regarding her child, and having put the latter under her care, Peggy commenced the laborious life to which she was now doomed; for her husband appeared to have wholly deserted her, as he had never looked once near the house after he had completed its spoliation.

For about twelve months after this, nothing occurred in Peggy's obscure and humble life worth recording. She toiled early and late with unwearying assiduity to support herself and her child, and felt a degree of happiness which she had not hoped ever again to enjoy, from the consciousness of being in the discharge of a sacred duty, and from a belief that her infant was sharing in the benefits of her exertions, by receiving all those attentions which the dearly-won earnings she appropriated to its maintenance were meant to procure for it. But at the end of the period above named, a circumstance occurred which shewed how basely and wickedly she was deceived in the latter particular. One day, when washing in a gentleman's house where she was frequently employed, Peggy, in the temporary absence of the household servants, happened to answer a knock at the door, when a beggar-woman, with a child in her arms, wrapped closely up in a wretched cloak which she wore, presented herself, and solicited charity. Peggy, partly urged by curiosity, and partly by her parental feelings, gently removed the cloak, to have a peep of the mendicant's child; but what was her amazement, her horror, on discovering that the child was her own! She uttered a scream of mingled surprise and terror; distractedly tore her infant from the wretch who had possession of it; and pressed it to her bosom with an energy and vehemence that seemed to indicate a fear of its being again taken from her. The mendicant in the meantime endeavoured to make her escape, but was seized, and conveyed to the police-office upon a charge of child-stealing. From the examination which followed, however, it appeared that the child had not been stolen, but borrowed, or rather hired, at so much per day, by the infamous woman in whose possession it was found, from the still more infamous person to whose care it had been confided by its mother; and it further appeared that the latter wretch had long been in the practice of *letting out* poor Peggy's child in the way just mentioned, which, we need not add, is a method frequently adopted for exciting charity and imposing upon the humane. Peggy, of course, lost no time in seeking out another guardian for her child, and was at length fortunate enough to find one on whom she could place full reliance. With this person the child remained a twelvemonth, at the end of which period Peggy succeeded, though not without great difficulty and much pleading, in procuring her little boy to be admitted into an orphans' hospital.

During all this time, her worthless husband never once looked near her, or took the smallest interest either in her own fate or that of her child. She indeed for a long time did not know even where he was, or what he was about, but at length heard that he was working in a quarry in the neighbourhood ; and she was soon made aware of his vicinity, by his frequently coming to her in a state of intoxication to demand money of her ; and she was often compelled to give it to him, to prevent him affronting her, or probably depriving her of her employment by his obstreperous conduct. Such torments, however, cannot last for ever. Peter was at length found to be somehow implicated in a drunken scuffle at Cramond, in which one of the parties was deprived of or lost a few shillings. Whether Peter was guilty or not in this affair, is of little consequence. He was seized by a sheriff's officer, and removed to the county jail at Edinburgh. Up to this point of Peter's career, he had been simply a worthless wretch, and perhaps not past being reclaimed ; but being now lodged in one common receptacle with twenty villains more or less criminal, for a period of about three months previous to trial, he embraced the opportunity of becoming a thoroughly confirmed blackguard. A notorious swindler, who happened to be confined in the same ward, acted as instructor in crime to the party, and Peter was a most apt scholar. On his trial, he was not convicted, and was therefore set at liberty ; but his excellent schooling in jail soon led him into a desperate affair of housebreaking, for which he was in due time tried and despatched to Botany Bay.

In the midst of these troubles and trials, something like better fortune smiled on poor Peggy. A respectable elderly gentleman, a bachelor, to whom she had been warmly recommended by one of the ladies who were in the habit of employing her, took her into his service ; and here for two years she found a peaceful and comfortable home. But at the end of this period the old gentleman died, and Peggy was again thrown upon the world, friendless and houseless ; and, to add to her misfortune, the changes which even a very short period rarely fails to bring about, had, during the two years of her service, effected such alterations in the families by which she was formerly employed, that they were no longer open to her. It is true she had saved a few pounds during her service ; but this sum, she felt, would soon disappear ; and before it was all gone, she fortunately obtained some employment in the way of washing shop-floors, three of which she cleaned out at sixpence a week each, and a writer's office at a shilling, and this was now pretty nearly all she had to live upon.

Inadequate as these means were, Peggy was thankful of them. Half-a-crown, however, was but a miserable sum to live upon for an entire week, to clothe her, feed her, and pay house-rent. It could procure her none of those comforts to which she had been accustomed when in service, and it was a sum on which she would not then have placed much value ; but times were changed with her, and poignantly did she feel this, and bitterly did she regret the unhappy step which had at once taken her from a comfortable and happy position, and plunged her into that misery with which she was now struggling. As she thought on these things, poor Peggy's heart sank within her, and she began to despair of ever again enjoying happiness in this world. Reflections such as these preyed so much on the unfortunate woman's mind as nearly to unfit her for the little work she had to do, and threatened to lay her on a bed of sickness; and, added to all this, what a change had taken place in her personal appearance! Her once neat and well-shaped form was now thin and emaciated: her dress, though still clean and tidy, bore but too evident indications of the extreme poverty which had overtaken her; and her once ruddy and cheerful countenance was pale, haggard, and deeply marked with the grave melancholy lines of thought. No one, in short, could now have known the once pretty Peggy—the little, lively, handsome servant-girl. But although poor Peggy had now begun to despair of ever being better, Providence had not deserted her.

On passing through the market-place of the city on a day when it is frequented by people from the country, Peggy was suddenly accosted by a decent elderly man in such a dress as is generally worn by the smaller order of farmers. This person was Peggy's uncle. He was in easy circumstances, but having been highly displeased with his niece's marriage (against which he had remonstrated in vain), in consequence of his having heard very unfavourable but too well-founded reports regarding the character and habits of her husband, he had withdrawn his countenance from her, and she, aware of this, had never once thought of seeking his assistance in her distress. Although of a somewhat stern temper, Peggy's uncle was yet a worthy and kind-hearted man, and his unfortunate niece's sadly altered appearance, which his keen eye at once detected on thus accidentally meeting her, instantly excited his sympathy, and banished all his resentment, and determined him in the step he now took.

'How are ye, Peggy?' said the old man, taking her by the hand, and looking earnestly but kindly in her pale emaciated face. 'Dear me, lassie,' he went on, 'what 's the matter wi' ye? Ye 're sairly changed sin' I saw you last; ye 're no like the same woman. Are ye well enough?' Peggy made no reply, but burst into tears. 'Come away, lassie,' said her uncle; 'this is no a place for giein' vent to feelings o' that kind; come in by here, and tak some kind o' refreshment, and we 'll speak owre things at leisure, and away frae the public eye.' Saying this, he led Peggy into an adjoining public-house, and there learned the whole story of her wedded life.

The old man's feelings gave way before the recital of the humble but affecting tale; a tear started into his eye; he took Peggy by the hand, and told her that his house was open to her whenever she chose to enter it; and added, that he thought, under all the circumstances, the sooner she did this the better. In short, before the uncle and niece parted, it was fixed that Peggy should, on the very next day, repair to Braefoot, her uncle's farm, which she accordingly did; and as he was a widower, and without any daughters of his own, she soon shewed herself to be worthy of all the kindness shewn her by her relative, by the activity she displayed in the superintendence of his dairy and household affairs, of which she obtained the sole and uncontrolled management, and thus once more found herself in the enjoyment of comfort, and of, at least, comparative happiness.

With a due consideration for her maternal feelings, as well as for the 'credit of the family,' Peggy's uncle speedily removed her child from the charitable institution in which he had been placed, and brought him home to his own house, greatly to the delight both of mother and son. Only one cankering care now preyed on Peggy's mind, and that arose from the possibility of her husband returning to his native country to blight her prospect of future quietude. Even from this unlikely occurrence, however, she was at length happily relieved, by intelligence of Peter's death. For repeated misdemeanours in the family of a respectable settler near Sydney, he underwent summary transportation to the penal settlement at Macquarrie's Harbour. Here, among a gang of desperate felons, loaded with chains, and labouring ten hours a day to the knees in water, he was not long in sinking under the effects of a broken moral and physical constitution. The report of her husband's unhappy death was not unfelt or unwept by our humble heroine; but the load of uneasiness which was now removed from her mind, soon led her to be grateful for the relief; and she was with little difficulty brought to agree with her uncle and the sympathising neighbours around, that her loss was, on the whole, 'a light dispensation.'

Such is the story of Peggy Dickson; but let it be recollected by those of her class who may read it, that while all of them are liable to the miseries which she endured, by entering into a rash and inconsiderate marriage, few have such an uncle to rescue them from the last consequences of that unhappy step as she had the good fortune to be blessed with.

STORY OF ISBEL LUCAS.

A NUMBER of years ago, a woman of the name of Isbel Lucas kept a small lodging-house in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh. She was the daughter of a respectable teacher in the city, who, at his death, had bequeathed to her, as his sole surviving relation, about three hundred pounds, together with the furniture of a house. The latter part of the legacy suggested to her the propriety of endeavouring to support herself by keeping lodgings, while the part which consisted in money promised to stand effectually between her and all the mischances that could be expected to befall her in such a walk of life. She accordingly, for several years, let one or two rooms to students and other persons, and thus contrived to live very decently, without trenching upon her little capital, till at length she attained the discreet age of two-and-forty.

Isbel had at no period of life been a beauty. She had an iron-gray complexion, and a cast of features bespeaking rather strength of character than feminine grace. She was now less a beauty than ever, and for years had tacitly acknowledged her sense of the fact, by abandoning all those modes and materials of dress which women wear so long as they have any thoughts of matrimony. Where, however, is the woman at that or any more juvenile period of life in whose bosom the spark of love lies dead beyond recall? If any such there be, Isbel's was not of the number.

Among her lodgers was an individual of the name of Fordyne, who kept a grocer's shop of an inferior order in the neighbourhood. This person gave himself out for a native of the Isle of Man, and stated that he had made a little money as mess-man to a militia regiment, by which he had been enabled to set up in business. He was a large, dark, coarse man, of about five-and-thirty, with a somewhat unpromising cast of face, and a slight twist in his left eye. Fordyne seemed to be a man of great industry and application, and used to speak of his circumstances as agreeable in every respect, except that he wanted a wife. This, he said, was a great want. There were many things about his shop which no one but a female could properly attend to. Without such a helpmate, things were continually going wrong; but with her, all would go right. One point, however, he must be clear about: she who should be his wife would require to bring something with her, to add to his stock, and buy the necessary house-furniture. He cared little about good looks, if there was good sense; and indeed a woman of some experience in the world would answer his purpose best.

Honest Isbel began in a little while to turn all these matters in her mind. She one day took a steady look at Fordyne, and discovered that he had a good upright carriage of body, and that though his mouth was of the largest, yet his teeth were among the best she had ever seen. Next time she visited his shop, she took a glance at the room behind, and found that it had a nice outlook upon Salisbury Crags. Fordyne, observing that she glanced into his back-shop, invited her to come in and see what a fine house he had, for such in reality it was, though unfurnished. Isbel very quickly saw that there was one capital bedroom, a parlour, a kitchen, and a vast variety of closets, where things could be 'put off one's hand.' One press, Mr Fordyne shewed, was already furnished, being tenanted by a huge dram-bottle, and a server full of shortbread, which, he said, had been lately required to treat his customers, on account of the New-year. Of this he made Isbel a partaker, drinking in his turn to her good health, and a good man to her before the next recurrence of the season. This exchange of compliments did not take place without some effect. Isbel ascended the stair in a kind of reverie, and found herself entering the next door above, instead of her own, before she was aware. In a month thereafter the two were married.

Three days after the nuptials, Mrs Fordyne was sitting in her little parlour, waiting supper for her husband, and reflecting on the step she was about to take next day—namely, the transference of her household furniture to the apartments behind Fordyne's shop, and the surrender of her little fortune into his hands. Her eye happened, in the course of her cogitations, to wander to a portrait of her father, which hung opposite; and as she gazed on it, she could hardly help thinking that its naturally stern and even sour features assumed an expression still sterner and sourer. No doubt this was the mere effect of some inward pleading of conscience, for she could not but acknowledge secretly to herself that the step she had taken was not of that kind which her parent would have approved. She withdrew her eyes with a disturbed mind, and again looked musingly towards the fire, when she thought she heard the outer door open, and a person come in. At first she supposed that this must be her husband, and she began, therefore, to transfer the supper from the fire to the table. On listening, however, she heard that the footsteps were accompanied by the sound of a walking-cane, which assured her that it could not be Fordyne. She stood for a minute motionless and silent, and distinctly heard the sound as of an old man walking along the passage with a stick—sounds which at once brought to her recollection her departed father. She sank into her chair; the sounds died away in the distance; and almost at that minute her husband came in to cheer her, calling to the servant as he passed, in his loud and boisterous way, that she had stupidly left the outer door open.

Though Isbel Lucas had committed a very imprudent action, in marrying a man who was a perfect stranger to her, nevertheless the predominating feature of her mind was prudence. The impressions just made upon her senses were of a very agitating nature; yet knowing that it was too late to act upon them, she concealed her emotions. There could be no doubt that she had received what in her native country is called a 'warning;' yet conceiving that her best course was to go on, and betray no suspicion, she never faltered in any of her promises to her husband. She was next day installed in Mr Fordyne's own house, to whom, in return, she committed a sum rather above four hundred pounds—for to that extent had she increased her stock in the course of her late employment.

For some time matters proceeded very well. Her husband professed to lay out part of her money upon those goods which he had formerly represented himself as unable to buy. His habits of application were rather increased than diminished, and a few customers of a more respectable kind than any he had hitherto had began to frequent the shop, being drawn thither in consideration of his wife. Among the new articles he dealt in was whisky, which he bought in large quantities from the distillers, and sold wholesale to a number of the neighbouring dealers. By and by this branch of his trade seemed to outgrow all the rest, and he found himself occasionally obliged to pay visits to the places where the liquor was manufactured, in order to purchase it at the greatest advantage. His wife in a little while became accustomed to his absence for a day or two at a time, and having every reason to believe that his affairs were in a very prosperous state, began to forget all her former misgivings.

On one occasion he left her on what he described as a circuit of the Highland distilleries, intending, he said, to be absent for at least a week, and carrying with him money to the amount of nearly a thousand pounds, which he said he would probably spend upon whisky before he came back. Nothing that could awaken the least suspicion occurred at their parting; but next day, while his wife superintended matters in the shop, she was surprised when a large bill was presented, for which he had made no provision. On inspecting it, she was still further surprised to find that it referred to a transaction which she understood at the time to be a ready-money one. Having dismissed the presenter of the bill, she lost no time in repairing to the counting-house of a large commission-house in Leith with which she knew her husband to have had large transactions. There, on making some indirect inquiries, she found that his purchases, instead of being entirely for ready money, as he had represented to her, were mostly paid by bills, some of which were on the point of becoming due. It was now but too apparent that the unprincipled man had taken his final leave of her and his creditors, bearing with him all the spoil that his ingenuity could collect.

Isbel Lucas was not a person to sit down in idle despair on such an event. She was a steady Scotchwoman, with a stout heart for a difficulty; and her resolution was soon taken. She instantly proceeded to the Glasgow coach-offices, and ascertained, as she expected, that a man answering to the description of her husband had taken a place for that city the day before. The small quantity of money that had been collected in the shop since his departure she put into her pocket; the shop she committed to the porter and her old servant Jenny; and having made up a small bundle of extra clothes, she set off by the coach to Glasgow. On alighting in the Trongate, the first person she saw was a female friend from Edinburgh, who asked, with surprise, how she and her husband happened to be travelling at the same time. 'Why do you ask that question?' asked Isbel. 'Because,' replied the other, 'I shook hands with Mr Fordyne yesterday, as he was going on board the Isle of Man steamboat at the Broomielaw.' This was enough for Isbel. She immediately ascertained the time when the Isle of Man steamboat would next sail, and, to her great joy, found that she would not be two days later than her husband in reaching the island. On landing in proper time at Douglas, in Man, she found her purse almost empty; but her desperate circumstances made her resolve to prosecute the search, though she should have to beg her way back.

It was morning when she landed at Douglas. The whole forenoon she spent in wandering about the streets, in the hope of encountering her faithless husband, and in inquiring after him at the inns. At length she satisfied herself that he must have left the town that very day for a remote part of the island, and on foot. She immediately set out upon the same road, and with the same means of conveyance, determined to sink with fatigue, or subject herself to any kind of danger, rather than return without her object. At first the road passed over a moorish part of the country; but after proceeding several miles, it began to border on the sea, in some places edging on the precipices which overhung the shore, and at others winding into deep recesses of the country. At length, on coming to the opening of a long reach of the road, she saw a figure, which she took for that of her husband, just disappearing at the opposite extremity. Immediately gathering fresh strength, she pushed briskly on, and after an hour's toilsome march, had the satisfaction, on turning a projection, to find her husband sitting right before her on a stone.

Fordyne was certainly very much surprised at her appearance, which was totally unexpected; but he soon recovered his composure. He met her with more than even usual kindness, as if concerned at her having thought proper to perform so toilsome a journey. He hastened to explain that some information he had received at Glasgow respecting the dangerous state of his mother, had induced him to make a start out of his way to see her, after which he would immediately return. It was then his turn to ask explanations from her; but this subject he pressed very lightly; and, for her part, she hardly dared, in this lonely place, to avow the suspicions which had induced her to undertake the journey. 'It is all very well,' said Fordyne, with affected complaisance: 'you'll just go forward with me to my mother's house, and she will be the better pleased to see me since I bring *you* with me.' Isbel, smothering her real feelings, agreed to do this, though it may well be supposed that, after what he had already done, and considering the wild place in which she was, she must have entertained no comfortable prospect of her night's adventures. On, then, they walked, in the dusk of fast-approaching night, through a country which seemed to be destitute alike of houses and inhabitants, and where the universal stillness was hardly ever broken by the sound of any animal, wild or tame. The road, as formerly, was partly on the edge of a sea-worn precipice, over which a victim might be dashed in a moment, with hardly the least chance of ever being more seen or heard of, and partly in the recesses of a rugged country, in whose pathless wildernesses the work of murder might be almost as securely effected. Isbel Lucas, knowing how much reason her husband had to wish her out of this world, was fully alive to the dangers of her path, and at every place that seemed more convenient than another for such a work, regarded him, even in the midst of a civil conversation, with the watchful eye of one who dreads the spring of the tiger from every brake. She contrived to keep upon the side of the road most remote from the precipices, and carried in her pocket an unclasped penknife, though almost hopeless that her womanly nerves would support her in any effort to use it. Thus did they walk on for several miles, till at length, all of a sudden, Fordyne started off the road, and was instantly lost in a wild, tortuous ravine. This event was so different from any which she had feared, that for a moment Isbel stood motionless with surprise. Another moment, however, sufficed to make up her mind as to her future course, and she immediately plunged into the defile, following as nearly as possible in the direction which the fugitive appeared to have taken. On, on she toiled, through thick entangling bushes, and over much soft and mossy ground, her limbs every moment threatening to sink beneath her with fatigue, which they would certainly have done very speedily, if the desperate anxieties which filled her mind had not rendered her in a great measure insensible to the languor of her body. It at length became a more pressing object with her to find some place where she could be sheltered for the night, than to follow in so hopeless a pursuit; and she therefore experienced great joy on perceiving a light at a little distance. As she approached the place whence this seemed to proceed, she discovered a cottage, whence she could hear the sounds of singing and dancing. With great caution she drew near to the window through which the light was glancing, and there, peeping into the apartment, she saw her husband capering in furious mirth amidst a set of coarse peasant-like individuals, mingled with a few who bore all the appearance of sea-smugglers.

An old woman, of most unamiable aspect, sat by the fireside, occasionally giving orders for the preparation of food, and now and then addressing a complimentary expression to Fordyne, whom Isbel therefore guessed to be her son. After the party seemed to have become quite tired of dancing, they sat down to a rude but plenteous repast; and after that was concluded, the whole party addressed themselves to repose. Some retired into an apartment at the opposite end of the house; but most stretched themselves on straw, which lay in various corners of the room in which they had been feasting. The single bed which stood in this apartment was appropriated to Fordyne, apparently on account of his being the most important individual of the party; and he therefore continued under the unsuspected observation of his wife till he had consigned himself to repose. Previous to doing so, she observed him place something with great caution beneath his pillow.

For another hour Isbel stood at the window, inspecting the interior of the house, which was now lighted very imperfectly by the expiring fire. At length, when every recumbent figure seemed to have become bound securely in sleep, she first uttered one brief, but fervent and emphatic prayer, and then undid the loose fastening of the door, and glided into the apartment. Carefully avoiding the straw pallets which lay stretched around, she approached the bed whereon lay the treacherous Fordyne, and slowly and softly withdrew his large pocket-book from beneath the pillow. To her inexpressible joy she succeeded in executing this manœuvre without giving him the least disturbance. Grasping the book fast in one hand, she piloted her way back with the other, and in a few seconds had regained the exterior of the cottage.

As she had expected, she found the large sum which Fordyne had taken away nearly entire. Transferring the precious parcel to her bosom, she set forward instantly upon a pathway which led from the cottage, apparently in the direction of Douglas. This she pursued a little way, till she regained the road she had formerly left, along which she immediately proceeded with all possible haste. Fortunately, she had not advanced far, when a peasant came up behind her in an empty cart, and readily consented to give her a lift for a few miles. By means of this help she reached Douglas at an early hour in the morning, where, finding a steamboat just ready to sail, she immediately embarked, and was soon beyond all danger from her husband.

The intrepid Isbel Lucas returned in a few days to Edinburgh, with a sufficient sum to satisfy all her husband's creditors, and enough over to set her up once more in her former way of life. She was never again troubled with the wretch Fordyne, who, a few years afterwards, she had the satisfaction of hearing, had died a natural death of an epidemic fever in the bridewell of Tralee, in Ireland.

STORY OF NELL FORSYTH.

NELL FORSYTH was in our young days a handsome and good-looking lass, who acted as only servant to a small family in a country town, and was well known beyond the circle of her master's home for her discreet and steady character. Like all other lasses, Nell had had sweethearts of various orders; but it did not happen that she came within the danger of matrimony with any of them till about her thirtieth year. She was then courted by a man named Smail, who had recently inherited a little property, and though of vulgar manners and appearance, was looked upon by individuals in Nell's rank of life as a rather eligible match. This man had not been remarkable in his early years for industry, or good conduct of any kind. While it was generally admitted that his prospects were such as to have entitled him to enter into society a little higher than that in which he had been reared by his parents, he coveted rather the distinction which his little patrimony of old houses gave him in the eyes of those who had no such advantages, and liked nothing so much as to sit smoking and drinking for whole evenings with low wretches, who, in addressing him, would use the term 'laird,' and, for the sake of a free share in his base indulgences, did not scruple to applaud everything he said as the height of wisdom. When it was understood that Laird Smail was to get Nell Forsyth, the general feeling was that Nell was a fortunate lass; but one or two, who reflected more deeply, expressed their dissent from that conclusion. Smail, they allowed, had almost enough to support him without work; but then his habits were not good; and if he should run in debt, and require to sell any part of his property, as was by no means unlikely, there was little reason to expect that he should be able to supply the deficiency by his labour. Nell, they thought, though apparently the humbler of the parties at present, was likely to be the soonest to complain of the bargain.

Nell, who in this alliance had rather yielded to the advices of a few ordinary-minded relations than acted from her own good sense, soon found that five or six old thatched cottages, producing a rent of from two to four pounds each, were but a poor compensation for the decent behaviour which was wanting in her husband. The very second evening of his married life he spent in a low hovel in the neighbourhood, with a few coarse companions, from whom he did not part till near midnight. It may be conceived with what feelings poor Nell saw the maudlin wretch enter the home which she had that night spent two hours in burnishing and arranging for his comfort. There are many erring natures which it is possible to correct, many uncultivated natures which may be improved, and a vast number which are neither particularly good nor particularly bad, and to which the wife may, without great difficulty, accommodate herself. But with a truly low and ungenerous nature, all the feminine merits on earth are of no avail. Such was Smail's. The man was utterly incapable of feeling that he was doing wrong; he could neither perceive nor appreciate the force of his wife's remonstrances; he neither cared for her love nor for her anger. 'Will *you* speak to me?' such was his answer to every rebuke; '*you* who had nothing, and whom I have made a lady! You are the last person on earth that should complain.' He seemed to think that gratitude for his having married her was the only sentiment she was entitled to entertain.

Not long after his marriage, the branch of manufacture in which Smail had been engaged began to decline, and he deemed it expedient to enter into trade. He therefore converted his property into about four hundred pounds of ready money, and set up a grocery shop and public-house. For this line of life his wife was well qualified; and if success had depended upon her alone, it would have been certain. Smail, however, marred all by his irregular and absurd habits. He only appeared in the shop to give offence to customers, to consume, to break, and to spoil. Into every festive company he would intrude, whether the individuals might be above or beneath him; and all alike he displeased by his behaviour. It soon became almost the sole business of the wife to keep her husband from doing harm; and notwithstanding all her exertions, much, it may well be believed, was done. He delighted in her occasional in-lyings, for then, without the least feeling for her situation, he would indulge for a week in unrestrained debauchery; while 'the lass,' the only surviving minister of good, would vainly endeavour to keep matters square in the shop, and at the same time pay some attention to her mistress. To every complaint, his only answer was: 'What! isn't it all mine—all my property? Didn't I make you Mrs Smail, Nelly?' The monster had fixed the idea in his mind that his half-dozen old houses, inherited from an industrious father, had given him a perpetual immunity from all labour, as well as all control; and nothing could convince him of the contrary. Even when ruin came, and the whole proceeds of 'the property' were found dissipated, he had the hardihood to tell his forlorn wife that she was well off in having connected herself with a man so much superior to herself in station. He had *been* 'the laird,' he said, and nothing could divest him of the title, or her of the respectability of being his wife.

With the wrecks of their little stock, and some small assistance from Nelly's friends, they removed to a small village a few miles off, and commenced the same line of business in a humbler way. Smail was full of promises of well-doing. He was to work at whatever came in his way, while his wife should attend to the business. He would also make all her markets. As for his drinking any more, that was entirely out of the question. He had hitherto been led away solely by his acquaintances; and as he had none at the place where they were to set up, he would be quite free from temptation. In fact, taking everything into account, they would be better now than ever. The place was on a much frequented road, and he should not wonder but they would do more business there than even in a town. The fellow had a sanguine way of looking at things, and a plausible, boasting manner of speaking of them, which was very apt to impose on those who did not know him well. Nell was quite aware of his temperament, but nevertheless could not help encouraging a hope that poverty would work some change in him for the better. Whatever might have been her thoughts, she knew that there was no alternative. She already had four children, who, wanting her protection, would have wanted everything; and for their sake she felt that she must still struggle on, let her husband behave as he might.

For a short time Smail did seem a little steadier in his new situation. As soon, however, as the first difficulties were over, he grew as bad as ever. Old acquaintances found him out, and he was at no loss in forming new ones. Even the passing vagrant found a friend in Laird Smail. It was, by the way, one of his peculiarities, that he liked the company of vagrants. Under the pretence of studying men and manners, he would descend to the society of the most vicious, and many a person whom others would have passed by as an outcast wretch, *he* respected as 'a man who had seen something of the world,' and would entertain gratuitously with the best he had. 'They often cheat me,' he would say carelessly; 'but then it is always seeing life.' The man was, upon the whole, more absurd than wicked, and his principal faults seemed to arise from a kind of intellectual imperfection, which prevented him from seeing his duty to his family and to the world. Even when his wife was working like a slave amidst a complication of household and mercantile duties almost sufficient to overturn her reason, he—who was sitting coolly all the time with his tankard, enjoying a newspaper or a friend—would remark, in reply to any complaint she might make: 'Nelly, you know I am the *head* of the concern. I think for you, you know. You 're a very active woman; but it would be all in vain, if you had not some one to *plan* for you. You can sell; but it is I who buy, lass. I meet with the merchants, you know.'

'Ay,' she would remark—for the poor woman was not above making a tart reply—'you like to get among the samples—fient else you 're fit for.'

'Nelly,' he would say quietly, 'you are very wrong to disrespect the *head* of the concern. This gentleman here'—and here he would turn to his crony, perhaps a poor travelling Irish labourer—'this gentleman here will tell you that, without the head, the hands—that 's yourself—are useless.'

'Tut; sit about till I put on the pot,' she would say, 'or, faith, the hands will come owre the head wi' the ern tangs!'

Such violence on Nelly's part may seem derogatory to her character, and take away some of the sympathy which would otherwise be felt for her situation. If we were to pursue the usual practice in fictitious writing, we would represent her all submission and gentleness, while her husband was all wickedness. In the actual world, however, characters are invariably found composed of many various and perhaps hardly consistent properties. Nelly was a most worthy, respectable, assiduous woman, devoted to the interests of her children, and who executed every duty of life in a creditable manner; but her temper had been broken a good deal by her husband's conduct and its consequences—and no result could be more natural. A constant mild submission to a series of harrowing wrongs and troubles was not to be expected of a woman of her education and habits.

The Smails spent several years in this situation, without making matters any better. Their debts grew larger, their family more numerous, the habits of the father more indolent and self-indulgent. Nelly's heart was almost broken. 'Oh, ma'am,' said she one day to a lady who took some interest in her circumstances, 'I daresay, if it werena for the bairns, I would just lie down at some dike-side and die. Mony a time, when I gang to rest, I wish that I may ne'er waken again; but yet when I do waken, and hear their little voices spunking up in the morning about me, this ane for a piece, and that ane for his claes, and another ane, maybe, gaun yoving and lauchin through the house wi' mere senselessness, I just get up and begin again, and think nae mair about it.' They at length lost their license, through the ill-will of a neighbouring gentleman, who had seen Smail carrying the bag for a shooting customer, and enjoying the sport with too much of the appearance of a practised relish. Hereupon, their creditors, finding there was to be no more traffic, seized upon their furniture and stock, and sold off the whole by auction, leaving them with seven helpless children to seek a new habitation. They took the course which is generally pursued by destitute and ruined people—they hid themselves and their shame in one of the dens of the neighbouring city. Smail commenced labour at a public work, but soon tired and withdrew. The mother was then compelled to come forward once more as the bread-winner. By the recommendations of some individuals who knew her, she obtained employment in washing. She also got her eldest son, as yet a very tiny creature, hired as an errand-boy at a small salary, the whole of which he brought every week, and placed in his mother's lap. For another series of years she persevered in this course of life, suffering inconceivable hardships of almost every kind, and daily struggling, whether well or ill, through a quantity of hired labour and domestic drudgery, under which the strongest constitution might have been expected to sink. Smail would occasionally work a little, but he invariably spent his earnings on the indulgence of his own base tastes. Nelly made many ingenious attempts to wile a little of his money from him, but seldom with any considerable success. She had instructed one of her children, who was a favourite with him, to watch his movements on the pay-day, and try to save a little from the general wreck. This child would follow him to all his haunts, and use every kind of expedient that could be devised for bringing him home with a pocket not altogether exhausted. The little shivering creature was heard one night saying to him—and it was the pure language of nature—'O father, get fou as fast as you can, and come away, for mammy will be wearying for ye!' Nothing, however, could melt the hardened heart of this man. His selfish and uncontrollable desire for exciting liquors had deadened every good feeling within him, if any such ever existed. He could, without the slightest sympathy, see his wife work sixteen hours a day within a week of her confinement. If a shilling of his own gaining could have spared her the necessity of such exertion, it would not have been given—to the tavern it must go. She, on one occasion of exigency, was obliged to employ him on an errand for some medicine, which was necessary for herself; and instead of hastening back with what was wanted, as it is to be hoped the most of husbands would have done, he spent the money on the gratification of his own base appetite, and did not reappear till next day. Under every humiliation, and though living the life of a very dog, or worse, he would still talk loftily of *his* house, *his* wife, and *his* children; and still he kept up his visionary title of 'the laird.' He would take his seat as majestically at a meal as if he had provided it himself; and if anything of an irritating nature was said by his wife, he would, with one sweep of his arm, drive every article that stood upon the table into the fire. This he esteemed a grand discovery for the exaction of civility, and no consideration of the deplorable poverty of his household could prevent him on any occasion from putting it in practice.

One of the very few things which the unfortunate woman had saved from the last wreck of her household was a hen, which she designated Peggy Walker, out of respect for the person who had given it to her. Peggy was a remarkably decent, orderly, motherly looking hen, of uncommon size, and so very good a *layer*, that for whole seasons she would produce one egg a day, and on some occasions two. Even in the straitened purlieus of a low suburb, Peggy found it possible to pick up a livelihood: the neighbours indeed had a kind of respect for the creature. They knew of what service she was to Mrs Smail, in enabling her to support her family, and not only would abstain from hurting or persecuting her, but would throw many crumbs in her way, which they could not well spare. It was seldom that Peggy Walker did not contribute a shilling in the fortnight to the poor family who owned her; and the value of a fortnightly shilling in such a case who can estimate!

Many a time did Nelly acknowledge that, were it not for 'that dumb creature,' she did not know what would come of her family; for it was almost the only source of income upon which she could depend.

The laird was one day on the ramble, as he called it, with some of those low abandoned acquaintances in whom he took so much delight. The party had exhausted all their pecuniary resources, but not their appetite for that base fluid upon which they fed their own destruction. Already they were a sixpence short of the reckoning, and till that was settled, the landlord told them peremptorily they could get no more. What was to be done?

'I say, laird,' quoth one of the wretches, 'haven't you a fine chucky at hame? What's to hinder you to thraw its neck and sell't in the market there? Ye'll get at least eighteenpence for't. That wad answer fine.'

'What! Peggy Walker?' said Smail, not relishing the idea much at first. 'Man, the gudewife wad never stand that—it wad break her very heart.'

'Gae wa',' said the other; 'aren't ye master? isn't the hen yours?'

'O yes; everything's mine,' cried the tipsy fool. 'Nelly must not get everything her own way. Od, I'll do it!' And away he went, seized the meritorious Peggy as she was stalking in her usual quiet respectable manner up the close, and in half an hour rejoined his companions, having sacrificed, for another hour of infamous enjoyment, what would have helped, for years to come, to put bread into the mouths of his children.

The loss of Peggy Walker was a severe blow to Nelly, but it was nothing to another tragedy which soon after took place. During one of Smail's rambles, and after he had been absent for rather more than a week, his favourite child, the youngest but one, was seized with a severe illness, under which he quickly sank, notwithstanding all the exertions of the mother. This fair-haired child was the first that Nelly had ever lost, and, notwithstanding the distressing number of her family, she could not see him stretched out in the miserable bed where he had died without the usual bitterness of a bereaved mother's grief. It was not her least distress, however, that her husband was absent, and would neither see his darling before the interment, nor render the assistance in that ceremony which was so nearly indispensable. A poor sick joiner, who lived next door, rose out of his bed to make a coffin, which he gave her upon credit—for he was poor. The gravedigger required his fee, but she contrived to obtain it. A sum would have also been necessary to hire a man to carry the infant to the grave; but this she could not furnish. She was therefore obliged, after dressing herself in something like mournings, to take the coffin in her apron, and, with fainting steps, proceed with it through the crowded streets of the city towards the place of sepulture. Many an eye turned with wonder to follow her, as she pursued her melancholy walk—for, in Scotland, women are never seen in funeral matters—but the bustle of a large city teaches the eye to treat every extraordinary thing with only a transient curiosity. No one interfered to help her, or to procure her help. She passed on with the coffin in her lap and the tear in her eye, and laid her child in a grave where none was present besides herself and the sexton, to do honour to the common form of humanity, as it was consigned to kindred dust. When the mournful duty was done, she was seen returning through the same crowded streets, bearing, amongst the figures of the gay and unreflecting, as sad a heart as ever beat in mortal bosom.

Three days after the burial, Smail came home—quite sober, for a wonder—and had no sooner sat down than he called as usual for his darling son. 'Where is the dear boy? Bring my sweet Harry!' such were his exclamations; and the rest of the children stood aghast at what they saw and heard. 'Dinna tak the name o' the deid, Johnnie,' said his wife at length; 'your Harry is lying in the kirkyard, puir lammie, these three days past.' Smail, who at the same time saw confirmation of the words in the black ribbon she wore in her cap, and in the tear which was beginning to glisten in her eye, was struck speechless by the intelligence. He covered his face with his hands, and wept bitterly, while his wife, in as gentle terms as possible, related the circumstances of the child's death. From that day he was an altered man. He sat pining by the fireside, apparently without an aim in life, or a power of action, only now and then asking his eldest daughter to read a 'chapter' to him—it is needless to say out of what book. He survived his child little more than a month, and truly was his death described by a neighbour as 'a light dispensation.'

When relieved from the oppression of her husband, Nelly became comparatively prosperous. By dint of incredible exertions, she gathered enough to buy a mangle, and furnish a room as a lodging for a single man; in both of which concerns she was successful to admiration. Her children also, as they grew up, got into employment, and contributed to their own and her support. Nothing, however, can compensate the twenty prime years of her life spent in utter misery, or repair the damage which sorrow and poverty have wrought upon her frame. She is evidently one of those beings—alas, how numberless are they!—who seem born only to the worst that life can give, who spend the whole of their days in bearing ills through and for others, and are unusually blessed if they can only find a little quiet space at last, to enable them to prepare for another, and, it is to be hoped, a happier state of existence.

JERRY GUTTRIDGE,

A TALE OF THE EARLY AMERICAN SETTLEMENTS.*

'WHAT shall we have for dinner, Mr Guttridge?' said the wife of Jerry Guttridge in a sad, desponding tone, as her husband came into the log-hovel from a neighbouring grog-shop about twelve o'clock on a hot July day.

'Oh, pick up something,' said Jerry; 'and I wish you would be spry, and get it ready, for I'm hungry now, and I want to go back to the shop; for Sam Willard and Seth Harmon are coming over by an' by to swop horses, and they'll want me to ride 'em. Come, stir round: I can't wait.'

'We haven't got anything at all in the house to eat,' said Mrs Guttridge. 'What shall I get?'

'Well, *cook* something,' said Jerry; 'no matter what it is.'

'But, Mr Guttridge, we haven't got the least thing in the house to cook.'

'Well, well, pick up *something*,' said Jerry rather snappishly; 'for I'm in a hurry.'

'I can't make victuals out of nothing,' said the wife: 'if you'll only bring anything in the world into the house to cook, I'll cook it. But I tell you we haven't got a mouthful of meat in the house, nor a mouthful of bread, nor a speck of meal; and the last potatoes we had in the house we ate for breakfast; and you know we didn't have more than half enough for breakfast neither.'

'Well, what have you been doing all this forenoon,' said Jerry, 'that you haven't picked up something? Why didn't you go over to Mr Whitman's, and borrow some meal?'

'Because,' said Mrs Guttridge, 'we've borrowed meal there three times that isn't returned yet; and I was ashamed to go again till that was paid. And besides, the baby's cried so, I've had to 'tend him the whole forenoon, and couldn't go out.'

'Then you a'n't a-goin' to give us any dinner, are you?' said Jerry with a reproachful tone and look. 'I pity the man that has a helpless, shiftless wife; he has a hard row to hoe. What's become of that fish I brought in yesterday?'

'Why, Mr Guttridge,' said his wife with tears in her eyes, 'you and the children ate that fish for your supper last night. I never tasted a morsel of it, and haven't tasted anything but potatoes these two days; and I'm so faint now, I can hardly stand.'

'Always a-grumblin',' said Jerry: 'I can't never come into the house but what I must hear a fuss about something or other.—

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* This half-serious, half-comic tale appeared in the *Knickerbocker*, an American monthly magazine, for May 1839. Slightly abridged, we have thought that it will form an appropriate conclusion to the subject of the present sheet—sufferings from imprudent marriages.

What 's this boy snivelling about?' he continued, turning to little Bobby, his oldest boy—a little ragged, dirty-faced, sickly-looking thing, about six years old—at the same time giving the child a box on the ear, which laid him at his length on the floor. 'Now, get up!' said Jerry, 'or I 'll learn you to be crying about all day for nothing.'

The tears rolled afresh down the cheeks of Mrs Guttridge; she sighed heavily as she raised the child from the floor, and seated him on a bench on the opposite side of the room.

'What is Bob crying about?' said Jerry fretfully.

'Why, Mr Guttridge,' said his wife, sinking upon the bench beside her little boy, and wiping his tears with her apron, 'the poor child has been crying for a piece of bread these two hours. He 's eaten nothing to-day but one potato, and I s'pose the poor thing is half-starved.'

At this moment, their neighbour, Mr Nat. Frier, a substantial farmer, and a worthy man, made his appearance at the door, and as it was wide open, he walked in and took a seat. He knew the destitute condition of Guttridge's family, and had often relieved their distresses. His visit at the present time was partly an errand of charity; for, being in want of some extra labour in his haying-field that afternoon, and knowing that Jerry was doing nothing, while his family was starving, he thought he would endeavour to get him to work for him, and pay him in provisions.

Jerry seated himself rather sullenly on a broken-backed chair, the only sound one in the house being occupied by Mr Frier, towards whom he cast sundry gruff looks and surly glances. The truth was Jerry had not received the visits of his neighbours of late years with a very gracious welcome. He regarded them rather as spies, who came to search out the nakedness of the land, than as neighbourly visitors calling to exchange friendly salutations. He said not a word; and the first address of Mr Frier was to little Bobby.

'What 's the matter with little Bobby?' said he in a gentle tone. 'Come, my little fellow, come here and tell me what 's the matter.'

'Go, run, Bobby; go and see Mr Frier,' said the mother, slightly pushing him forward with her hand.

The boy, with one finger in his mouth, and the tears still rolling over his dirty face, edged along sideways up to Mr Frier, who took him in his lap, and asked him again what was the matter.

'I want a piece of bread!' said Bobby.

'And won't your mother give you some?' said Mr Frier tenderly.

'She han't got none,' replied Bobby; 'nor 'taters too.' Mrs Guttridge's tears told the rest of the story. The worthy farmer knew they were entirely out of provisions again, and he forbore to ask any further questions, but told Bobby if he would go over to his house he would give him something to eat. Then turning to Jerry, said he: 'Neighbour Guttridge, I 've got four tons of hay down, that needs to go in this afternoon, for it looks as if we should have rain by to-morrow, and I 've come over to see if I can get you to go and help me. If you 'll go this afternoon and assist me to get it in, I 'll give you a bushel of meal, or a half-bushel of meal and a bushel of potatoes, and two pounds of pork.'

'I can't go,' said Jerry; 'I 've got something else to do.'

'Oh, well,' said Mr Frier, 'if you 've got anything else to do that will be more profitable, I 'm glad of it, for there 's enough hands that I can get; only I thought you might like to go, bein' you was scant of provisions.'

'Do, pray, go, Mr Guttridge!' said his wife with a beseeching look; 'for you are only going over to the shop to ride them horses, and that won't do no good: you 'll only spend all the afternoon for nothing, and then we shall have to go to bed without our supper again. Do, pray, go, Mr Guttridge; do!'

'I wish you would hold your everlasting clack!' said Jerry; 'you are always full of complainings. It 's got to be a fine time of day if the women are a-goin' to rule the roast. I *shall* go over and ride them horses, and it 's no business to you nor nobody else; and if you 're too lazy to get your own supper, you may go without it; that 's all I 've got to say.'

With that he aimed for the door, when Mr Frier addressed him as follows: 'Now I must say, neighbour Guttridge, if you are going to spend the afternoon over at the shop, to ride horses for them jockeys, and leave your family without provisions, when you have a good chance to 'arn enough this afternoon to last them nigh about a week, I must say, neighbour Guttridge, that I think you are not in the way of your duty.'

Upon this Jerry whirled round, and looked Mr Frier full in the face, and grinning horribly, he said: 'You old meddling vagabond! who made *you* a master over me, to be telling me what 's my duty? You had better go home and take care of your own children, and let your neighbours' alone!'

Mr Frier sat and looked Jerry calmly in the face without uttering a syllable; while he, having blown his blast, marched out of doors, and steered directly for the grog-shop, leaving his wife to 'pick up something' if she could, to keep herself and children from absolute starvation.

Mr Frier was a benevolent man, and a Christian, and in the true spirit of Christianity he always sought to relieve distress wherever he found it. He was endowed, too, with a good share of plain common sense, and knew something of human nature; and as he was well aware that Mrs Guttridge really loved her husband, notwithstanding his idle habits, and cold brutal treatment to his family, he forbore to remark upon the scene which had just passed; but telling the afflicted woman he would send her something to eat, he took little Bobby by the hand and led him home. A plate of victuals was set before the child, who devoured it with a greediness that was piteous to behold.

'Poor cre'tur!' said Mrs Frier; 'why, he's half-starved!—Betsy, bring him a dish of bread and milk; that will sit the best on his poor empty starved stomach.'

Betsy ran and got the bowl of bread and milk, and little Bobby's hand soon began to move from the dish to his mouth with a motion as steady and rapid as the pendulum of a clock. The whole family stood and looked on with pity and surprise until he had finished his meal, or rather until he had eaten as much as they dared allow him to eat at once; for although he had devoured a large plate of meat and vegetables, and two dishes of bread and milk, his appetite seemed as ravenous as when he first began.

While Bobby had been eating, Mr Frier had been relating to his family the events which had occurred at Guttridge's house, and the starving condition of the inmates; and it was at once agreed that something should be sent over immediately; for they all said Mrs Guttridge was a clever woman, and it was a shame that she should be left to suffer so.

Accordingly, a basket was filled with bread, a jug of milk, and some meat and vegetables, ready cooked, which had been left from their dinner; and Betsy ran and brought a pie, made from their last year's dried pumpkins, and asked her mother if she might not put that in, so that the poor starving creatures might have a little taste of something that was good.

'Yes,' said her mother; 'and put in a bit of cheese with it. I don't think we shall be any the poorer for it; for "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."'

'Yes, yes,' said Mr Frier; 'and I guess you may as well put in a little dried pumpkin; she can stew it up for the little ones, and it'll be good for 'em. We've got a plenty of green stuff a-growin' to last till pumpkins come again.' So a quantity of dried pumpkin was also packed into the basket, and the pie laid on the top; and George was despatched, in company with little Bobby, to carry it over.

Mr Frier's benevolent feelings had become highly excited. He forgot his four tons of hay, and sat down to consult with his wife about what could be done for the Guttridge family. Something must be done soon; he was not able to support them all the time; and if they were left alone much longer they would starve. He told his wife he had a good mind to go and enter a complaint to the grand-jury against Jerry, for a lazy, idle person, that didn't provide for his family. 'The court sits at Saco to-morrow; and don't you think, wife, I had better go and do it?'

His wife thought he had better go over first and talk with Mrs Guttridge about it; and if she was willing, he had better do it. Mr Frier said he could go over and talk with her, but he didn't think it would be of the least use, for she loved Jerry, ugly as he was, and he didn't believe she would be willing to have him punished by the court.

However, after due consultation, he concluded to go over and have a talk with Mrs Guttridge about the matter. Accordingly, he took his hat and walked over. He found the door open, as usual, and walked in without ceremony. Here he beheld the whole family, including Jerry himself, seated at their little pine-table, doing ample justice to the basket of provisions which he had just before sent them. He observed the pie had been cut into two pieces, and one half of it, and he thought rather the largest half, was laid on Jerry's plate, the rest being cut up into small bits, and divided among the children. Mrs Guttridge had reserved none to herself, except a small spoonful of the soft part, with which she was trying to feed the baby. The other eatables seemed to be distributed very much in the same proportion.

Mr Frier was a cool, considerate man, whose passions were always under the most perfect control; but he always confessed, for years afterwards, that for a minute or two he thought he felt a little something like anger rising up in his stomach!

He sat and looked on until they had finished their meal, and Jerry had eaten bread and meat and vegetables enough for two common men's dinners, and swallowed his half of the pie, and a large slice of cheese, by way of dessert; and then rose, took his hat, and without saying a word, marched deliberately out of the house, directing his course again to the grog-shop.

Mr Frier now broached the subject of his errand to Mrs Guttridge. He told her the neighbours could not afford to support her family much longer, and unless her husband went to work, he didn't see but they would have to starve.

Mrs Guttridge began to cry. She said she didn't know what they should do: she had talked as long as talking would do any good; but somehow, Mr Guttridge didn't seem to love to work. She believed it wasn't his natur' to work.

'Well, Mrs Guttridge, do you believe the Scriptures?' said Mr Frier solemnly.

'I'm sure I do,' said Mrs Guttridge: 'I believe all there is in the Bible.'

'And don't you know,' said Mr Frier, 'the Bible says: "He that will not work, neither shall he eat?"'

'I know there's something in the Bible like that,' said Mrs Guttridge with a very serious look.

Mr Frier now represented to Mrs Guttridge the impropriety of her husband's behaviour—cruel towards her and her family, and unjust towards her neighbours. In short, though somewhat against her will, he reconciled her to a plan he had in view for bringing Jerry to his senses; namely, that of suing him before the court.

Mr Frier returned home, but the afternoon was so far spent, that he postponed his visit to the court till next morning. Accordingly, next day, as soon as breakfast was over, he wended his way to court, to appear before the grand-jury.

'Well, Mr Frier, what do *you* want?' asked the foreman, as the complainant entered the room.

'I come to complain of Jerry Guttridge to the grand-jury,' replied Mr Frier, taking off his hat

'Why, what has Jerry Guttridge done?' said the foreman. 'I didn't think he had life enough to do anything worth complaining of to the grand-jury.'

'It's because he *hasn't* got life enough to do anything,' said Mr Frier, 'that I've come to complain of him. The fact is, Mr Foreman, he's a lazy idle fellow, and won't work, nor provide nothing for his family to eat; and they've been half-starving this long time; and the neighbours have had to keep sending in something all the time to keep them alive.'

'But,' said the foreman, 'Jerry's a peaceable kind of a chap, Mr Frier: has anybody ever talked to him about it in a neighbourly way, and advised him to do differently? And maybe he has no chance to work where he could get anything for it.'

'I'm sorry to say,' replied Mr Frier, 'that he's been talked to a good deal, and it don't do no good; and I tried hard to get him to work for me yesterday afternoon, and offered to give him victuals enough to last his family almost a week; but I couldn't get him to; and he went off to the grog-shop to see some jockeys swop horses. And when I told him calmly I didn't think he was in the way of his duty, he flew in a passion, and called me an old meddling vagabond!'

'Abominable!' exclaimed one of the jury. 'Who ever heard of such outrageous conduct!'

'What a wretch!' exclaimed another.

'Well,' said the foreman, 'there is no more to be said. Jerry certainly deserves to be indicted, if anybody in this world ever did.'

Accordingly, the indictment was drawn up, a warrant was issued, and the next day Jerry was brought before the court to answer to the charges preferred against him. Mrs Sally Guttridge and Mr Nat. Frier were summoned as witnesses. When the honourable court was ready to hear the case, the clerk called Jerry Guttridge, and bade him hearken to an indictment found against him by the grand inquest for the district of Maine, now sitting at Saco, in the words following; namely: 'We present Jerry Guttridge for an idle person, and not providing for his family; and giving reproachful language to Mr Nat. Frier, when he reproved him for his idleness.'

'Jerry Guttridge, what say you to this indictment? Are you guilty thereof, or not guilty?'

'Not guilty,' said Jerry; 'and here's my wife can tell you the same any day.—Sally, haven't I always provided for my family?'

'Why, yes,' said Mrs Guttridge; 'I don't know but you have as well as'——

'Stop, stop!' said the judge, looking down over the top of his spectacles at the witness—'stop, Mrs Guttridge; you must not answer questions until you have been sworn.'

The court then directed the clerk to swear the witnesses; whereupon he called Nat. Frier and Sally Guttridge to step forward and hold up their right hands. Mr Frier advanced with a ready, honest air, and held up his hand. Mrs Guttridge lingered a little behind; but when at last she faltered along, with feeble and hesitating step, and held up her thin, trembling hand, and raised her pale blue eyes, half swimming in tears, towards the court, and exhibited her careworn features, which, though sunburnt, were pale and sickly, the judge had in his own mind more than half decided the case against Jerry. The witnesses having been sworn, Mrs Guttridge was called to the stand.

'Now, Mrs Guttridge,' said the judge, 'you are not obliged to testify against your husband anything more than you choose; your testimony must be voluntary. The court will ask you questions touching the case, and you can answer them or not, as you may think best. And in the first place, I will ask you whether your husband neglects to provide for the necessary wants of his family; and whether you do, or do not, have comfortable food and clothing for yourself and children?'

'Well, we go pretty hungry a good deal of the time,' said Mrs Guttridge, trembling; 'but I don't know but Mr Guttridge does the best he can about it. There don't seem to be any victuals that he can get a good deal of the time.'

'Well, is he, or is he not, in the habit of spending his time idly, when he might be at work, and earning something for his family to live upon?'

'Why, as to that,' replied the witness, 'Mr Guttridge don't work much; but I don't know as he can help it: it doesn't seem to be his natur' to work. Somehow, he don't seem to be made like other folks; for if he tries ever so much, he can't never work but a few minutes at a time: the natur' don't seem to be in him.'

'Well, well,' said the judge, casting a dignified and judicial glance at the culprit, who stood with mouth wide open and eyes fixed on the court with an intentness that shewed he began to take some interest in the matter—'well, well, perhaps the court will be able to *put* the natur' in him.'

Mrs Guttridge was directed to step aside, and Mr Nat. Frier was called to the stand. His testimony was very much to the point—clear and conclusive. But as the reader is already in possession of the substance of it, it is unnecessary to recapitulate it. Suffice it to say, that the judge retained a dignified self-possession, and settling back in his chair, said the case was clearly made out; Jerry Guttridge was unquestionably guilty of the charges preferred against him.

The court, out of delicacy towards the feelings of his wife, refrained from pronouncing sentence until she had retired, which she did on an intimation being given her that the case was closed, and she could return home. Jerry was then called, and ordered to hearken to his sentence, as the court had recorded it.

Jerry stood up and faced the court with fixed eyes and gaping mouth, and the clerk repeated as follows: 'Jerry Guttridge! you having been found guilty of being an idle and lazy person, and not providing for your family, and giving reproachful language to Mr Nat. Frier, when he reproved you for your idleness, the court orders that you receive twenty smart lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails upon your naked back, and that this sentence be executed forthwith by the constables at the whipping-post in the yard adjoining the court-house.'

Jerry drooped his head, and his face assumed divers deep colours, sometimes red, and sometimes shading upon the blue. He tried to glance round upon the assembled multitude, but his look was very sheepish; and, unable to stand the gaze of the hundreds of eyes that were turned upon him, he settled back on a bench, leaned his head on his hand, and looked steadily upon the floor. The constables having been directed by the court to proceed forthwith to execute the sentence, they led him out into the yard, put his arms round the whipping-post, and tied his hands together. He submitted without resistance; but when they commenced tying his hands round the post, he began to cry and beg, and promise better fashions, if they would only let him go this time. But the constables told him it was too late now; the sentence of the court had been passed, and the punishment must be inflicted. The whole throng of spectators had issued from the court-house, and stood round in a large ring, to see the sentence enforced. The judge himself had stepped to a side-window, which commanded a view of the yard, and stood peering solemnly through his spectacles, to see that the ceremony was duly performed. All things being in readiness, the stoutest constable took the cat-o'-nine-tails and brought them heavily across the naked back of the victim. At every blow, Jerry jumped and screamed, so that he might have been heard well-nigh a mile. When the twenty blows were counted, and the ceremony was ended, he was loosed from his confinement, and told that he might go. He put on his garments with a sullen but subdued air, and without stopping to pay his respects to the court, or even to bid any one good-bye, he made for home as fast as he could.

Mrs Guttridge met him at the door with a kind and piteous look, and asked him if they had hurt him. He made no reply, but pushed along into the house. There he found the table set, and well supplied for dinner; for Mrs Guttridge, partly through the kindness of Mr Frier, and partly from her own exertions, had managed to 'pick up something,' that served to make quite a comfortable meal. Jerry ate his dinner in silence, but his wife thought he manifested more tenderness and less selfishness than she had known him to exhibit for years; for instead of appropriating the most and the best of the food to himself, he several times placed fair proportions of it upon the plates of his wife and each of the children.

The next morning, before the sun had dried the dew from the grass, whoever passed the haying-field of Mr Nat. Frier might have beheld Jerry Guttridge busily at work, shaking out the wet hay to the sun; and for a month afterwards, the passer-by might have seen him, every day, early and late, in that and the adjoining fields, a perfect pattern of industry.

A change soon became perceptible in the condition and circumstances of his family. His house began to wear more of an air of comfort outside and in. His wife improved in health and spirits; and little Bobby became a fat hearty boy, and grew like a pumpkin. And years afterwards, Mrs Guttridge was heard to say, that 'somehow, ever since that trial, Mr Guttridge's nature seemed to be entirely changed!'

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

I.—FRENCH.

PRAYERS FOR ALL MEN.

I.

MY daughter, go and pray! See, night is come:
One golden planet pierces through the gloom;
Trembles the misty outline of the hill.
Listen! the distant wheels in darkness glide—
All else is hushed; the tree by the roadside
Shakes in the wind its dust-strewn branches still.

Day is for evil, weariness, and pain.
Let us to prayer! calm night is come again:
The wind among the ruined towers so bare
Sighs mournfully: the herds, the flocks, the streams,
All suffer, all complain; worn nature seems
Longing for peace, for slumber, and for prayer.

It is the hour when babes with angels speak;
While we are rushing to our pleasures weak
And sinful, all young children, with bent knees,

Eyes raised to Heaven, and small hands folded fair,
Say at the self-same hour the self-same prayer
On our behalf, to Him who all things sees.

And then they sleep. O peaceful cradle-sleep!
O childhood's hallowed prayer! religion deep
Of love, not fear, in happiness expressed!
So the young bird, when done its twilight lay
Of praise, folds peacefully at shut of day
Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.

II.

Pray thou for all who living tread
Upon this earth of graves;
For all whose weary pathways lead
Among the winds and waves;
For him who madly takes delight
In pomp of silken mantle bright,
Or swiftness of a horse;
For those who, labouring, suffer still;
Coming or going—doing ill—
Or on their heavenward course.

Pray thou for him who nightly sins
Until the day dawns bright—
Who at eve's hour of prayer begins
His dance and banquet light;
Whose impious orgies wildly ring,
Whilst pious hearts are offering
Their prayers at twilight dim;
And who, those vespers all forgot,
Pursues his sin, and thinketh not
God also heareth *him*.

Child! pray for all the poor beside;
The prisoner in his cell,
And those who in the city wide
With crime and misery dwell;
For the wise sage who thinks and dreams;
For him who impiously blasphemes
Religion's holy law.
Pray thou—for prayer is infinite—
Thy faith may give the scorner light,
Thy prayer forgiveness draw.

—VICTOR HUGO. D. M. M.

A HYMN.

THERE is an unknown language spoken
  By the loud winds that sweep the sky;
By the dark storm-clouds, thunder-broken,
  And waves on rocks that dash and die;
By the lone star, whose beams wax pale,
The moonlight sleeping on the vale,
  The mariner's sweet distant hymn,
The horizon that before us flies,
The crystal firmament that lies
  In the smooth sea reflected dim.

'Tis breathed by the cool streams at morning,
  The sunset on the mountain's shades,
The snow that daybreak is adorning,
  And eve that on the turret fades;
The city's sounds that rise and sink,
The fair swan on the river's brink,
  The quivering cypress' murmured sighs,
The ancient temple on the hill,
The solemn silence, deep and still,
  Within the forest's mysteries.

Of Thee, O God! this voice is telling,
  Thou who art truth, life, hope, and love;
On whom night calls from her dark dwelling,
  To whom bright morning looks above;
Of Thee—proclaimed by every sound,
Whom nature's all-mysterious round
  Declares, yet not defines Thy light;
Of Thee, the abyss and source, whence all
Our souls proceed, in which they fall,
  Who hast but one name—INFINITE.

All men on earth may hear and treasure
  This voice, resounding from all time;
Each one, according to his measure,
  Interpreting its sense sublime.
But ah! the more our spirits weak
Within its holy depths would seek,
  The more this vain world's pleasures cloy;
A weight too great for earthly mind,
O'erwhelms its powers, until we find
  In solitude our only joy.

So when the feeble eyeball fixes
  Its sight upon the glorious sun,
Whose gold-emblazoned chariot mixes
  With rosy clouds that towards it run;
The dazzled gaze all powerless sinks,
Blind with the radiance which it drinks,
  And sees but gloomy specks float by;
And darkness indistinct o'ershade
Wood, meadow, hill, and pleasant glade,
  And the clear bosom of the sky.

—LAMARTINE. D. M. M.

ODE TO THE HAWTHORN.

FAIR hawthorn flowering,
With green shade bowering
    Along this lovely shore;
To thy foot around,
With his long arms wound,
    A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

In armies twain,
Red ants have ta'en
    Their fortress beneath thy stock:
And in clefts of thy trunk,
Tiny bees have sunk
    A cell where their honey they lock.

In merry spring-tide,
When to woo his bride
    The nightingale comes again,
Thy boughs among,
He warbles the song
    That lightens a lover's pain.

'Mid thy topmost leaves,
His nest he weaves
    Of moss and the satin fine,
Where his callow brood
Shall chirp at their food,
    Secure from each hand but mine.

Gentle hawthorn, thrive,
And for ever alive
    Mayst thou blossom as now in thy prime;
By the wind unbroke,
And the thunder-stroke,
    Unspoiled by the axe or time!

—RONSARD. *Anon.*

HOW TO BEAR WITH FORTUNE.

Oh! fools of fools, and mortal fools,
Who prize so much what Fortune gives;
Say, is there aught man owns or rules
In this same earth whereon he lives?
What do his proper rights embrace,
Save the fair gifts of Nature's grace?
If from you, then, by Fortune's spite,
The goods you deem your own be torn,
No wrong is done the while, but right;
For you had nought when you were born.

Then pass the dark-brown hours of night
No more in dreaming how you may
Best load your chests with golden freight;
Crave nought beneath the moon, I pray,
From Paris even to Pampelune,
Saving alone such simple boon
As needful is for life below.
Enough if fame your name adorn,
And you to earth with honour go;
For you had nought when you were born.

When all things were for common use—
Apples, all blithesome fruits of trees,
Nuts, honey, and each gum and juice,
Both man and woman too could please,
Strife never vexed these meals of old:
Be patient, then, of heat and cold;
Esteem not Fortune's favours sure;
And of her gifts when you are shorn,
With moderate grief your loss endure;
For you had nought when you were born.

ENVOY.

If Fortune does you any spite—
Should even the coat be from you torn—
Pray, blame her not—it is her right;
For you had nought when you were born.

—Chartier, 1386—1447. *Anon.*

THE WILD-FIRES.

O summer eve, and village peace,
Clear skies, sweet odours, gushing streams!

Ye blest my childhood's simple dreams;
To cheer my age, oh, do not cease!
  World-wearied, here I love to dwell,
  For even these merry wild-fires tell
Of youth and sweet simplicity.
  Oft did my heart with terror swell
As from their dance I wont to fly.
  I've lost that blissful ignorance;
  Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

On wakeful nights the tale went round
Of Jack-a-lantern, cunning, cruel,
With watch-fires of no earthly fuel,
Guardian of treasures under ground.
  They told of goblins, unblest powers,
  Ghosts, sorcerers, and mysterious hours,
Of dragons huge that ever flitted
  Around all dark and ancient towers:
Such tales my easy faith admitted.
  Age hath dispelled my youthful trance;
  Dance, pretty wild-fires, dance, dance.

Scarce ten years old, one winter night,
Bewildered on the lonely swamp,
I saw the wild-fire trim his lamp;
'It is my grandame's cheerful light—
  A pretty cake she has for me,'
  I said, and ran with infant glee.
A shepherd filled my soul with dread;
  'O foolish boy, the lamp you see
Lights up the revels of the dead.'
  Dispelled is now my youthful trance:
  Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

Love-stirred, at sixteen once I stole
By the old curate's lonely mound:
The wild-fires danced his grave around:
I paused to bless the curate's soul.
  From regions of the slumbering dead,
  Methought the aged curate said:
'Alas! unhappy reprobate,
  So soon hath beauty turned thy head!'
That night I feared the frowns of fate.
  Still let the voice my ear entrance;
  Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

* * * *

Now, from such pleasing errors free,
I feel the chilling touch of time:

The visions of my early prime
Have bowed to stern reality.
But oh ! I loved fair nature more,
Ere I was taught the pedant's lore.
The dear delusions of my youth,
Which bound my heart in days of yore,
Have fled before the torch of truth.
Dearest to me my youthful trance ;
Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.
—BÉRANGER.

TO MY OLD COAT.

BE faithful still, thou poor dear coat of mine !
We, step for step, are both becoming old.
Ten years these hands have brushed that nap of thine,
And Socrates did never more, I hold.
When to fresh tear and wear the time to be
Shall force thy sore-thinned texture to submit,
Be philosophic, and resist like me :
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Full well I mind, for I forget not much,
The day that saw thee first upon me put :
My birthday 'twas, and as a crowning touch
Unto my pride, my friends all praised thy cut.
Thy indigence, which does me no disgrace,
Has never caused these kindly friends to flit.
Each at my fête yet shews a gladsome face :
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

A goodly darn I on thy skirts espy,
And thereby hangs a sweet remembrance still.
Feigning one eve from fond Lisette to fly,
She held by thee to balk my seeming will.
The tug was followed by a grievous rent,
And then her side of course I could not quit :
Two days Lisette on that vast darning spent :
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Have e'er I made thee reek with musky steams,
Such as your self-admiring fools exhale?
Have I exposed thee, courting great men's beams,
To levee mock or antechamber rail?
A strife for ribbons all the land of France,
From side to side, well nigh asunder split :

From *thy* lapel nothing but wild-flowers glance:
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Fear no renewal of those courses vain,
Those madcap sports which once employed our hours—
Hours of commingled joyfulness and pain,
Of sunshine checkered here and there with showers.
I rather ought, methinks, thy faded cloth
From every future service to acquit:
But wait a while—one end will come to both:
Mine ancient friend, we shall not sunder yet.
—BÉRANGER.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

(REGARDING NAPOLEON.)

OF his glory they shall tell
Many a night by cottage fire:
The hut, when fifty years expire,
No name shall know so well.
There the villagers will hie,
To some aged dame to say:
'By a tale of days gone by,
Grandame, while the time away.
Heavy was his yoke, 'tis true,
Still the people hold him dear,
Ay, hold him dear.
Speak *of him*, good grandame, do—
Of him we love to hear.'

'Children, through this very town,
King-attended, he did ride.
I had just become a bride;
Many a year since then has flown.
By-and-by he climbed the hill
Where for better view I sat.
His coat of gray, I see it still—
And the small three-corner hat.
I was troubled as he came;
But, "Good-morn, my dear," said he—
"Good-morn, my dear," said he.'
'Then he spoke to thee, grandame!
He spoke, grandame, to thee!'

'After that—next year it was—
I a day in Paris spent.

As to Notre-Dame he went
With his court I saw him pass.
Joy was felt by every one;
All his splendour viewed with pride.
"Look how brightly shines the sun!
Fortune helps him still!" they cried.
How his smile was sweet to see!
Heaven had blessed him with a boy—
Had blessed him with a boy.'
'What a day, grandame, for thee!
What a day of joy!'

'But at length, when wearied France
Fell a prey to foreign power,
He, alone, in danger's hour,
Toiled to check the foe's advance.
One eve I sat in pensive mood,
A knock assailed the cottage door;
I opened—Heavens! 'twas *he* who stood,
Followed by an escort poor!
He sat him in my humble chair;
And, "Oh," he cried, "this cruel war!"
He cried, "This cruel war!"'
'Grandame, was he seated there?
There, grandame, where you are?'

'"I am hungry." Quick I ran;
Wine and homely bread I brought;
Then to dry his clothes he sought;
Soon his eyes to close began.
When he woke my tears did fall;
But he said: "Let hope be strong;
For I haste, 'neath Paris' wall,
To avenge our country's wrong."
He went; and need I tell you how
I 've prized his glass for many a day—
His glass for many a day?'
'Grandame, and you have it now!
You have it now, you say!'

''Tis there. But ill the hero sped:
We have lost our chief renowned.
Whom a holy Pontiff crowned,
On a desert isle is dead!
Long we disbelieved the tale,
And hoped he would return once more;
On sea, we said, he spreads his sail,
Woe to the haughty strangers' shore!

When, alas, that dream was o'er,
How my heart was sad and drear!
My heart was sad and drear!'
'God will bless thee, grandame, dear,
Will bless thee evermore.'

—BÉRANGER. W. ANDERSON.

ROGER BONTEMPS.

To souls of melancholy mood
A bright example meant,
As o'er their miseries they brood,
Roger Bontemps was sent.
A merry life to lead, and free—
Your grumblers fools to hold—
Ha, ha! was the philosophy
Of Roger Bontemps bold!

In his papa's chapeau so grand,
To shine on festal days;
(With rosy wreath his skilful hand
Renewed its youth always!)
His threadbare mantle on to throw,
At least a score years old;
Ha, ha! now the attire you know
Of Roger Bontemps bold!

To own, within his little hut,
A bed and bench of pine;
Cards, flute, and flask wherein to put
What Heaven might send of wine;
A portrait of his mistress dear,
A press which nought did hold;
Ha, ha! these all the riches were
Of Roger Bontemps bold!

To shew the children of the town
Full many a trick of skill;
With tales of interest and renown
Their youthful ears to fill;
Each opera step to caper gay,
As jolly song he trolled;
Ha, ha! like you the learning, pray,
Of Roger Bontemps bold?

For want of wine of vintage proved,
Vin-ordinaire to quaff;

Since him no glittering countess loved,
With Mag to love and laugh ;
Each swiftly flying hour to load
With joys more prized than gold ;
Ha, ha ! behold the wisdom shewed
By Roger Bontemps bold !

To say to Heaven : 'I trust in Thee,
Father, by whom I live ;
Do Thou of my philosophy
The gaiety forgive !
May my last season blossoms bear,
A second spring new told !'
This ever was the humble prayer
Of Roger Bontemps bold !

Ye poor, who pine in envy keen ;
Ye rich, who hoard and store ;
Ye who have smiling prospects seen
Which now ye see no more ;
And ye who courtly honours lose
Round which your heart-strings hold ;
Ha, ha !—ha, ha !—for pattern choose
Our Roger Bontemps bold !

—BÉRANGER. W. ANDERSON.

THE OLD CORPORAL.

Now, comrades, onward let us go !
Each man his musket firmly bear.
My pipe is lit—your love I know ;
Come, close this life of toil and care.
Dolt, in the service to grow gray !
But then you young recruits had need
Of your old corporal many a day.
Cheer, comrades, cheer !
Nay, shed no tear—
Attention ! march—quick march !

A cornet struck me—raw young fool !
I cut him down—he quickly healed.
I am condemned—you know the rule ;
The corporal to death must yield !
With rage and wine so fiercely nerved,
Nothing could stay my furious arm ;
Besides, Napoleon I had served !

Cheer, comrades, cheer!
Nay, shed no tear—
Attention! march—quick march!

Recruits, you 'll scarce endure the loss
Of leg, or arm, for medal prized.
In those brave wars I gained my cross,
Where we so many kings capsized.
The ale-house scot you gladly free,
When I our bloody fights narrate;
Well, that 's what glory means, you see!
Cheer, comrades, cheer!
Nay, shed no tear—
Attention! march—quick march!

Robert, my fellow-townsman—thou
To thy quiet flocks must get thee home.
Hold! see these garden buds; ere now,
In our sweet cantons they 're in bloom!
From early dawn, on woody hill,
I 've often strayed the live-long day:
Oh, my poor mother lives there still!
Cheer, comrades, cheer!
Nay, shed no tear—
Attention! march—quick march!

What woman weeps and murmurs so?
Ah! 'tis the drummer's widow Jane!
In Russia, 'mid the sleet and snow,
I bore her son, with toil and pain,
Whole days and nights; I saved her, too,
From her poor husband's frozen grave.
Pray for my soul, good Jeannette, do!
Cheer, comrades, cheer!
Nay, shed no tear—
Attention! march—quick march!

See, my old pipe 's smoked out and dry!
No matter. Now, my comrades kind,
We are arrived; good-bye—good-bye—
I beg my eyes you will not bind.
One favour still 'tis yours to give:
Be firm—aim well—God keep you all;
And long and happy may you live!
Cheer, comrades, cheer!
Nay, shed no tear—
Attention! march—quick march!

—BÉRANGER. W. ANDERSON.

THE MARSEILLAISE.*

COME, children of your country, come,
New glory dawns upon the world,
Our tyrants rushing to their doom,
Their bloody standard have unfurled;
Already on our plains we hear
The murmurs of a savage horde;
They threaten with the murderous sword
Your comrades and your children dear.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Those banded serfs—what would they have,
By tyrant kings together brought?
Whom are those fetters to enslave
Which long ago their hands have wrought?
You, Frenchmen, you, they would enchain;
Doth not the thought your bosoms fire;
The ancient bondage they desire
To force upon your necks again?
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Those marshalled foreigners—shall they
Make laws to reach the Frenchman's hearth?
Shall hireling troops who fight for pay
Strike down our warriors to the earth?
God! shall we bow beneath the weight
Of hands that slavish fetters wear?
Shall ruthless despots once more dare
To be the masters of our fate?
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

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* The history of this famous national war-song is the following: In the spring of 1792, when France was arming to resist the invasion of the country by the other powers of Europe who had leagued to put down the revolution, a body of volunteers was being organised in Strasbourg, and at a banquet given on the occasion, a young officer of engineers, named Rouget de Lille, who was known to be an amateur poet and musical composer, was asked to produce a war-song. The request was complied with, and in one night he produced a piece—words and music—which he called *The War-song of the Army of the Rhine*, the effect of which was electric, and whose fiery words soon resounded through the whole army of the North. Nevertheless, the song continued unknown in Paris, and was first sung there by the armed bands brought thither from Marseille by Barbaroux. It was received with transports by the Parisians, who, ignorant of its authorship, called it first *Hymne des Marseillais*, and finally *La Marseillaise*. Although no correct idea can be given in English of the beauty of the song in the original, the above may be regarded as a fair rendering of its spirit.

Then tremble, tyrants—traitors all—
Ye, whom both friends and foes despise;
On you shall retribution fall,
Your crimes shall gain a worthy prize.
Each man opposes might to might;
And when our youthful heroes die,
Our France can well their place supply;
We 're soldiers all with you to fight.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Yet generous warriors, still forbear
To deal on all your vengeful blows;
The train of hapless victims spare,
Against their will they are our foes.
But oh, those despots stained with blood,
Those traitors leagued with base Bouillé,
Who make their native land their prey—
Death to the savage tiger-brood!
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

And when our glorious sires are dead,
Their virtues we shall surely find
When on the self-same path we tread,
And track the fame they leave behind.
Less to survive them we desire
Than to partake their noble grave;
The proud ambition we shall have
To live for vengeance or expire.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Come, love of country, guide us now,
Endow our vengeful arms with might;
And, dearest liberty, do thou
Aid thy defenders in the fight.
Unto our flags let victory,
Called by thy stirring accents, haste;
And may thy dying foes at last
Thy triumph and our glory see.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

LE RHIN ALLEMAND.

Why, we have had it, your German Rhine;
  It has served to rinse our glasses;
The boasting ballad you think so fine,
  Will it heal the scar that passes,
Where our charging horse spilt German blood like wine?

Yes, we have had it, your German Rhine.
  There is a wound that is open ever,
Where Condé in triumph rent the vine-
  Green robe of your sacred river.
Shall the son not follow the sire of his conquering line?

Yes, we have had it, your German Rhine.
  What availed your German virtue
When the Cæsar of France, that soul divine,
  With his eagle talons hurt you?
Where fell the bones of the men whose loss ye pine?

Yes, we have had it, your German Rhine.
  If you quite forget your history,
Your girls remember—their eyes would shine—
  Of their glee they made no mystery,
As they brimmed our goblets with your weak white wine.

If it is yours, this German Rhine,
  Why, lave your livery in it;
But don't keep up such a boastful whine;
  In our eagle's fatal minute,
Your myriad ravens pecked at his sunny eyne.

Let it peacefully flow, your German Rhine,
  Reflecting tower and steeple;
But keep within a moderate line
  The yell of your frantic people,
Lest ye wake our mighty dead from their rest divine!

—Alfred De Musset.

Globe newspaper.

II.—GERMAN.

CHIDHER.

SPOKE Chidher the immortal, the ever young;
  I passed by a city, a man stood near,
Plucking fruit that in a fair garden hung;
  I asked: How long has the city been here?
He said, as the clustering fruit he caught,
There was always a city on this spot,
And so there will be till Time is not.
    Five hundred years rolled by, before
    I was standing upon that spot once more.

Not a trace of the city could be seen;
  A shepherd lay piping his song alone,
His flocks were browsing the herbage green;
  I asked: How long has the city been gone?
He said, while still on his pipe he played:
Fresh flowers spring up as the others fade;
Here I and my flocks have ever strayed.
    Five hundred years rolled by, as before:
    I was standing upon that spot once more.

I found there a sea, with billows crested;
  A man was shooting his fishing-gear,
And as from the heavy draught he rested,
  I asked: How long has the sea been here?
He smiled at my question, and thus he spoke:
As long as these waves in foam have broke,
It has been the haunt of us fisher folk.
    Five hundred years rolled by, as before:
    I was standing upon that spot once more.

A tall spreading forest there I found,
  And a woodman old in its shadows drear;
The strokes of his axe broke the silence round:
  I asked: How old is the forest here?
He said: All the days of my life I've known
This forest a forest, and dwelt alone
'Mong trees, that ever were growing or grown.
    Five hundred years rolled by, as before:
    I was standing upon that spot once more.

'Twas a city now, where the hum resounded
Of crowds on a festive holiday:
I asked: What time was the city founded?
The forest, and sea, and pipe, where are they?
They cried, of my question taking no thought:
'Twas always the same as now—this spot,
And so it will be till time is not.
And when five hundred years have rolled by, as before,
I 'll be standing upon that spot once more.

—RÜCKERT.

LOVE AND SUPERSTITION.

OH, never rudely will I blame this faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow; yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that 's fair!

—SCHILLER'S *Piccolomini*. S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE ABSENT.

LONELY—nay, that am I not!
Loving spirits and confiding,
By my distant hearth abiding,
Hover round me here.

Happy—nay, that am I not!
For these silent tears and burning
Witness well a secret yearning
For the far and dear.

Mournful—nay, that am I not!
For the friends of my affections
Wreathe me in their recollections,
And are ever near.

Hopeful—yes, that mood is mine!
Once again in home's sweet union
With the loved to join communion,
Fills my heart with cheer.

—*Anon.*

REV. H. THOMPSON.

THE FISHER.

THE water rushed and bubbled by—
An angler near it lay,
And watched his quill, with tranquil eye,
Upon the current play.
And as he sits in wasteful dream,
He sees the flood unclose,
And from the middle of the stream
A river-maiden rose.

She sang to him with witching wile:
'My brood why wilt thou snare,
With human craft and human guile,
To die in scorching air?
Ah! didst thou know how happy we,
Who dwell in waters clear,
Thou wouldst come down at once to me,
And rest for ever here.

'The sun and ladye-moon they lave
Their tresses in the main,
And, breathing freshness from the wave,
Come doubly bright again.

The deep-blue sky, so moist and clear,
Hath it for thee no lure?
Does thine own face not woo thee down
Unto our waters pure?'

The water rushed and bubbled by—
It lapped his naked feet;
He thrilled as though he felt the touch
Of maiden kisses sweet.
She spoke to him, she sang to him—
Resistless was her strain—
Half-drawn, he sank beneath the wave,
And ne'er was seen again.

—GOETHE. T. MARTIN.

THE MINSTREL.

'WHAT sounds are those I hear, along
The drawbridge sweetly stealing?
Within our hall I'd have that song,
That minstrel measure, pealing.'
Then forth the little foot-page hied;
When he came back, the king he cried:
'Bring in the aged minstrel!'

'Good-even to you, lordlings all;
Fair ladies all, good-even.
Lo, star on star! Within this hall
I see a radiant heaven.
In hall so bright with noble light,
'Tis not for thee to feast thy sight,
Old man, look not around thee!'

He closed his eyne, he struck his lyre
In tones with passion laden,
Till every gallant's eye shot fire,
And down looked every maiden.
The king, enraptured with his strain,
Held out to him a golden chain,
In guerdon of his harping.

'The golden chain give not to me,
For noble's breast its glance is,
Who meets and beats thy enemy,
Amid the shock of lances.
Or give it to thy chancellere—
Let him its golden burden bear,
Among his other burdens.

'I sing as sings the bird, whose note
The leafy bough is heard on.
The song that falters from my throat
For me is ample guerdon.
Yet I 'd ask one thing, an I might,
A draught of brave wine, sparkling bright
Within a golden beaker!'

The cup was brought. He drained its lees;
'O draught that warms me cheerly!
Blest is the house, where gifts like these
Are counted trifles merely.
Lo, when you prosper, think on me,
And thank your God as heartily,
As for this draught I thank you!'

—GOETHE. T. MARTIN.

THE KING OF THULE.

THERE was a king in Thule,
Was true unto the grave;
A golden cup his lady love,
When dying, to him gave.

Nought prized the king so dearly
When drinking with his peers;
As oft as his lips would touch it,
His eyes were filled with tears.

When death at last drew near him,
His towns he reckoned up,
Gladly he gave them all to his heir,
But not the golden cup.

Around the monarch's table
His knights were feasting free,
In the great hall of his fathers,
In his castle by the sea.

Rose up the hoary reveller,
And in his life's last glow,
He drank, and tossed the holy cup
Into the flood below.

He watched it plunge and bubble,
And sink deep into the sea,
And then his own eyes sank for aye,
And never more drank he.

—GOETHE. J. M. ROSS.

THE CASTLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

THERE stands an ancient castle
  On yonder mountain height,
Where, fenced with door and portal,
  Once tarried steed and knight.

But gone are door and portal,
  And all is hushed and still;
O'er ruined wall and rafter
  I clamber as I will.

A cellar with many a vintage
  Once lay in yonder nook;
Where now are the cellarer's flagons,
  And where is his jovial look?

No more he sets the beakers
  For the guests at the wassail feast;
Nor fills a flask from the oldest cask
  For the duties of the priest.

No more he gives on the staircase
  The stoup to the thirsty squires,
And a hurried thanks for the hurried gift
  Receives, nor more requires.

For burned are roof and rafter,
  And they hang begrimed and black;
And stair, and hall, and chapel,
  Are turned to dust and wrack.

Yet, as with song and cittern,
  One day when the sun was bright,
I saw my love ascending
  The slopes of yon rocky height;

From the hush and desolation
  Sweet fancies did unfold,
And it seemed as they had come back again,
  The jovial days of old.

As if the stateliest chambers
  For noble guests were spread,
And out from the prime of that glorious time
  A youth a maiden led.

And, standing in the chapel,
The good old priest did say:
'Will ye wed with one another?'
And we smiled and we answered 'Yea!'

We sung, and our hearts they bounded
To the thrilling lays we sung,
And every note was doubled
By the echo's catching tongue.

And when, as eve descended,
The hush grew deep and still,
And the setting sun looked upward
On that great castled hill;

Then far and wide, like lord and bride,
In the radiant light we shone—
It sank; and again the ruins
Stood desolate and lone!

—GOETHE. T. MARTIN.

MIGNON'S SONG.

KNOWEST thou the land where the pale citron grows,
And the gold orange through dark foliage glows?
A soft wind flutters from the deep-blue sky,
The myrtle blooms, and towers the laurel high.
Knowest thou it well?
O there with thee!
O that I might, my own beloved one, flee!

Knowest thou the house? On pillars rest its beams,
Bright is its hall, in light one chamber gleams,
And marble statues stand, and look on me—
What have they done, thou hapless child, to thee?
Knowest thou it well?
O there with thee!
O that I might, my loved protector, flee!

Knowest thou the track that o'er the mountain goes,
Where the mule threads its way through mist and snows,
Where dwelt in caves the dragon's ancient brood,
Topples the crag, and o'er it roars the flood.
Knowest thou it well?
O come with me!
There lies our road—oh, father, let us flee!

—GOETHE. T. MARTIN.

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
  By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
  And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups
  Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
  And spake not one rude word.

But when the maid departed,
  A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine:
  'Long live the Swabian land!

'The greatest kingdom upon earth
  Cannot with that compare;
With all the stout and hardy men,
  And the nut-brown maidens there.'

'Ha!' cried a Saxon, laughing—
  And dashed his beard with wine—
'I had rather live in Lapland,
  Than that Swabian land of thine!

'The goodliest land on all this earth,
  It is the Saxon land!
There have I as many maidens
  As fingers on this hand!'

'Hold your tongues, both Swabian and Saxon!'
  A bold Bohemian cries;
'If there 's a heaven upon this earth,
  In Bohemia it lies.

'There the tailor blows the flute,
  And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle
  Over mountain-gorge and bourn.'

* * *

And then the landlord's daughter
  Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said: 'Ye may no more contend—
  There lies the happiest land!'

LONGFELLOW.

WHITHER?

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet, say!
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;
'Tis the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

—MÜLLER. LONGFELLOW.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

'HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

'And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow.'

'Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.'

'The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?'

'The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.'

'And sawest thou on the turrets
The king and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?

'Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there;
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?'

'Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side!'

—UHLAND. LONGFELLOW.

THE GERMAN NATIONAL SONG.*

WHICH is the German's Fatherland?
Is 't Prussian land? Is 't Swabian land?
Is 't where on Rhine the red grapes hang;
Where o'er the Baltic sea-mews clang?
Oh, no, no, no;
His Fatherland must wider go.

Which is the German's Fatherland?
Is 't Styrian or Bavarian land?
Is 't where the Marsen's herds do wind?
Is 't where the Markers iron find?
Oh, no, no, no, &c.

---

* The above is a literal translation of Arndt's famous national song, *Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*

Which is the German's Fatherland—
Westphalian or Pomeranian land?
Is't where the sand from sea down blows?
Is't where the Danube foaming flows?
Oh, no, no, no, &c.

Which is the German's Fatherland?
So name to me that mighty land—
The land of Hofer or of Tell?
Both land and people love I well!
Oh, no, no, no, &c.

Which is the German's Fatherland?
So name to me that mighty land.
The Austrian land it sure must be,
With glory crowned, and victory.
Oh, no, no, no, &c.

Which is the German's Fatherland?
So name me finally that land.
Wide as the German free tongue springs,
And hymns to God in heaven sings—
That shall it be!
That land, brave German, given to thee.

That is the German's Fatherland,
Where foreign folly scorn doth brand;
Where all that's brave 'neath hate must bend;
Where all that's noble name we friend.
That shall it be!
That whole the German land shall be.

That whole the German land shall be.
Oh, God of heaven! hither see,
And give us genuine German soul,
That we may love it high and whole.
That shall it be!
That whole the German land shall be!

THE RHINE-WATCH.[*]

A ROAR like thunder strikes the ear,
Like clang of arms or breakers near.

---

[*] The *Rhine-Watch*, which, at the outbreak of the war of 1870, suddenly became the favourite patriotic hymn of the whole German nation, superseding, in a manner, the former one by Arndt, was called forth in 1840 by the threatening attitude of France. The author was Max Schneckenburger, a native of Würtemberg, who died in 1851. The translation is by Mr G. Solling.

'On for the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who shields thee, my beloved Rhine?'
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,
The flash darts forth from every eye,
For Teutons brave, inured by toil,
Protect their country's holy soil,
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

The heart may break in agony,
Yet Frenchman thou shalt never be.
In water rich is Rhine; thy flood,
Germania, rich in heroes' blood.
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

When heavenwards ascends the eye
Our heroes' ghosts look down from high;
We swear to guard our dear bequest,
And shield it with the German breast.
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

As long as German blood still glows,
The German sword strikes mighty blows,
And German marksmen take their stand,
No foe shall tread our native land.
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

We take the pledge. The stream runs by;
Our banners, proud, are wafting high
On for the Rhine, the German Rhine,
We all die for our native Rhine.
Hence, Fatherland, be of good cheer,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

THE LORELEI.

I KNOW not the source of my sadness,
  Nor what can its meaning be;
A legend of far-off ages
  Comes strangely back to me.

The air is cool in the gloaming;
  And softly flows the Rhine;
Afar on the peak of the mountain
  The evening sunbeams shine.

Lo! yonder the loveliest maiden,
  Bedecked with jewels rare,
Alone, on a rock in the river,
  Sits combing her golden hair.

She combs it with comb all-golden,
  And sings a song the while;
'Tis a strange and wondrous music;
  For the heart it can beguile.

A wild dread suddenly seizes
  The sailor in his skiff;
He sees not the black reefs before him,
  He looks but aloft to the cliff.

Under the darkening waters
  The boat and its master are gone;
And that with her fatal singing
  The Lorelei hath done.

—HEINE. J. M. ROSS.

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